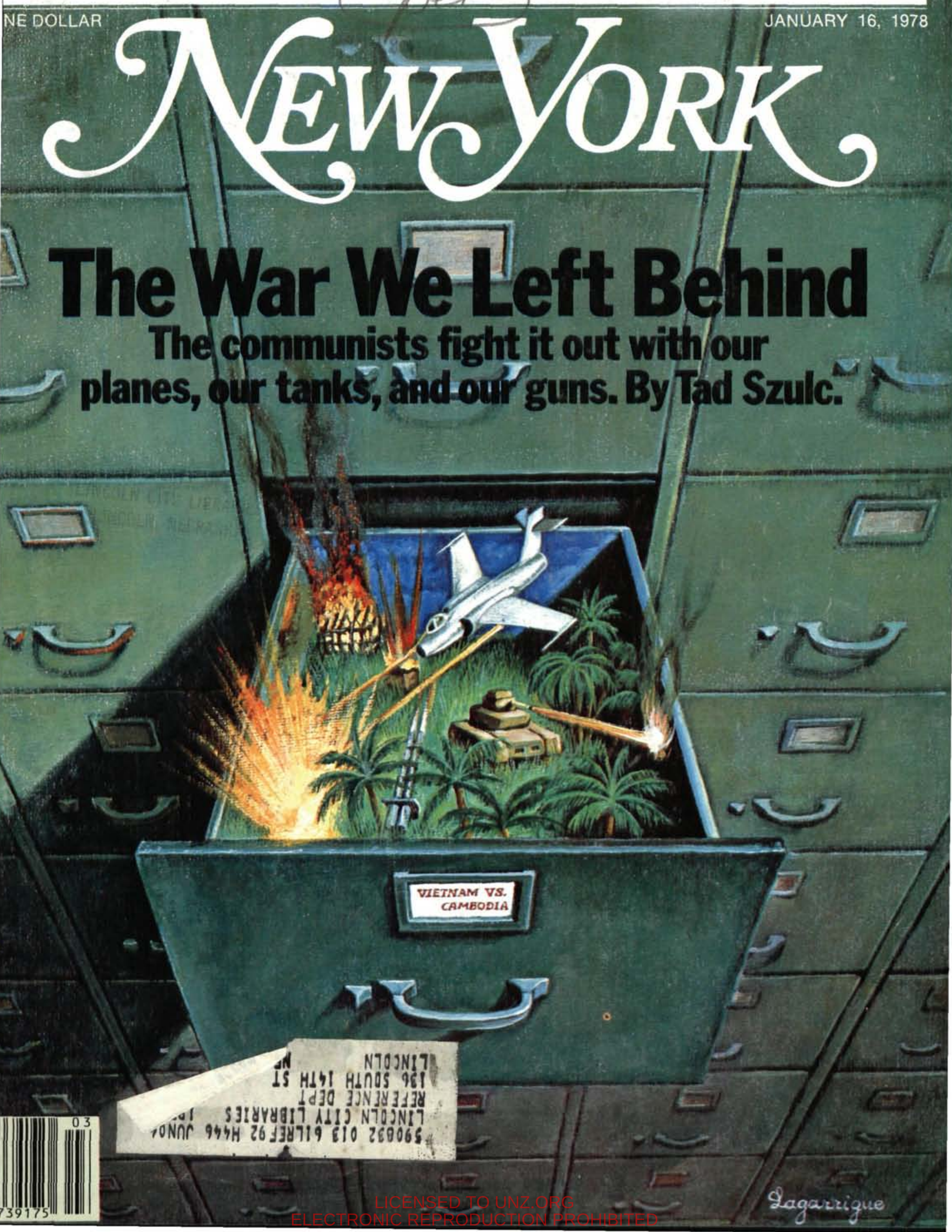
Staten Island Mansions: 10 Rms, Hrbr Vu, Cheap

Inside the Columbia Pictures Scandal

Per

NE DOLLAR JANUARY 16, 1978

NEW YORK



The War We Left Behind

The communists fight it out with our planes, our tanks, and our guns. By Tad Szulc.

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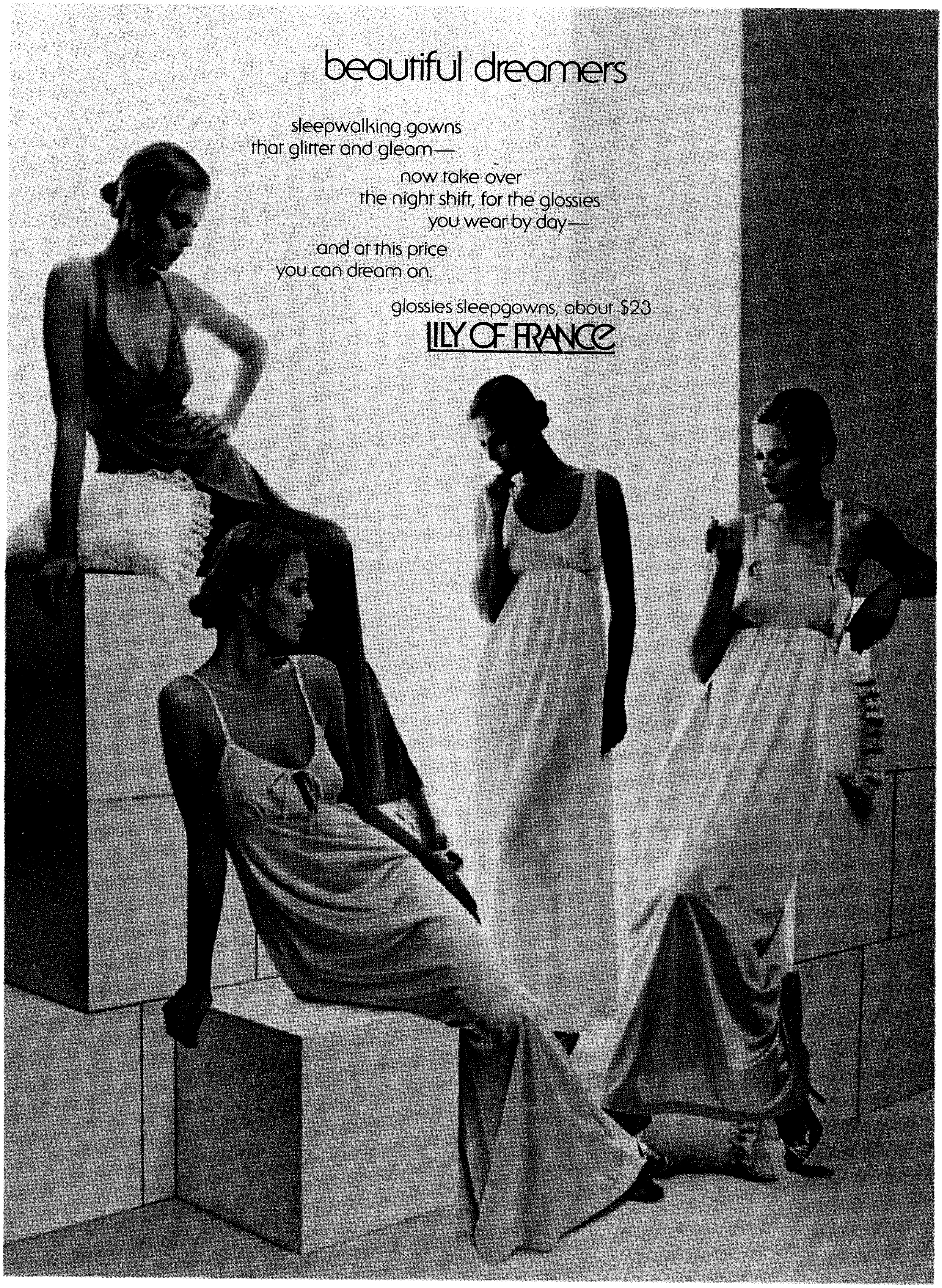
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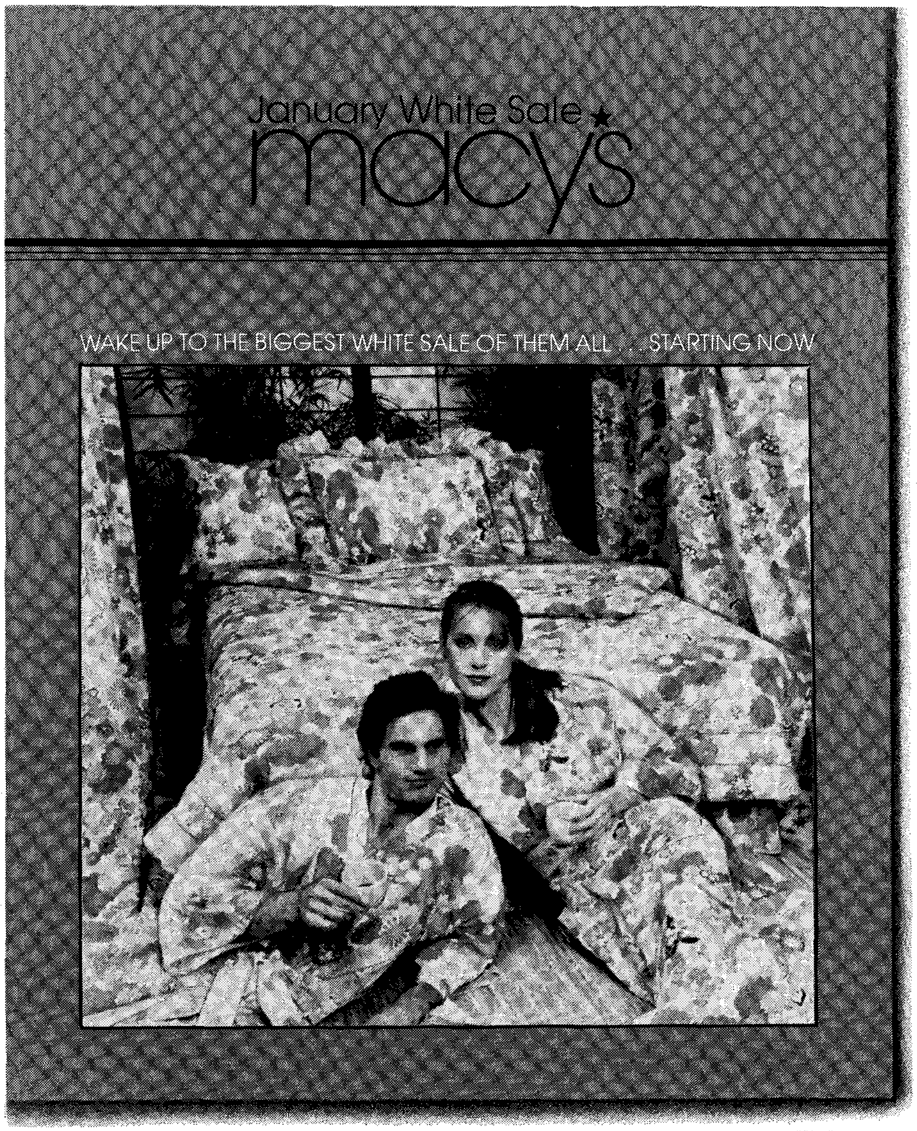
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Swiss Performing Extract: Because makeup and moisturizers can't do it all.

Estée Lauder

VOL. 11 NO. 3

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The War We Left Behind

By Tad Szulc

The border warfare that has erupted between Cambodia and Vietnam cannot be dismissed as a local skirmish; it becomes increasingly clear that the battles are actually being fought by surrogates for far greater powers: Cambodia for China, Vietnam for the Soviet Union. What may be even more significant: A great deal of the hardware being used by both sides is actually of American manufacture, equipment left behind by American forces at Phnom Penh and Saigon during this country's tragic Vietnam adventure.

Page 34

How to Dance Like Travolta, Should the Need Arise

By Rhoda Koenig

If you've seen *Saturday Night Fever,* you've probably noticed that social dancing has come a long way since Arthur Murray's days. Here, therefore, are some shots from the film, of its star, John Travolta, in action; you may direct your own steps accordingly.

Page 36

Why "Literary" Is a Dirty Word at Simon & Schuster

By Helen Dudar

They have seen the future of publishing at S & S—and it works. While other companies look on with mild distaste, Richard E. Snyder, company president, preaches and practices the doctrine of the hard sell, the big deal, and, of course, the big dollar. S & S is owned by Gulf & Western and is lumped by the parent company into its Leisure Time Group. Snyder finds this apt enough: Publishing, he holds, is an aspect of the entertainment business, providing the "software" for television and movies. And that, of course, is where the real money is.

Page 41

The Stately Homes of . . . Staten Island?

Text and photographs by Donald Sutherland

Looking for a Victorian mansion, splendid view, handy to Manhattan, and priced within middle-class means? It's not all that difficult, not if you know what's happening on the North Shore of—yes—Staten Island. Reporter-photographer Sutherland reveals a remarkable community now taking shape just a ferry ride away, on what might be New York City's last frontier.

DEPARTMENTS

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The Bottom Line: Inside the Scandal at Columbia Pictures

By Dan Dorfman

In an astonishing turn of events, Columbia boss Alan Hirschfield—who tried to dump an official who stole more than $60,000 from the firm—now finds that his own job may be in jeopardy.

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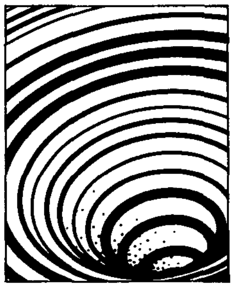

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Politics: The Fight to Succeed Ed Koch

By Ken Lerer

Battle-weary New York City is now bracing for the battle over Ed Koch's abandoned congressional seat. The major interest focuses on Bella Abzug vs. Allard Lowenstein.

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Movies: Hokey Hitchcock

By Molly Haskell

High Anxiety tries to mimic a master's style and doesn't quite make it.

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Wine: Chablis—Dry, White, and Classic

By Alexis Bespaloff

A tasting of recent vintages of the world's best-known white wine.

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Music: Wandering Minstrel Gets Into Fast Company

By Alan Rich

The Met's new *Tannhäuser* is handsome to behold, but there are musical problems, some of them perhaps insurmountable, along the way.

Page 54

Restaurants: Continuous Consumption At the Brasserie

By Seymour Britchky

As 24-hour restaurants go, the Brasserie is probably the best place in town. By other standards, however, it leaves some room for improvement.

Page 57

Theater: A Touch Is Better Than None

By John Simon

The greatness of O'Neill's *A Touch of the Poet* is not fully realized in its new Broadway production, but the play itself towers above anything else in town.

Page 69

Jazz: Hit or Miss

By Gary Giddins

Jazz broadcasting has declined (in both quantity and quality) since the sixties, but there are bright spots.

Page 84

The Page of Lists: Fifteen Uncommon Statistics About New York—Part II

By Andrew Hacker

Further cullings (from census reports) of some little-known information about New York.

MISCELLANY

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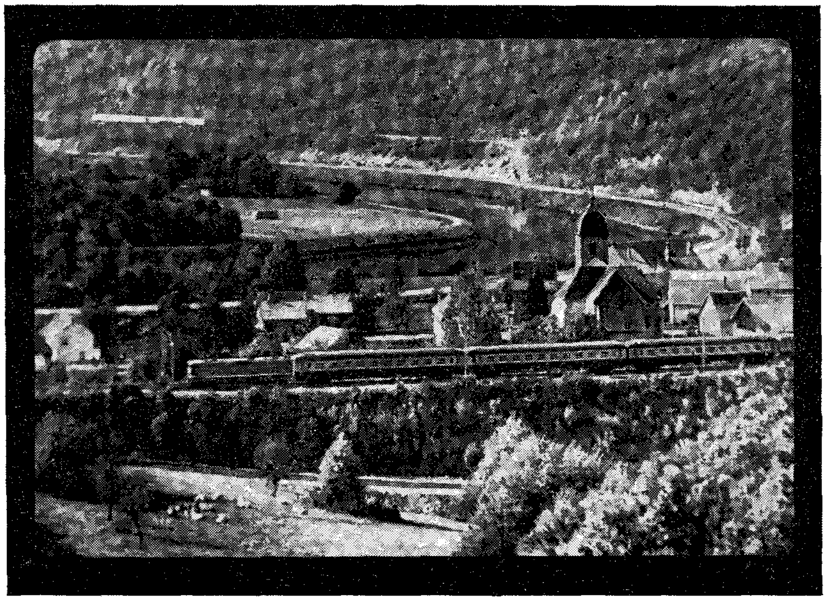

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LETTERS

Mike Quill Defended

In the November 28 issue, John Lindsay discussed with Denis Hamill his alleged meetings with Mike Quill during the 1965 mayoral campaign ["The Koch Watch: On the Boards"]. I know more about Mike Quill than anybody alive today, and as his widow I say Lindsay's allegations are a pack of lies.

Lie No. 1: Mike told Lindsay he would call a strike no matter what offers were made to the union.

Fact: No offers were made in two months of bargaining talks. The *first* and *only* offer was made by Lindsay *fifteen minutes before the strike deadline.* Nobody could have taken such a ridiculous offer seriously. True to its 30-year tradition of "No Contract, No Work," the city's transit system came to a halt as the contract expired.

Lie No. 2: Mike told Lindsay he "needed" a strike because the union was crumbling under the attacks of militant *nonwhites,* who comprised more than 50 percent of the union.

Fact: The union membership was then at an all-time peak, the prestige of its leaders never higher. The racist garbage was invented by Lindsay. Mike wasn't a racist, didn't think like a racist. Mike had been a pioneer, fighting for the rights of minorities—in and out of the labor movement—since 1934. There are voluminous records attesting to that fact. . . .

The gospel according to Lindsay discloses that Mike confided he didn't expect to live long. Mike didn't discuss his mortality with his priest, his doctors, his wife, his son, his friends, yet your readers are asked to believe that Mike bared his soul to John Lindsay—on a two-hour acquaintance!

It is a measure of John Lindsay that twelve years after the death of Mike Quill he continues to slander the man, who cannot answer from the grave.

Shirley G. (Mrs. Michael J.) Quill
Manhattan

Party Poopers?

Anne Rodgers Whetsell's article of December 19, "The Children's-Party Line," describes the Parents League of New York's birthday-party file as a less-than-substantial source for children's-party suggestions. Since the party file contains most of the information used in Ms. Whetsell's article (and a good deal more) it seems a bit unfair for Ms. Whetsell to dismiss the Parents League out of hand.

Further, she gives an incorrect impression regarding the $14 fee. This is a membership fee, which provides access to a wide range of services, such as advisories on independent schools, camps, and after-school activities; baby-sitter listings; publications; educational forums; and, of course, the birthday-party file.

Being a New York City parent has its peculiar joys and problems, and one of the Parents League's basic reasons for being is to be of help.

Aurora Ave
Parents League of New York, Inc.
Manhattan

Pistol-Packing Permits

Contrary to the implication in "Nice People Who Carry Guns" [by Susan Hall, December 12], as a result of several legal actions brought by the Federation of Greater New York Rifle & Pistol Clubs, it is now possible for any law-abiding competent citizen in New York City to obtain a pistol license limited to on-premises possession without the services of an attorney. No showing of need of any kind nor any reason for such a "premises permit" is required any longer. With such a license, the holder of the license can take his/her guns to an authorized pistol range twice a year for maintaining proficiency. Moreover, whereas it is presently illegal to use a pistol for self-protection at home under a "target permit," it is perfectly legal to do so with a premises permit.

David I. Caplan
Federation of Greater New York
Rifle & Pistol Clubs, Inc.
Manhattan

The Fortunate Fall

My August 29 plunge from the Brooklyn Bridge hurled me out of hermetically sealed writer's vacuum and publicized my Indochina play, *The Dry Season.* You call the effort a "failure" because the play remains unpublished ["Believe It or Not," December 26, 1977/January 2, 1978].

Yet my "failure" has led, so far, to the most TV, radio, and newspaper coverage ever given an unproduced playwright who covered the fall of Saigon, etc. It's led also to mention in the Supreme Soviet, consideration of the play in Moscow, a November stage reading in mid-Manhattan by the Fourth Friday Playwrights, a revised version soon to be considered for film adaptation and by interested theaters, plans for a studio production at Philadelphia Theater Center in March, etc.

Granted, in terms of American capitalist mentality my leap was a "failure." The economic wolves are still exhaling down my mending ribs. But I did survive the century's greatest belly flop. I breathe, friends, and can punch again. Who knows? American theater, film, or the Apple may realize that before long.

Dan Cameron Rodill
Manhattan

Sorry, Wrong Number

In his article "How to Unclog Midtown Traffic" [December 12], Mr. William H. Whyte said that a "1-DPL-95—Philippines" car was among "The Worst Scofflaws (March through October, 1977)." This is very careless reporting and terribly unfair to the Philippine Mission to the United Nations. The fact is that the car with diplomatic plates "1-DPL-95" does not belong to any one of the officers or staff of the Philippine Mission.

Alejandro D. Yango
Philippine Mission to the
United Nations
Manhattan

Editor's note: Sorry; our original source proved to be in error on this particular plate number, which is actually registered to the Cyprus mission to the United Nations.

Point of Order

Because of an unfortunate layout error in last week's issue, readers may have mistaken our special supplement ("63 Ways to Strengthen New York") for our puzzle. To understand the supplement correctly, ignore the numbering of items and read the pages in the following order: 37, 38, 39, 42, 43, 40, 41, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48.

For those who still may be confused, there is hope. We will shortly reprint the entire supplement—correctly. Send us a postcard with your return address, and we'll mail you an accurate copy. ■

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

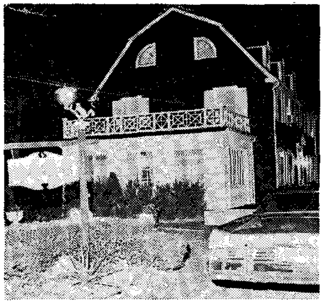
Strange? Yes. But True? Well...

When the Lutz family bought their neat little home in Amityville, Long Island, in 1975, they paid no mind that a mass murder had once been committed there—until some bizarre things started happening, such as the emergence of demons, including a pig monster named Jodie. It's all grist for a great book, *The Amityville Horror*, of course, which was written by Jay Anson and is now on the best-seller lists, under nonfiction. "All the events in this book are true," claimed the author.

But in a legal action filed in a federal court in San Diego, part of a suit involving an alleged invasion of privacy, the attorney for the Lutzes describes Anson's book as "a controversial and best-selling *novel*."

Our dictionary defines "novel" as "a fictitious prose narrative." Hmmm.

WIDE WORLD



Amityville house: Haunted?

Something Blue At the 'Trib'

Today we welcome our new neighbor, the *Trib*, and hope it lives up to its ads—"brilliant, arresting, distinct, and profound." And we note that its blue pencils are already geared for its bluenose audience. To wit: Copy issuing from the entertainment desk described singer Mary Martin as having a "sexily husky voice." "Sexily" was deleted by editor John Denson.

Homemade Desserts Flout Law

LYNN KARLIN

LeRoy: Illegal goodies from her Dakota apartment?

Many of those sumptuous desserts served up in the Tavern on the Green are strictly *verboten* to dieters, of course—but they could be *verboten* to everybody. In fact, some are sometimes illegal. Seems that Kay LeRoy, wife of restaurant owner Warner, periodically whips up desserts in her Dakota digs. She tests recipes and concocts specialties such as tarte Tatin by the hundreds in the three baker's ovens she has installed in her apartment.

But the Board of Health points out that food sold in a restaurant premises has to be prepared there—or at another licensed food preparer's. Tarte Tatin for the Tavern, or your Aunt Millie's upside-down cake for St. Camillus, the Health Department has its tasteless rules.

Henry the K a New York Senator?

Washington's favorite K-talk these days is speculation that he will occupy the U.S. Senate seat occupied by 73-year-old Jacob Javits when and if Javits retires in 1980. The rationale is obvious: Kissinger has instant identification, if not universal popularity. He is Jewish—and even though some Jews don't like him, blood is thicker than water. That helps him in the city. He is a Republican, which doesn't hurt upstate. Nelson Rockefeller (and all the campaign dollars accruing thereby) "would back him if he ran for God," according to one old GOP hand. And he has, or used to have, charisma, world contacts, Arab friends, Russian friends, Chinese friends. . . .

But what about Javits? "I have no need or desire to make any announcement about my plans until 1980," he says, with artful political precision. "I'm enjoying my work and will stay with it as long as I have my health, zeal, and pizzazz. Right now, I've got plenty of all three."

Henry, on the other hand, has always adored gossip, true or not. "Right now, I'm busy writing my book," he says, "and, practically speaking, that would keep me out of any such plans for the Senate." Come, come, Henry—*three years* to write a book?

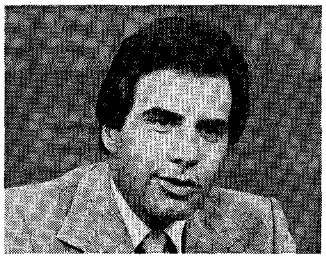
But, Henry hasn't exactly sworn against it. "Ask me two years from now," he says coyly. And then, bemused: "Can you imagine two Harvard professors as U.S. senators from New York?" **—Nick Thimmesch**

Mr. Unpopularity

Who's the least popular eleven o'clock anchorman in town? Viewers say it's WABC's Larry Kane. In a recent unpublished poll (the Q rating, which is taken to determine how much audiences *dislike* or *like* the newsmen they watch), Kane, the newest hotshot anchor here, is disliked by 11 percent of the viewers, and CBS's Dave Marash draws a 6 percent negative response.

WNBC's Chuck Scarborough proved least objectionable. He draws a 54 percent positive response compared to Marash's and co-anchor Rolland Smith's respective 44 and 45 percent. Kane is again at the bottom with only 21 percent liking him.

And who watches which anchorman? According to the demographics of the ratings, Scarborough is watched by females; Marash has a heavy male following; Smith is liked more by older viewers; and Kane draws a less educated news audience.



Kane: Draws negative response.

Well, Wriston Wasn't Using It

Last week, Mayor Koch's advisory group on consumer affairs convened to interview some ten applicants for the position of commissioner of consumer affairs—the watchdog agency to protect the consumer. Where did Bess Myerson, chairwoman of the group, hold the meeting? You'll never guess. All the candidates met in the eighteenth-floor boardroom of Citicorp—one of Bess's employers.

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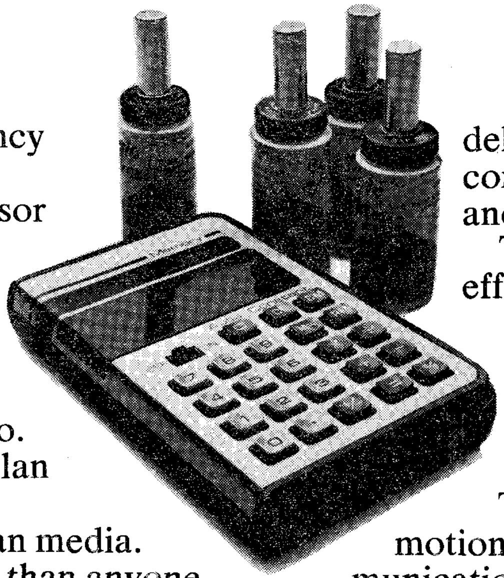


Let's say you're an agency media planner.

The account supervisor sticks his head in your door after lunch.

"Creative's working on some new TV :30's," says he. "Got a great idea for a product demo. Can you give us a TV plan by Thursday?"

That's *one* way to plan media. And it happens oftener than anyone likes to admit.

Zero-Base Media Planning is a totally different way.

Zero-Base Media Planning asks that, at the outset, creative execution (if it exists) not be an inhibiting factor. Each medium should be viewed afresh, whether creative exists for it or not.

Then, in a later step, Zero-Base Media Planning seeks to co-involve Media and Creative in the final determination of the plan—by making them aware of the "trade-off" opportunities that exist between the advantages of one medium and those of another.

Media and Creative together must determine what is being given up in terms of creative effectiveness or target-group delivery when one media component is selected over another.

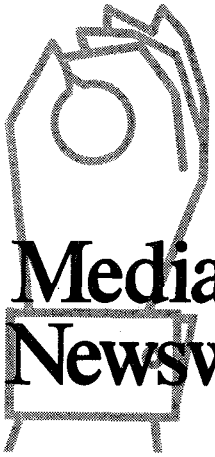
They must weigh the effectiveness of a creative execution in one medium against a translation of it in another medium—one that might deliver the target more efficiently.

They must ask if sound and motion are essential to the communication, and decide if they're worth more than the millions of target-group impressions they will probably have to trade for them by opting for TV instead of print.

Zero-Base Media Planning can be the advertiser's assurance that media opportunities are not being overlooked.

Newsweek has prepared an informative, 36-page "Guide to Zero-Base Media Planning." It describes the five basic steps, and shows, with a detailed example, how easy it is for any advertiser or agency media planner to put the technique to work.

For a copy, contact your Newsweek sales representative or: Chuck Kennedy, V.P. and Advertising Director, Newsweek, 444 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.



Zero-Base Media Planning.
Ask Newsweek.

The Bottom Line / Dan Dorfman

INSIDE THE SCANDAL AT COLUMBIA PICTURES

Hirschfield in Trouble

The whole movie industry and probably half of Wall Street continue to talk about one man—David Begelman. In an astonishing move, the board of Columbia Pictures Industries recently reinstated the flamboyant 56-year-old Begelman as president of the Columbia Pictures Division after he stole more than $60,000 from the company. But by focusing solely on Begelman—who had been on a leave of absence since last September 30, pending an investigation by a special audit committee—everybody is overlooking an amazing twist to the Columbia story.

The story? Begelman's boss, Alan J. Hirschfield, the president and chief executive officer of the parent company, may himself be bounced out of Columbia long before the final script is written on the bizarre Begelman affair. Hirschfield's in serious trouble because he opposed the Columbia board by trying to oust Begelman, whose thefts have been explained away as "emotional problems."

The 42-year-old, cigar-smoking Hirschfield, who took over as Columbia's boss in July of 1973, when the company was on the verge of bankruptcy, is well aware of his precarious position. After being slapped down by his own directors in an unsuccessful effort to kick out Begelman, one of the top talents in the entertainment business, Hirschfield privately told intimates he may have to resign because he has lost the confidence of Columbia's board.

He's right about having lost the board's confidence. Sources tell me the majority of Columbia's directors are steaming at Hirschfield over the way he handled himself during the Begelman crisis. The reasons:

☐ Hirschfield is reported to have fed the board half truths and innuendos in an effort to exaggerate the extent of Begelman's guilt—even after outside authorities and the special audit committee had clearly established the degree of Begelman's wrongdoing.

☐ Hirschfield is reported to have leaked information to people in the entertainment field about Begelman's problems even before they had been disclosed publicly.

☐ Hirschfield is reported to have spread the word (or told a lot of people) that a number of Columbia executives would leave the company if Begelman were allowed to come back as president of the studio. As it turns out, at least some of the executives whom Hirschfield had said would leave the company are reported to have written letters to the management supporting Begelman.

Hirschfield: *"I think the storm is over."*

Several directors are also furious at Hirschfield for immediately turning on Begelman, supposedly a friend, before he was given a full and fair hearing. "He was the first guy trying to do Begelman in," a source said.

Hirschfield's motivations? Sources close to the board say that "Hirschfield wanted to bury Begelman because he also wanted to run the studio; it's that simple." I'm also told, for example, that Hirschfield had rejected an offer by film producer Ray Stark to temporarily run the Columbia studio for nothing during Begelman's leave of absence. Nor would he allow Columbia chairman Leo Jaffe or production boss Dan Melnick to run it. Said my source: "It was simply a case of Hirschfield wanting to run everything himself."

It may well be, of course, that Hirschfield acted solely out of strong moral convictions in pushing for Begelman's ouster. After all, there's no denying that Begelman's acts were clearly criminal offenses.

From January, 1975, through May of 1977, Begelman misappropriated $61,008. Of this amount, $40,000, I'm told, was stolen through check forgeries. There was a phony Columbia Pictures check in the amount of $10,000 made out to actor Cliff Robertson, another $5,000 check to film director Martin Ritt, and a third check for $25,000 payable to some unknown Californian outside the film industry. Begelman misappropriated the remaining moneys by overbilling the company for work done by others and by inflating his personal expenses, such as overcharging Columbia for a home screening room.

Begelman has repaid the $61,008 with interest. He has also promised to repay another $23,000 in travel, entertainment, and other expenses that Columbia paid but which investigators have challenged.

If Hirschfield did act out of moral conviction, however, Matthew (Matty) Rosenhaus, for one, doesn't believe it. "If you want my frank opinion," said Rosenhaus, a Columbia director and its largest shareholder (he controls 850,000 shares of Columbia's roughly 8.3-million shares outstanding), "the answer is no. The reasons Hirschfield gave for his decision didn't cut ice with me. But don't ask me to psychoanalyze Hirschfield's motivations." Rosenhaus, chairman of Columbia's executive committee, as well as vice-chairman of Nabisco, hastened to add: "If I thought Begelman was a thief, I wouldn't have him around Columbia. But we're not defending a thief but a sick man who did some stupid things . . . who had psychological problems that have now been corrected."

Can Hirschfield regain his credibility with the board? "We're pondering that now," a concerned Rosenhaus told me. "He no longer enjoys the full confidence of the board, myself included, and he knows it. It's hard to understand how he could have refused to give a helping hand to someone who's done so much for this company."

The investment banking firm behind Columbia is Allen & Company, with which Hirschfield had been associated since 1959 (following his graduation from the Harvard Business School). In 1973, after Allen & Company got into the act, Herbert Allen Jr., president of the investment firm and a Columbia director, chose Hirschfield to run the film company. The two men had been good friends, but now, I hear, there's a distinct coolness—that Herb Allen is deeply disappointed at the way Hirschfield dealt with a friend in trouble. When I told Herb Allen that I had heard a rift had developed between

Why Begelman Stole

WIDE WORLD

Begelman: *"I was self-destructive."*

Why would one of the entertainment industry's most successful and talented figures—with earnings of almost $400,000 a year—steal a relatively modest amount of money from his company? In his first interview since his thefts became public, David Begelman detailed his problems in a lengthy phone conversation.

"My misdeeds [a word he used often], my misappropriation of funds . . . were aberrational, bearing no sense to reality," he told me. "I had neurotic displays of self-destructiveness. While everyone considered me very successful, apparently subconsciously I didn't have the same high regard for myself. Therefore, I was determined to do something that, if it didn't destroy me, would hurt me badly."

Begelman characterized his actions as "unsupportable and unjustifiable." But he hastened to add: "I wasn't rifling a company for venal reasons. That wasn't my motivation. I wouldn't hurt Columbia . . . But now I've got a better understanding of myself and I know it won't happen again."

Nervous, often rambling and repetitive and reluctant (almost as though in pain) to talk about the nature of his wrongdoing, Begelman insisted he didn't need the money he took. "I wasn't being blackmailed, keeping a dame on the side, or in need of money for gambling. The money was just blended in with other funds and used for general purposes."

If Begelman didn't need any money, why, then, during the two-year period in which he stole over $60,000 from the company, had he borrowed (about one and half years ago) $27,500 from film producer Ray Stark? Begelman was clearly annoyed at the question, declaring: "They [people] will see an ass earning $400,000 a year who can't make ends meet." Added Begelman: "The loan was general-purpose [he declined to say for what] . . . and it's simply having cash-flow problems from time to time." When I asked him if he had repaid the loan, he told me it would be repaid before my story was printed.

Begelman was clearly ill at ease when I asked him why he forged the names of Cliff Robertson and Martin Ritt. Begelman refused to discuss individual names, saying only: "There were no enemies. The names were unimportant. It might just as well have been Dan Dorfman."

I asked Begelman if he had experienced any other feelings of self destruction. "I used to gamble in the early 1960s, for a four- or five-year period . . . and my doctor says these were self-destructive manifestations," he said. "I wasn't a compulsive gambler but a compulsive loser." Begelman said he probably lost about $50,000 to $60,000 during his gambling days in the early 1960s—and that was it. I got rid of that compulsion a long time ago."

I asked Begelman if he thought that pressure on Columbia boss Alan Hirschfield—from both the Columbia board and the film industry—was responsible for his reinstatement. His response: "If Alan had said to me, 'I'm under such pressure that I want you to come back,' I would have said, 'Pass, f--k it.' Sure I wanted to come back, but I didn't want to be pushed down someone's throat."

Begelman wouldn't comment on reports that he received offers from three other film companies—Paramount Pictures, Twentieth Century–Fox, and Warner Bros. Whether the threat of having Begelman as a competitor influenced Hirschfield or the Columbia board is anybody's guess. Obviously, it couldn't have been a pleasant thought.

Begelman's parting words: "It's all been a very chastening experience."

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him and Hirschfield, he replied uncharacteristically: "I will not speak to that point."

It's clear, though, that Allen, who owns over 300,000 Columbia shares, is in sharp disagreement with Hirschfield. His comments make that unmistakable. Says Allen: "This is not a moral issue. It's a story of a breakdown. And since when is a breakdown immoral? After three months of intensive investigation, I don't think we found one fact that Begelman had materially hurt the shareholders of this company." Allen went on to say that he felt the contributions Begelman had made so outweighed his offenses that the only logical thing to do was to reinstate him."

With the majority of the eight-man board taking a dim view of his actions, Hirschfield isn't likely to be in the best of spirits these days. But when I dropped in to see him at his office last week, Hirschfield—one of the chief architects of Columbia's major turnaround—didn't strike me as a man who thought he was walking the last mile. "I'm not worried," he said. "When you do a good job, people recognize it."

Hirschfield, rarely smiling, denied he had "gone Hollywood" and asserted: "There's no shred of evidence to support it. . . . I've never had any interest in running the studio." As for allegations that he had spread rumors about Begelman and had lied to the board, Hirschfield declared angrily: "That's pure crap." He maintained that his chief reason for opposing Begelman's return as studio president was his concern for the image he wanted Columbia to present to the financial community. "I felt any company would have had strong reservations, and I thought it was wrong to bring him back."

Then why did he change his mind? I asked Hirschfield if he was afraid of losing his own job, as some sources close to the board had suggested to me. Hirschfield, whose current employment contract expires at the end of this year, replied, "My own job had nothing to do with it. In the end, I changed my mind because I thought it was the best way of getting back to the business of running the company." The implication was that the board would have been torn apart otherwise. "And," Hirschfield continued, "there is one other reason, and it's no bullshit: I came to the conclusion that I could live with him [Begelman] because he'll never do it again. That's my personal opinion."

Shortly before I left his office, Hirschfield emphasized that, though he had problems with the board, he had no intention of resigning. "Once the dust settles, I think the problems will go away . . . and I think the storm is now over."

Maybe so, but it's a hard argument to swallow. For one thing, Hirschfield has been strongly critical of Herb Allen

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to outsiders; accordingly, it's unlikely the powerful Allen family will be the same avid Hirschfield supporters as in the past. And another board member, who claims he speaks for most directors, said: "If Hirschfield's contract were up for renewal today, there's no way he would be rehired as chief executive, because too many people here don't trust him.

Matty Rosenhaus perhaps characterized the situation best. "Hirschfield's future is very much open to question."

Though he lacks the confidence of the board, Hirschfield is not without support in the business community in his opposition to Begelman's reinstatement. For example, the chief executive of one of the classiest companies in the country told me that had he been on the Columbia board, he would have moved to fire Hirschfield if he had tried to bring back Begelman. "What Columbia did was to give every corporation a black eye, to make a mockery out of ethical standards for business."

And from a Wall Streeter who closely follows the entertainment sector: "I feel sorry for Hirschfield. He tried to fire a thief and now he's the villain. It's outrageous that morality took a back seat to expediency. It also shows how indispensable Begelman must be if the board is willing to take an action "for which it knows it will be severely criticized. It's scary for a company to be so dependent on one fragile man."

And from a source very close to Hirschfield: "Alan's problem is that he refuses to be Herbie Allen's puppet anymore. Alan's grown up, but the people at Allen & Company want him to act like he's still in the crib. He rolled over and played dead by taking back Begelman . . . but the way he's talking now, his days of rolling over may be behind him."

Irwin H. Kramer, head of the special audit committee (he's also a Columbia director and a top official at Allen & Company), assures me that that the committee's exhaustive check uncovered no other skeletons in Begelman's closet in the time he's been with Columbia. Outside legal and public accounting firms say the same thing. However, no check of Begelman's affairs was made before he joined Columbia about four and a half years ago because, as Rosenhaus explained it, "we weren't looking to dig up bones. A West Coast psychiatrist, Judd Marmor, whom Begelman is seeing three times a week, also told Columbia's board that Begelman's emotional problems are on the way toward being resolved.

Begelman, though, is far from out of the woods yet. He faces an intensive investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission, some of whose staff members are boiling over the Begelman reinstatement. As one hard-nosed enforcement official put it: "I don't believe in stories where the thief gets away—not in real life or in movies." There's also strong continued scrutiny by the press. And a possible inquiry by the Internal Revenue Service may also be in the wind.

It may well be, then, that the strange Begelman affair, as one source speculates, is not ending, but merely beginning. ■

The Winning Encounter

Despite the deep rift between Columbia Pictures chief Alan Hirschfield and the Columbia board, business at the movie company is booming, sparked by tremendous box-office revenues thus far from Columbia's new film, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* ($40 million in the first seven weeks). About 75 percent of that amount comes back to Columbia in net film rentals. Accordingly, sources close to management are sharply upgrading estimates that appeared in these columns July 11, 1977. At that time, the estimate was $2.50 to $2.75 a share for the fiscal year ending next June 25, up sharply from fiscal 1977's $1.75. The new estimate: $3.25.

Columbia Pictures president David Begelman told me last week he thought *Close Encounters* had "an excellent chance" of topping $100 million in domestic net film rentals. That would make it, if he's right, one of the highest-grossing films of all time.

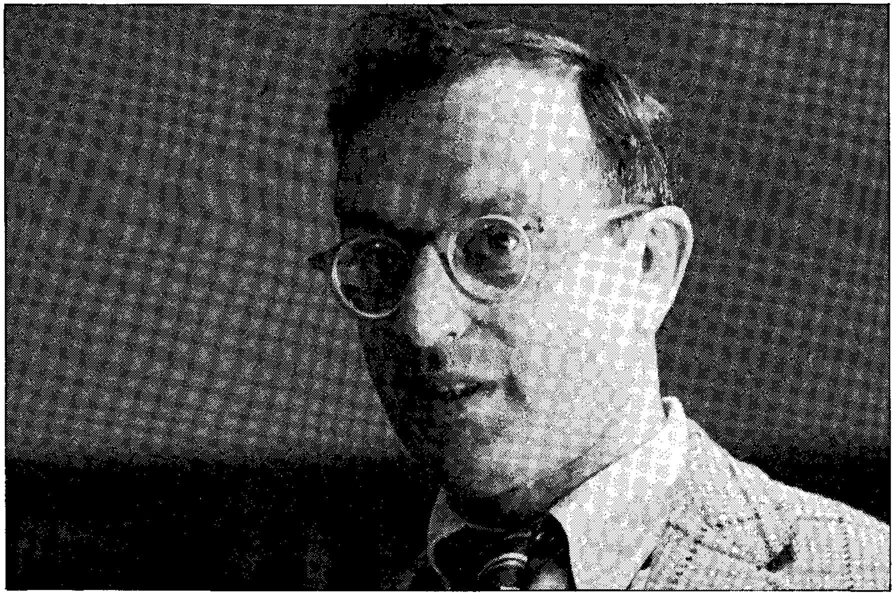
Sources also tell me the performance of *Close Encounters*, should it continue its brisk pace, could push Columbia's net worth to in excess of $100 million by the end of the current fiscal year.

Still to be made clear are Columbia's intentions toward Mattel, Inc., the world's largest toy company. A few months back, Columbia bought 500,000 shares of Mattel, or about 2.5 percent of the company's outstanding shares, on the basis of the possibility it might try to acquire the company. "We're reviewing our Mattel position right now," Hirschfield told me. He said Columbia is strongly interested in making a major acquisition, chiefly in consumer products or publishing. But he said nothing was imminent.

Politics / Kenny Lerer

THE FIGHT TO SUCCEED ED KOCH

SHEILA HARKAVY



Allard Lowenstein: *"Let's talk about the planet a little. . . ."*

A Cosmic Candidate

This Sunday, right about the time most of us will tune in to Super Bowl XII, another kind of battle will be shaping up near Gramercy Park. In the drab auditorium of Washington Irving High School at 40 Irving Place, 980 Democrats will gather to anoint a successor to former Congressman Ed Koch, who is now in another line of work.

This collection of would-be political bosses are New York County Democratic committeemen. Normally, these committeemen do little but preach to the already converted and drive old voters to the polls on Election Day. But Sunday will be different—the closest most of these 980 people have ever come to wielding real political power. By law, they are charged with selecting the Democratic candidate—which really means the next congressman—and you can bet they're taking it seriously, as are the nine candidates currently falling over each other to represent the country's most prestigious congressional district, the East Side's fabled 18th, the "perfumed stockade," the home of "silk stockings."

The early form has Bella Abzug way out in front. Of course, the last two times the odds-makers bet the rent on Bella, they lost—in 1976, when she tried for the U.S. Senate, and last fall, when everyone was saying she'd be where Koch is today.

Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that the outcome will be different this time around. It's called the "guilt theory"—people feel guilty that Bella isn't back in Congress, where she was "so effective" before. So power brokers like Big MAC Chairman Felix Rohatyn, former Deputy Mayor John Zuccotti, and union leaders like Vic Gotbaum and Barry Feinstein, who have never supported her when it really mattered in the past, are pushing her now.

Bella's playing it cool, trying hard to adhere to her campaign strategy of being nice: no bad-mouthing other candidates and no yelling, except a little. Maybe, she figures, if she's nice, she can pick up the delegates of the other candidates as they drop out. Of course, being nice doesn't mean that Bella can't brag, something at which she is probably the world's champion. "If I'm back in Washington," she told one reporter recently, "[House Speaker] Tip O'Neill will make me Democratic whip." (Tip's office says he's not getting involved, but that hasn't stopped Bella from using some old O'Neill endorsements.)

There is, almost inevitably, a flip side to the be-nice strategy, one we're a bit more familiar with in politics. Bella, you see, is making deals. Like the one with the new Manhattan borough president, Andy Stein. In exchange for her support of Andy in the closing weeks of his race against Bobby Wagner in November, Andy is trying to deliver some 100 delegates to Bella on Super Sunday.

If there is a flaw in Bella's plan as she marches back to Congress, it can be found in an old democratic tradition, the secret ballot. The 980 mystery guests will most probably do their choosing privately, and recent electoral history has proved that Bella's name and a voting booth aren't exactly a winning combination like, say, Roger Staubach and Golden Richards of the Dallas Cowboys.

So it is possible that Bella will lose, which brings us to the most interesting, if not the most serious, challenger to Bella: the perennial candidate, Allard Lowenstein, 49, currently working—but on a leave without pay—for Andy Young at the United Nations as U.S. ambassador for special political affairs.

Lowenstein offers a very different choice from Bella, one which deserves to be considered seriously. Bella believes in confrontation—she long ago rejected the notion that to get along you should go along, and her six years in Congress prove that screaming can work, if only sometimes. Lowenstein, on the other hand, prefers compromise and mediation, the very modes of operation raised to high art by the man he was instrumental in removing from the presidency, Lyndon Johnson.

Still, Lowenstein's candidacy is almost pathetic, and the candidate himself something of a flake.

Listen as Lowenstein speaks to 30 county committee members in the living room of an East Side penthouse. He begins with a joke:

"A woman came over to my seven-year-old daughter and asked her what her name was," he says. "My daughter answered, 'Kate.' 'No, I mean your full name,' responded the woman. 'My name is Katharine Eleanor Roosevelt Lowenstein for Congress,' shot back my daughter. Maybe that tells me something." Everyone laughs. Lowenstein, disheveled as always, scratches his thinning hair. He seems out of place—could he really mean it when he says, "I feel most at home with poor blacks in Brooklyn"? He pauses, then launches into his speech.

"I want to go to Congress at this particular juncture. . . . We've been through many fights together. . . . We got out of Vietnam because people cared, but we are now worse off than before, things are more difficult now in the city and the planet. . . . We have gained specifics but lost in the general direction we want to go in. . . . Let's talk about the planet a little. . . . At this rate the ocean will be dead in the year 2000."

He continues for twenty minutes, speaking extemporaneously — mostly about the cosmic condition. Finally, a young committeeman asks: "Mr. Lowenstein, if I could get you out of the sky for a moment, what do you think of President Carter's energy program?" Before too long, after an unsatisfactory response, he is back in the clouds.

Lowenstein is taken with his own ramblings. "I cannot win the county committee by who went to the most Christmas parties and what people think about block associations. One must discuss the direction of the planet. Not to do so is tawdry."

Running for Congress is not a novel experience for Lowenstein. He is something of a professional candidate, having run seven times in sixteen years, and that doesn't include three abortive attempts for the U.S. Senate. He won once, in 1968, in a congressional district on Long Island. He served one term and was defeated. This year's model of a Lowenstein candidacy is no different from the others—hectic and disorganized.

He waited until the last minute to make the race. He has no campaign manager. No campaign office. No strategy to speak of. As in the past, he is frequently accompanied by two or three former students who drive his car, fetch pizza for his children, and do just about anything else that's asked of them.

Once again Lowenstein isn't taking care of business; he is his own worst enemy. "There isn't a practical bone in his entire body," says a former campaign manager. "He drives you nuts."

So why is he doing it—again? Andy Young spews out the expected rhetoric but then gets to the point. "Al wants to get back to Congress because he was extremely effective there. He could be a bridge between the younger members—many in the past have worked in Al's campaigns—and the leadership. He has an obsession with Congress, and he should get it out of his system. I was there for four years and that was enough for me."

Another friend and former campaign aide echoes Young: "Al has to win one more time so he'll be vindicated."

The Koch Watch

BOARD STIFF

In the tenth hour of 1978, Ed Koch fulfilled his first campaign promise—he took a bus to work. And paying the 25-cent (half) fare, he demonstrated a symbolic commitment to fiscal frugality.

Shades of Jimmy Carter again. Koch first began resembling the president when he decided against having a first deputy mayor, just as Carter has let the White House function without a chief of staff.

But the most potentially dangerous similarity between the two is Koch's seeming inability to comprehend how important the Board of Estimate is to a successful mayoralty—just as Carter has yet to deal effectively with Congress for the same reason.

Men like Howie Golden, the Brooklyn borough president, are unimpressed with the mayor's "common man" stunts. "Lindsay took the bus to work for the first week too," says Golden, conveniently forgetting that because of the infamous transit strike of 1965, there was no public transportation at all until the twelfth day of Lindsay's term. "I hope that Koch doesn't keep on riding the bus. Hell, if there's a major problem in Bushwick like a riot or fire, I want him to come in the limo 'cause if he takes the bus, the way they run, Bushwick might not be there when he arrives."

Golden's real beef with Koch runs a lot deeper than the price of a token compared with that of a tank of gas. It involves the mayor's fulfillment of another campaign promise—to dismiss politically connected hacks. Some of those fired last week are Golden's closest political allies. "Look," says Golden, "I honestly think this Koch wants to be a good mayor. But laying off people will be a factor when it comes time for him to ask me to vote with him on the Board of Estimate. And the board is where you get things done. I expect the first few weeks of the administration to go smoothly, but pretty soon you are going to see a major flare-up and I'm willing to bet that it comes in the board."

So are a lot of other people. Manhattan Beep Andy Stein hasn't forgiven the mayor for his lukewarm support of his candidacy—it was clear to everyone that Koch preferred Bobby Wagner and only supported Stein out of a sense of party loyalty.

Like Golden, Queens Borough President Donald Manes is steaming because he lost a political crony to Koch's ax, and over on Staten Island, Beep Tony Gaeta has a wholly different set of priorities than the mayor. While Koch worries about Westway and fiscal solvency, Gaeta's predominantly conservative constituents are interested in issues like sewer systems, school busing, and liquified-natural-gas tanks.

Clearly, Koch is up against some feisty pros who've never believed in long political honeymoons. Says one borough president unwilling to identify himself: "I intend to work as well as I can with Koch for about the first six months to show the federal government that we're all pitching in to save the city. But if Koch isn't going to have a first deputy mayor then there's no way he's going to consult with the borough presidents on major decisions. And because of that I expect to have a major blowout with Koch around June or July. And it will be such a battle royal that it'll drag across every front page in town for days."

Each of the borough presidents has two votes on the Board of Estimate, and the comptroller and City Council president have four each, just like the mayor. Most of these politicians are just that—people with their own constituencies, ambitions, and game plans.

As these people make their moves, conflict with the mayor is almost inevitable. This year alone, it is certain that Bronx Beep Bobby Abrams will again seek the state-attorney generalship and highly possible that Comptroller Harrison Goldin will seek to move up to the state spot occupied by Arthur Levitt, assuming the crusty comptroller decides to pack it in.

Even Carol Bellamy, whom Koch embraced during the campaign, demonstrated in the state senate that she's nobody's flunky.

Government doesn't work by fiat, either in Washington or in New York. Our new mayor is being put on notice by the most important group he'll be dealing with for the next four years: "Be careful, Ed, we've got the clout too."

—Denis Hamill

Lowenstein himself rejects the obvious—that he is a campaign junkie. "You have to look at each race independently. I ran because I thought the races were important. I ran," he says, in a most unconciliatory way, "against the three worst congressmen in the country: Norman Lent in 1970, John Rooney from Brooklyn in 1972, and John Wydler in 1974 and 1976. They were important races to make. Perhaps if I sat down before I did things I would not always do the things I do. But that's not the way I work. I once got up to announce for the U.S. Senate in 1970 and before my speech was over I announced for the House." Now he sounds hokey: "Whether you win or lose is not the important thing. It's the race. The means justify the end."

Al Lowenstein has spent his entire adult life dashing from one cause to another. In South Africa he spoke out against "inhumane treatment"; in Spain he helped to organize against Franco; in Mississippi he marched with Martin Luther King; and across America he led the dump-Johnson movement and was one of the key strategists in Eugene McCarthy's 1968 campaign for president.

Today, Lowenstein is frustrated. His office, two doors down from Andy Young's, is decorated with photographs of his heroes—Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Senator Frank Graham of North Carolina (Lowenstein started his political career as a legislative assistant to Graham), and a bust of Eleanor Roosevelt. Four weeks of old New York *Times* are stacked in a corner. He is wearing a T-shirt and sneakers and his short-cropped hair, scattered everywhere, seems to defy gravity. He sits Indian style on an old, battered chair.

His job is part of the reason he is running for Congress. A critic of United States foreign policy for the past twenty years, how could he possibly be content acting as an apologist for President Carter's inconsistent human-rights policy? Lowenstein wants "out" of the United Nations almost as much as he wants "in" the House. But he won't admit it. Says one of his aides: "The State Department misunderstands what Al is trying to do."

Lowenstein prefaces his own rationalizations about his position this way: "I'm here because of Andy Young. He's the best thing about my job," and "I wouldn't trade in the last year for anything. It has been a valued year." Then he rambles again: "We must make initiatives in foreign affairs; everybody has become obscured with rigid rules. Creativity is needed. Many people are too nervous."

Finally he opens up—if only slightly. "Everything is cables," he says. "Look, I don't want to attack all career diplomats. There are some very competent ones. The division in the State Department isn't between the career and diplomatic types but between those who want to reach for a common humanity around the world and those who play an endless game of chess where people move back and forth only."

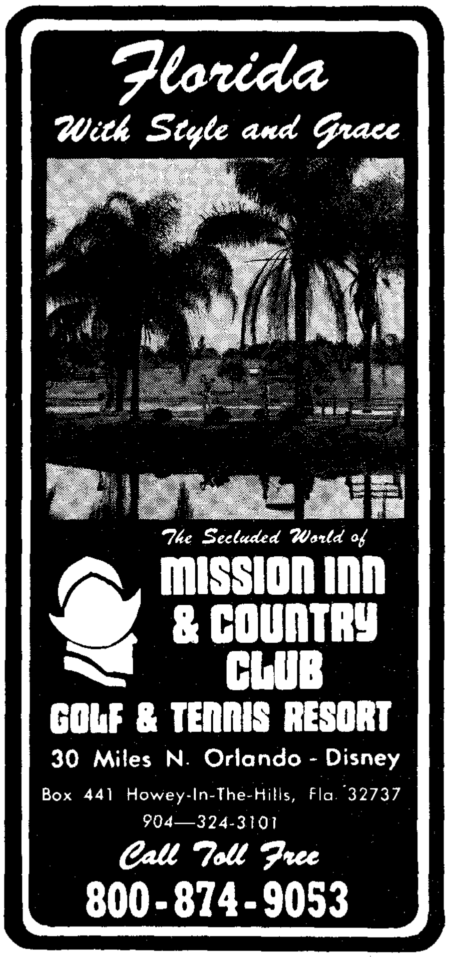
On more than one occasion Lowenstein has tried to bring different factions together. He was rebuffed. Last spring, for example, he met with the two Nobel-peace-prize winners from Ireland, Mairead Corrigan and Betty Williams. Lowenstein arranged a meeting between them and leaders of the Irish National Caucus, Fred O'Brien and Father McManus. The meeting was held in private and never publicized. A second meeting was scheduled. The situation was so sensitive that O'Brien didn't even tell his own supporters what was going on. But somehow, both the Irish and British governments found out. They sent an official protest to the State Department and two days later Lowenstein received a cable from Washington which said, bluntly: Do not meet with the Irish. He canceled the second meeting.

Recently, Lowenstein was invited to speak at a meeting of Friendshipment, the organization sending reconstruction supplies to Vietnam. Even before he had time to reply to the invitation, he received another State Department communication which said: Do not attend.

He's holding it in, but it seems quite clear that win or lose this congressional race, Al Lowenstein will likely be gone from the United Nations before too long, without bothering to look back.

"What life is all about is how you spend your day. Each day becomes a total involvement," said Lowenstein in a 1969 magazine interview. "So you build as you go along . . . . But it all has a common denominator that gives some sense, some direction—the sense that your total activity is going to make a better situation for people to live in."

Al Lowenstein hasn't changed much. He'll arouse great curiosity at Washington Irving High School this Sunday, a kind of candidate collector's item. But who knows. After all, in Denver, a quarterback everyone labeled a "has been" has come back against all odds to take the Cinderella Denver Broncos all the way to the Super Bowl in New Orleans. ■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MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

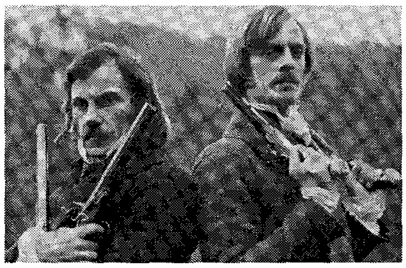
OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

January 10 through 17

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Friday, January 13

DUEL PURPOSES



Harvey Keitel and **Keith Carradine** are Hussar officers in Napoleon's army who are fighting the first in a series of savage duels for a point of honor in **The Duellists,** directed by Ridley Scott, and based on Joseph Conrad's story "The Duel." Fine Arts.

Dersu Uzala–Akira Kurosawa's film, based on the book by Soviet explorer-writer Vladimir Arsenyev, filmed in the U.S.S.R., telling of the friendship between the writer and his aging East Siberian guide, the title character. Baronet.

THE MOVIES

Burn!–This film by the man who made *Battle of Algiers* is a disappointment, but it ran into all kinds of production and post-production problems. Occasional moments of brilliance occur in this story of colonialism, but its opponents and victims are surrounded by much that is murky, messy and anachronistic. Marlon Brando heads an uneven cast whose unevenness he contributes to. 1/16, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Children of Theatre Street–Behind-the-scenes action in Russia's Kirov ballet school, in the form of a documentary about three youngsters. Directed by Robert Dornhelm and Earle Mack. Cinema Studio.

The Choirboys–Directed by Robert Aldrich, and based on the novel by Joseph Wambaugh, film tells of ten policemen and what they do on their days off, as well as on. With Charles Durning, Louis Gossett, and many, many others. RKO Cinerama II; 86th St E; Trans-Lux East.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play about a weary psychiatrist and the young psychopath whose violent passion for horses reveals the sterility of his own life has been brought to the screen, with a bit of rewriting, by Sidney Lumet. Richard Burton stars in what has become the *Hello Dolly* role for aging actors, with a twist—each actor playing the lead has striven to show us how desiccated and prune-like they have become. Contemptuously staged, embarrassingly written. Quad; from 1/13, Loews Triplex.

The Gauntlet–Clint Eastwood stars in and directed this new film, and it is as riddled with holes as the various shelters and vehicles in which he and Sondra Locke find themselves under mass attack. It's just another story of a man and a woman squeezed between two super powers, in this case the mob and the Phoenix-Las Vegas police forces. National; Columbia I; U.A. East; thru 1/17, Loews Triplex.

The Goodbye Girl–Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Loews Tower East; Loews State II.

Heart of Glass–Sepp Muller and Volker Prechtel star in Werner Herzog's picture, filmed in Bavaria, Switzerland, Utah, Wyoming, Alaska, and Ireland, telling of the owner of a glass factory who becomes obsessed with finding the lost formula for a precious ruby-colored glass. Quad.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton; Cinema III.

Iphigenia–In Michael Cacoyannis's film, Euripides' drama comes into focus, transcending its modern cinematic treatment. Irene Papas's Clytemnestra is predictably monumental, and Tatiana Papamoskou's Ipheginia is ephemeral, her scampering movements suggesting the sacrificial lamb all too literally. Her complex martyrdom is one of the most extraordinary epiphanies in all drama, and whatever the inadequacies of Cacoyannis's conception, we should be grateful to have it on the screen at all. Plaza.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento,* Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Cinema I.

Knife in the Water–This was Roman Polanski's first and best film, made in Poland during a relative political thaw. A triangle involving an older, almost bourgeois husband; his younger and dissatisfied wife; and the handsome young drifter they pick up as a boathand for their yachting cruise, the film is full of subtle but disturbing implications—sexual, social, political. Jerzy Skolimowski collaborated on the intelligent script, the music by the late K. T. Koneda is haunting, and the three main performances are perfect. 1/17, 18, Regency.

The Lacemaker–Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude *(The Invitation* and *The Wonderful Crook)* Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Thru 1/12, Fine Arts.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar–This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. RKO 86th II; thru 1/12, New Yorker; Waverly; thru 1/19, D.W. Griffith; from 1/18, Playboy; 72nd St E.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Paris.

The Man Who Would Be King–An unpretentious adventure story based on Kipling's tale, this is John Huston's best film in 23 years, or since *The African Queen.* It is a solid bagatelle, like those new, creative toys for children that are made to be attractive, safe, and also a bit mind-stretching. What really makes the film is racy acting combined with niftily dissembling location photography. With Sean Connery, Michael Caine and Christopher Plummer, the last-named being the very essence of Kiplingishness. 1/11, Carnegie Hall Cineam.

Mr. Klein–A masklike Alain Delon stars as an art dealer who buys paintings from Jews who are fleeing Paris for their lives in 1942, only to become an object of suspicion himself. What might have been in other hands a nightmare journey becomes an uninvolving quest through portals and doorways, and more portals and doorways. It is a perverse choice of material for even so resolutely perverse a director as Joseph Losey. 68th St Playhouse.

1900–Bertolucci's film is a chronicle of the peasant-landowner struggle from 1900 to 1945 as it transpires on the estate of the aristocratic Berlinghiere family. Robert De Niro and Gerard Depardieu are fine, but as attractive as they are, to sit four and a half hours for their dorsal view (preferable to the frontal view displayed in an embarrassing sex scene) is too high a price to pay. Festival.

Operation Thunderbolt–Produced and directed by Menaham Golan, film chronicles the story of the legendary rescue mission at Entebbe. From 1/15, Guild.

Outrageous!–A winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee from a mental institution and of their life together. The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike, the film is moving and amusing. Art; from 1/13, New Yorker.

Padre Padrone–Saverio Marconi and Omero Antonutti play father and son in the 1977 Cannes Film Festival award-winning picture, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviana, telling of a Sardinian peasant boy forced by his tyrannical father to live in isolation as a shepherd until his twentieth year. Cinema II.

The Passion of Anna–One of Bergman's two finest films since *Persona,* imcomparably superior to *Cries and Whispers,* and prefiguring (and surpassing) much of *Scenes from a Marriage.* Aside from being a profound document about the impossibilities of love relationships, this film is a veritable compendium of technical achievements, and contains some of the most marvelous color cinematography, in the subtlest tones, ever seen. 1/13, 14, Bleecker St Cinema.

Pete's Dragon–A musical fantasy combining live action and animation, telling the story of a 9-year-old orphan whose dragon friend playfully outrages a New England town just after the turn of the century. Radio City Music Hall.

Der Rosenkavalier–A Salzburg production of Strauss's opera filmed so imaginatively (by Paul Czinner) that the stage walls seems to dissolve. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's Marschallin was quintessential in her time, and Karajan's conducting is far lovelier than on his recording. 1/12, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nick Cohn's *New York* Magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. Loews Orpheum; thru 1/17, Loews State I; 34th St E.

Semi-Tough–Now that the jinx against sports films has been dispelled, and audiences for them have grown wider and more knowledgeable, Michael Ritchie's treatment of football seems cavalier at best. He has a good eye for the yearning for attention, the humiliating games people will play and rationalize, but he is so busy keeping score of immediate winners and losers that we never get under their skin, never know how they will perform over the long haul. Burt Reynolds is pitch-perfect as the cock of the walk captain. Criterion; thru 1/12, Baronet.

Short Eyes–Written by Miguel Pinero, film is far from being a grim tract on prison conditions or the institutional dehumanization of the poor. With its Curtis Mayfield score and exuberant ethnic acting, the film combines authentic funk with what can only be called entertainment values. Yet the sense of theater is indigenous to Pinero's characters, men who begin at zero and lay claim to their square of turf through stylized gesture and idiom of "personality." Quad; RKO Cinerama I.

A Special Day–Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films, Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what gives the movies its measure of interest, they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. Quad; thru 1/12, Gramercy.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

Telefon–The premise of Don Siegel's new movie is outrageous enough to be fun. Briefly, a bunch of Soviets have been substituted for dead Americans, but are Cold War plants—they have been hypnotized to sabotage American explosives factories when someone with the right formula pulls their mental trigger. Charles Bronson, in Russian uniform, plays the brightest and best mind in Soviet intelligence, believe it or not. Greenwich; thru 1/17, Loews Cine.

That Obscure Object of Desire–Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). Based on Pierre Louys's *Le Femme et le Pantin.* Columbia II.

Three Women–This is Robert Altman's third dream film, and, like *Images* and *Brewster McCloud,* alternates uneasily between not very real reality and not particularly imaginative fantasy. A very superficial girl and an almost blank young woman keep exchanging personalities, and finally absorb a third, even more nebulous older woman, into a peculiar menage. The minor characters are even more shadowy, and the plot lacks credibility as a human document, and resonance as a dream. Excellent performances by Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek; competent cinematography by Chuck Rosher, absurd paintings and music by Bodhi Wind and Gerald Busby, respectively. 1/13, 14, Cinema Village.

The Turning Point–Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Coronet; Little Carnegie.

Which Way Is Up?–Director Michael Schultz has fashioned a pop Third World version of Lina Wertmuller's *The Seduction of Mimi,* with Richard Pryor playing three roles. The plot—a union struggle translated to the California farmworkers, serves as little more than a pretext for Pryor to create a Peter Sellers-like rogues gallery. He is glorious as he pants after the three women in his life, but when he is required to become violent in accordance with the Sicilian code of honor, he and the movie are dreadful. Thru 1/10, Loews Triplex; Victoria.

The World's Greatest Lover–This tale of a barber who, with his wife (Carol Kane) goes to Hollywood and finds himself a star candidate in Paramount's search for its own Valentino, is yet another of those frenzied comedies about the early days of Hollywood. Take Gene Wilder, a manic figure, bearable only in small doses—he has become progressively less funny since *The Producers,* and his bed for comic-romantic stardom here is simply excruciating, like one of those nightmares of embarrassment from which one hopes to awaken much relieved. Beekman, Murray Hill, Paramount.

THE PLOT SICKENS

Robert Donat and **Madeleine Carroll** have a difference of opinion in a scene from Alfred Hitchcock's **The 39 Steps** (1935), which shares the bill at the Regency, 1/12 to 14, with another Hitchcock thriller, *The Lady Vanishes* (1938), starring Michael Redgrave and Margaret Lockwood.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Outrageous!*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). Thru 1/12, *Semi-Tough.* From 1/13, *Dersu Uzala.*

Beacon, Bdway & 47th (874-1717). Elvis Presley festival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *The World's Greatest Lover.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 1/10, *High and Low. Kagero.* 1/11, *The Well-Digger's Daughter; The Baker's Wife.* 1/12, *The Fugitive Kind; A Streetcar Named Desire.* 1/13, 14, *Persona; The Passion of Anna.* 1/15, 16, *Dinner at Eight; Grand Hotel.* 1/17, *Demons; Zatoichi at Large.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 1/10, *Bay of Angels; The Pied Piper.* 1/11, *The Man Who Would Be King; The Charge of the Light Brigade.* 1/12, *Der Rosenkavalier.* 1/13, *Divorce, Italian Style; Swept Away.* 1/14, *Singing in the Rain; It's Always Fair Weather.* 1/15, *A Nous La Liberte; Le Million.* 1/16, *Burn!; Antonio Das Mortes. 1/17, Cabin in the Sky; I Dood It.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Julia.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Padre Padrone.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *High Anxiety.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *The Children of Theatre Street.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 1/10 *Alice in the Cities; The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick.* 1/11, 12, *Tom Jones; Irma La Douce.* 1/13, 14, *Three Women; Nashville.* 1/15, 16, *Boris Godunov; Plisetskaya Dances.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Gauntlet.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *That Obscure Object of Desire.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Turning Point.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *Semi-Tough.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). Thru 1/19, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.* From 1/20, *Mado.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Annie Hall.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *The Choirboys.*

Embassy I, 46th at Bdway (757-2408). *Oh, God.*

Embassy II, III, IV, 7th Ave nr 47th (575-7788). II, *The Great Dictator; Modern Times.* III, *A Piece of the Action.* IV, *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Oh, God!*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *1900.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). Thru 1/12, *The Lacemaker.* From 1/13, *The Duellists.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *A Piece of the Action.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 1/12, *A Special Day.* From 1/13, *The Late Show; Providence.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Telefon.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). Thru 1/14, *Summerdog.* From 1/15, *Operation Thunderbolt.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 1/17, *Telefon.* From 1/18, *The One and Only.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Loews State I & II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). I. Thru 1/17, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 1/18, *The One and Only.* II. *The Goodbye Girl.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *The Goodbye Girl.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. Thru 1/10, *Which Way is Up?* From 1/11, to be announced. II. Thru 1/17, *The Gauntlet.* From 1/18, to be announced. III. Thru 1/12, *Modern Times; The Great Dictator.* From 1/13, *Equus.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *The World's Greatest Lover.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 1/10, 2:30, *There Was a Father;* 6 p.m. What's Happening. 1/12, 2:30, *Jaws;* 6 p.m. *Car Wash;* 8:30, Preview of a 1978 Universal Picture. 1/13, 2:30, *The Bingo Long Travelling All-Stars and Motor Kings;* 6 p.m. *There Was a Father.* 1/14, noon, *The Big Beat;* 2:30, *Interlude;* 5 p.m. *Slap Shot.* 1/15, noon, *Rock, Pretty Baby;* 2:30, *Taking Off;* 5 p.m. *Carnival in Flanders.* 1/16, noon, *My Hands Are the Tools of My Soul;* 2:30, *Man Without a Star;* 6 p.m. Evening with David Haxton. 1/17, noon, *My Hands Are the Tools of My Soul;* 2:30, *Side Street Story;* 6 p.m. What's Happening.

National, 919 3rd Ave (486-0333). *The Gauntlet.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 1/12, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.* From 1/13, *Outrageous.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 1/12, *Heroes; Airport 77.* 1/13-19, *Sasquatch.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *The World's Greatest Lover.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 1/17, closed. From 1/18, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Iphigenia.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *Equus.* II. *Short Eyes.* III. *A Special Day.* IV. *Heart of Glass.*

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave betw 50th & 51st (246-4600). *Pete's Dragon.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 1/10, 11, *The Virgin Spring; The Naked Night.* 1/12-14, *The Lady Vanishes; The 39 Steps.* 1/15, 16, *Kind Hearts and Coronets; Blithe Spirit.* 1/17, 18, *The Soft Skin; Knife in the Water.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. *Short Eyes.* II. *The Choirboys.*

RKO 86th I & II.–at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Short Eyes.* II. *Looking For Mr. Goodbar.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 1/17, *Heroes.* From 1/18, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Mr. Klein.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 1/10, *The Soldier's Tale; Madame Butterfly.* 1/11, 12, *Pursued; The Enforcer.* 1/13, 14, *A Night at the Opera; A Day at the Races.* 1/15-17, *Fata Morgana; Even Dwarfs Started Small.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 1/10, *Forbidden; Shopworn.* 1/11, *A Farewell to Arms; North Star.* 1/12, *Hold Back the Dawn; Remember the Night.* 1/13, 14, *Murder; Young and Innocent.* 1/15, *Royal Family of Broadway; Design for Living.* 1/16, *Reveille with Beverly; Sweetheart of the Campus. 1/17, One More River; Old Dark House.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *The Choirboys.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Oh, God!*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Gauntlet.*

Victoria, Bdway at 46th (354-5636). *Which Way Is Up?*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, January 10

Cheaters–A new domestic comedy by Michael Jacob about adultery. Doris Roberts, Lou Jacobi, Rosemary Murphy, and Jack Weston have the leads, and Robert Drivas directs. Previewing now prior to a 1/15 opening. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

November People–Jan Sterling and Cameron Mitchell in a play by Gus Weill about the effects on a family when its politician father returns home after a jail sentence. Directed by Arthur Sherman. Billy Rose, 208 W 41st (391-3999).

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Imperial, 249 E 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage–The new Ronald Ribman drama about two men (Len Cariou and Martin Balsam), one a fruit and vegetable man, and the other an investment advisor in fine art, who meet on the roof garden of a hospital and engage in a battle to discover the secret of the universe. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Do You Turn Somersaults?–Mary Martin and Anthony Quayle star in a two-character comedy by Aleksei Arbuzov, set in a health resort in Riga, about the relationship between a doctor and a former circus performer. Directed by Edwin Sherin. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Golda–William Gibson has written a cheap, and oversimplified version of the life of Golda Meir. Shoddy direction, sets, and lighting, with, for the most part, indifferent-to-bad actors. The exception is Anne Bancroft, who, through sheer talent, never lets a two-note part grate on us. Gibson has tried to combine the unstageable business of warfare with scenes from the very discreet Mrs. Meir's life—and because the public events dwarf the private, *Golda* remains shadowy and stereotypical. Morosco, 217 W 45 (246-6230).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Jesus Christ Superstar–A revival of the Andrew Lloyd Weber/Tim Rice rock opera, directed by William Gray. Thru 2/12. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mat Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. On Sun 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Saint Joan–The wonderful thing about any Shavian play is the play of intellect in it. Here there are actually flashes of lyricism, and what's more important, the sheer luminescence of Shaw's restlessly revolving intellect. However, Lynn Redgrave, splendid actress—and even Shavian actress—that she is, simply is not Saint Joan. Instead of a substratum of full-brooded country lass, she has a fundamentally urban quality: nervous, exacerbated, clever, neurotic, shrill. Thru 2/19. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

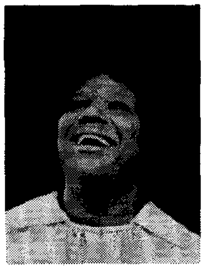
Side by Side with Sondheim–Hermione Gingold, Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, and Georgia Brown offer a generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Ben Jonson's *Volpone* updated to 19th-century San Francisco, with new gags stuck onto the original Jacobean plot-structure. Vincent Gardenia now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

A Touch of the Poet–Jason Robards, Milo O'Shea, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Kathryn Walker in the revival of Eugene O'Neill's last complete play, directed by Jose Quintero. Hellen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by Geroge Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

SWEET CHARIOT



Delores Hall sings in Vinnette Carroll's deservedly long-running **Your Arms Too Short To Box With God,** at the O'Neill Theater, 230 W 49th Street. It's a rousing, black gospel musical dealing with the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ. Lyrics and music by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant (246-0220).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Allegro–The 1947 musical with music by Richard Rodgers and book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, directed and choreographed by Bill Koch, with musical directed by Mark Goodman. 1/12-29, Tues thru Sun at 8; Sat and Sun mat at 2:30. Equity Library Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Drive (663-2028).

Annie and Arthur–Michael Shulman's new play about love and insanity, with Diane Tarleton and Tom Coble. 1/13-15, 20-22, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Performing Gallery, 42 W 15th (777-3055).

The Bandit Princess–Kikue Tashiro's play, directed by Linda Mussman. Wed thru Sat, at 8 p.m. from 1/11. $3. Time & Space, 139-41 W 22nd (741-1032).

The Beard–Michael McClure's play about Jean Harlow and Billy the Kid and their meeting in eternity.

Directed by Philip Minor. Quaig Theater, 108 W 43rd (391-1072).

Black Body Blues–Gus Edwards's play, directed by Douglas Turner Ward, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Avenue (OR 4-3530).

Block Party–A romantic ghetto tragedy by Joseph Lizardi, directed by the author, about the last tenants remaining in an almost burned-out building in the South Bronx. 1/12 thru 22. Free. Henry St Playhouse, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Bremen Coffee–A play by the German film-maker Rainer Werner Fassbinder, directed by Manfred Bormann. 1/27-29, 2/3-5, 10-12. Loretto Playhouse, $3. 20 Bleecker St (242-3900).

Cabin 12–John Bishop's play, directed by Marshall Oglesby, about a father and son searching for the dignity of death. Tues thru Fri at 11 p.m. thru 1/20 (1/15 at 7 p.m.). $3. Circle Repertory 99 7th Ave So on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Cappella–A new play by David Boorstin and Israel Horovitz, starring Sol Frieder and Allan Wasserman. Thru 1/22. Off Center Theater, 436 W 18th (929-8299).

Clizia–Nicholas Machiavelli's play, directed by Catherine Ruello. Fri thru Mon at 7:30. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

CSC Repertory–Ibsen's *Rosmerholm;* Jean Genet's *The Maids;* Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and John Arden's *Sjt. Musgrave's Dance.* CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

The Contessa of Mulberry Street–About the price a family must pay for their passion, pride, and guilt, set in New York's Little Italy. By Nicholas Bellitto, directed by Gene Frankel. Gene Frankel Theater, 342 E 63rd (391-1072).

Don Juan in Hell–GBS's classic, Thurs thru Sat, thru 1/13. Medicine Show, 45 E 20th (982-2986).

Double Bill–Sean O'Casey's *A Bedtime Story* and *A Pound on Demand.* 1/12-15 at 8 p.m. La Mama, 74 E 4th St (475-7710).

Drama Committee Repertory–Stephen Crane's *Blue Hotel.* Chekhov's *Ward Six.* Wilde's *An Ideal Husband.* Conrad's *Heart of Darkness.* All shows $3. 17 W 20th St (929-8377).

The Dybbuk–A new translation by Mira Rafalowicz, directed by Joseph Chaikin, of the classic folk story. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

East Lynne–Mrs. Henry Wood's play, directed by Dorothy Stuart. Fri & Sat at 9:30; Sun at 4 p.m. 1/13-2/5. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Epicoene-The Silent Woman–Ben Jonson's comedy, directed by Sam Hochman, choreographed by Ned and Nora Rotante, with an original score by Bruce Lieberman. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 2:30 & 7:30. $6, 7. Pilgrim Theater, 240 E 3rd St (473-9360).

Exit the King–Eugene Ionesco's fairy tale for grownups directed by Howard Green. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3:30 & Mon at 7:30. 1/13-30. $3, except Monday when all seats are $1.90. Counterpoint 152 W 66th (799-6954).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Fefu and Her Friends–Obie award-winning play written and directed by Maria Irene Fornes. Tues thru Sun, Thru 2/5. $8. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Frankie and Annie–Diane Simkin's play set in an experimental treatment center details the growing friendship of two girls. Directed by Paul Schneider. Wed thru Sun at 7 p.m. $3. Upstage, Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Green Pond–Stephanie Cotsirilos, Christine Ebersole, Richard Ryder, and Stephen James in a contemporary musical by Mel Marvin and Robert Montgomery. A Chelsea Theater Center production, it deals with human relationships. Westside Theater, 407 W 43rd (541-8395).

Hablemos a Calzon Quitado–A provocative comedy in Spanish by Guillermo Gentile, directed by Max Ferra. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Mat Sun at 4:30 p.m. Thru 2/5. $4. Intar, 508 W 53rd (247-6776).

How Do You Live With Love?–Paul Hunter's four-story comedy, directed by Bruce Minnix. Thurs thru Sun (mat at 3 p.m. Sun), Thru 1/22. $3.50. Theater Off Park, 28 E 35th (571-7594).

The Imaginary Invalid–Moliere's piece, directed by Luigia Miller. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun mat at 6. Thru 1/17. Riverside Theater, 2710 Bdway at 104th (864-9672).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–*The Cocktail Party;* Ibsen's *Love's Comedy.* Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

K–A dramatic response to Franz Kafka and his work, directed by Garland Wright, with impressions from *The Trial,* staged by The Lion Theater Company. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5 & 9; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 1/22. $4. West Side Airlines Terminal, 460 W 42nd (947-4224).

Lady Windemere's Fan–Oscar Wilde's drawing-room comedy directed by Andres Castro. Fri, Sat & Sun, at 8 p.m. Thru 1/29. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

Laughing Stock–A satirical revue with music and improvisation. Fri at 8:30, Sat at 8 & 10:15, Sun at 8. Thru 2/5. Garris', 225 W Bdway (226-9299).

A life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Mama Sang the Blues–A comedy-drama by Katherine Cortez about the pain and pleasure of life with an unusual mama, played by Jacqueline Brookes. Directed by Teresa Hayden. Thurs thru Sun, 1/12-2/5 at 7:30 p.m. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

A Man and His Woman–Craig *(Outrageous!)* Russell stars in an evening of theater, music, and humor. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 8 & 11 p.m. Sun at 3 & 7. Theater East, 211 E 60th (355-7025).

The Mandrake–The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninventively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourty, and execrably acted by all but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsubtle but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Mind Games–Written and directed by Roberto Monticello, this work in progress explores the treatment of mental patients in a ward. 1/12-15 at 8 p.m. IRT Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

THE PLOT THICKENS

Tammy Grimes stars in **Molly,** Simon ("Butley") Gray's play about a couple in England with a maid, and the handyman who comes to work for them. Plays Wednesday through Sunday, thru February 5th. Directed by Stephen Hollis, Molly is playing at The Hudson Guild Theater, 441 West 26th Street (760-9847).

The Misanthrope–A musical version of the Moliere comedy, with English verse translation by Richard Wilbur, and music by Margaret Pine; Directed by Leonardo Shapiro. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

My Astonishing Self–Drawn from the lectures, pamphlets, diaries, letter and miscellaneous public utterances of George Bernard Shaw, entertainment, devised by Michael Voysey, covers the life of the playwright/critic. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. From 1/16. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Never Waste a Virgin–Andrea Balis and The Cutting Edge play Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $5. Wonder Horse, 84 E 4th St (533-1250).

Oedipus–The Performers Group's production of Senaca's play, directed by Richard Schechner. Tues thru Sun at 7:30, thru 1/15, $3 & $5. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

One Crack Out–David French's drama set in a seedy pool hall, directed by Daniel Freudenberger. Teri Garr plays a hanger-on. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7:30; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. 1/11-19. Marymount Theater, 221 E 71st (730-0794).

Othello–Earle Hyman plays Othello in this updating of the Shakespeare play, directed by Gene Feist, with Carmen de Lavallade and Leon Morenzie. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Christopher Bernau plays the toothy one. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

A Photograph–A new work by Ntozake Shange, author of *For Colored Girls. . .,* in multi-media with a musical underscoring by David Murray; Oz Scott directs. Public/LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Play and Other Plays–Three one-acters by Samuel Beckett, directed by Allan Schneider. Wed thru Sun at 9; Mat Sat & Sun at 2:30. Thru 1/15. Manhattan Theater Club Downstairs, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Playwrights Horizons–Three plays in repertory. Sam Shepard's *Angel City;* Len Jenkin's *Gogol,* and Lanie Robertson's *Back County Crimes.* $3. 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

The Real Inspector Hound–Tom Stoppard's play, directed by Robert Pesola. Fri thru Sun at 7:30. 1/13-2/12. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

The Room–Conceived by Saskia Noordhoel Hegt, with music by Andrew Schloss. 1/19-22, 26-29; 2/2-5, at 8 p.m. Cino Theater, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida,* Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; Chekhov's *The Boor* and *A Marriage Proposal,* every Sunday at 4 & 7:30. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Separate Tables–Terrence Rattigan's play, thru 1/29, Thurs & Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7; $2.50. Morgan's Old New York Tavern, 134 Read St (226-8928).

Soho Repertory–Ronald Duncan's *Abelard and Heloise.* Pablo Picasso's *Four Little Girls.* Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish Theater Repertory: *Te Juro Juana, Que Tengo Ganas,* by Emilio Carballido; *La Dama Duende,* by Calderon; *La Fiaca by Ricardo Talesnik.* Suite Latinoamericana—two one-acters by Talesnik and Carballido. All plays in rotating repertory thru January and February. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates call 889-2850.

El Super–Written and directed by Ivan Acosta, this tragic-comedy is presented in Spanish. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 6 p.m., thru January, 1978. $4. Cuban Cultural Center, 601 W 51st (586-8564).

13th St Theater Repertory–Israel Horovitz's *Line* and *Shooting Gallery,* Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 5:30. Tues & Thurs at 7:30. George Birmisa's *Pogey Bait,* Thurs thru Sat at 10; Sun at 8. Alan L. Reed's *Aftermath of an Eagle,* Tues at 10. Tom Millot's *Three by Two,* Mon & Wed at 7:30. Sklaroff & Magesis's *Swamp Fox,* Fri & Sat at midnight, thru January. 50 W 13th (924-9785).

The Troupe Repertory–Upstairs: Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest.* Downstairs: Anton Chekhov's *Three Sisters.* Thru 1/22, Fri & Sat at 8;

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Sun at 3 p.m. $3. Upstairs, at the Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Two by Mishima–*The Lady Aoi* and *Kantan,* two modern plays inspired by themes from ancient NOH classics by Yukio Mishima, translated by Donald Keene. With an Asian-American cast directed by Jon Teta. $3. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3:30; 1/19-2/5. Open Space in SoHo, 64 Wooster St (966-3729).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

The Water Engine–A new play by David Mamet, directed by Steve Schachter. Thru 1/28. Cabaret at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Way of the World–William Congreve's play, directed by Steven Keim, is a restoration comedy with verbally duelling lovers and crafty, lecherous dowagers. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. 1/12-29. $3. New York Theater Ensemble, 62 E 4th St (447-4120).

Women I Have Known–An evening with one American woman, about many, written and performed by M. Tulis Sessions. $3. Thru 1/22. IRT, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Cafe Fanny–Madison and 43rd. Patterned on 19th century Viennese cafes with an informal ambiance and open from 7 a.m. to midnight daily. The Strauss Sisters play week nights, Mon thru Fri (687-7115).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Closed for renovations. Will reopen 1/17 with the musical revue of Los Chavales de Espana, plus Flamenco dancers, & singers. Luis Tamayo and Felo Bohr. Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 9:30 & 12:30. Saturdays, 8:45, 11:30 & 1:30 a.m. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. Mort Sahl's the mordant, extraordinary, stimulating guest thru January. Shows at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist Dick Haddy; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

THE IMMORTAL MIDLER

Bette Midler, "The Divine Miss M," explodes upon the nightclub scene January 12th, when she opens a 10-night engagement at the **Copacabana,** 10 E. 60th Street. She will do two shows nightly at 8 & 11:30 p.m. thru January 22nd (except for 1/16 when there will be no performance). (Don't get your hopes up if you're a fan because all performances were sold out within 36 hours after the initial announcement.)

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio are here nightly, except Sun, from 10 p.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Valentine Room, entertainment Mon at 9 & 11; Tues and Wed at 11 p.m. Per .usual Cabaret '78 plays at 9, Tues thru Sat, with an extra show at 11, Thurs thru Sat (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Cabaret: 1/14, 28, comedian Irwin C. Watson. 1/20, 21, comedian Gus Christy. Lainie's Room: Thru 1/14, comedian Ben Powers. 1/15-21, Harry Blackstone Jr. (PL 2-3100).

FROM HART TO VERDI

The Warrens, Arthur and **Madelaine**—share the spotlight from January 16th to 28th with the incredible master mystifier, Milbourne Christopher, at the **Rainbow Grill,** 65th floor of 30 Rockfeller Plaza. Through 1/14, the dynamic Keely Smith holds forth. Call PL 7-8970 for reservations.

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Thru 1/22, Stan Rubin and his orchestra play for dancing (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thurs and weekend. Bands of Tony Martell and Ramon Argueso. Petro and Olga dance class Wed (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Mon thru Sat, Janice Harper entertains. Continuous disco dancing. (421-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Aris San heads the two-hour revue of singers, bouzouki players, bellydancers, and dancing waiters at this Greek-Israeli nightclub (683-9409).

Starship Discovery #1–350 W 42nd, betw 8th & 9th. Futuristic discotheque in a three-floor entertainment complex. 9 p.m. to 7 a.m. Wed thru Sun (695-1114).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Michael Carney entertains Mon thru Sat thru 1/21. **Bemelmans Bar:** Marian McPartland plays Mon thru Sat thru 2/11.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** This place is elegance on elegance. The prices are rarefied, and if you can spring for it, you'll be pleasantly surprised to find that the usual brand of hotel music has been replaced by the melodious 7-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and his trio. He plays quiet ballads and bright standards with cool jollity and elan. Ask him to play "Nuages." Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, 1/9-2/4, the New York Rubber Rock Band. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Yvette Souviron, 6:30 to 11:30, Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Ole King Cole:** Ray Hartley at the piano, from 5:30 to 9, Mon thru Fri. Dining and dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

JAZZLINE 421-3592.
Call for latest information as to
when and where They're playing.

Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. 1/10-14, Slide Hampton and the world of trombones. Monday nights are reserved for trumpeter Ted Daniels and Energy, his big band (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Axis in Soho–463 W. Bdway. Jazz in this comfortable art gallery-turned-night club. 1/13, 14, Arnie Lawrence's Treasure Island. 1/20, 21, Brass Proud (228-0882).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. (473-9367). Singer-comedienne Pamela Myers opens here 1/10 and stays thru 1/28. 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Thurs. 9:30 & 11:30 Fri & Sat.

Barbara's–78 W 3rd St. 1/13, 14, tenor saxist Harold Ousley and Quartet. 1/20, 21, jazz guitarist and singer Ray Rivera and Quartet. 1/27, 28, Japanese trumpeters Teramusa Hino and Quartet. (473-9326).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 1/11-14, Mal Waldron Trio. 1/18-21, Mike Abene Quartet (675-4720).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, the great blues singer, is here thru February, Mon thru Thurs 8:30 & 10:30, Fri & Sat a third show at 12:15. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. accompanied by Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt Ave. A genuine New Orleans restaurant, with the Buddy Tate Trio (Jim Roberts on piano; Ronnie Cole on drums) here thru 2/10. Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (889-8331).

Daly's Daffodil–59th St & First. Pianist-arranger-composer Ellis Larkins plays Tues thru Sat from 9 p.m. until forever. Sundays, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Daphne Hellman, harpist, with guitarist Ed Berg & bassist Tomka (688-0018).

David Copperfield Pub–38th & Lexington. It's a Dickens of a place, English food. Len Metcalfe plays every night but Mondays from 9 until 3 a.m. (684-8227).

David's Harp–131 W 3rd St. Singer-guitarist Shlomo Haviv has returned to this Israeli hotspot. He performs every night but Monday from 9 (982-0328).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban and his Cats. 1/10, Trumpeter Christ Griffin. 1/15, The Scott Hamilton Quintet (265-8277).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon & Tues, Al Haig, a tough-minded tender-touch lyric pianist, who swings like an April breeze, is at the center of a trio that includes the fleet master bop guitarist, Chuck Wayne, and an iron-toned basist, Jamil Nasser. 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Wed thru Sat, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with guitarist Joe Puma. Mon thru Sat, 7 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave. 1/9-21, Double Image, a new jazz group (260-0250).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. He has a fine rhythm section and if nothing grabs you during one set, stay for another, and then a third; there's always one moment during the evening when he challenges himself and plays a trumpet solo that will warm your head for days. His group includes clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays and Sundays, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fridays, 5:30 to 8, the Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, a gifted disciple of lyric stride piano, a natural singer, and a walking file cabinet of pop and jazz tunes no one else plays, is in deft command of a quartet (with reedman Russell Procope, bassist Aaron Bell and drummer Shelton Gary) Thursdays thru Sundays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays he duets with Bell, an irristably authoritative musician with lovely touch and perfect time (744-2540).

Lone Star Cafe–13th St & 5th Ave. Country-western entertainment & food & dancing. 1/10, 11, Stella Parton; 1/12, 13, Good Brothers (242-1664).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 1/28, a tribute to the music & genius of George Gershwin, by pianist Dick Hyman, drummer Bobby Rosengarden, trumpeter Pee Wee Irwin, bassist Milt Hinton, and Bob Wilber (clarinet & sax) From 9:15 p.m. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for blugrass 1/9,10, Frogman Band. 1/11, High in the Saddle. 1/12, 14, Troy

Entertainment tonight.

Martin St. Lawrence. Accompanying cocktails and dancing. From a new point of view above Broadway. There's no cover, no minimum. Just the maximum good time.

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Ferguson, Sue Smith, and the Country Gentlemen. 1/15, 16, Raintree. 1/17, 18, Pine Island (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

IN MY EASTER BONNET

Geraldine Fitzgerald, currently starring on Broadway in "A Touch of the Poet," doubles into **Reno Sweeney** for a week beginning 1/17, performing nightly at midnight through 1/21. Edith Beale is 1/10-14, 126 West 13th Street. The phone is 691-0900. (Wed thru Sat, singing Blossom Dearie performs from 6 p.m. to 7:30.)

Stryker's–103 W 86. Mon, Dave Matthews Big Band. Tues, Joao Palma sextet. Wed, Nightflyte (874-8754).

Tavern on the Green–(in Central Park—Just tell the cabbie, he'll take you)—Elm Bar: Pianist-singer Ronny Whyte performs Wednesday thru Sundays from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. thru 1/15, with bassist Jack Six (873-3200).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 1/11-14, singer/songwriter Bob Lenox, at 8:30 & 10:30. 1/18-21 & 25-28, The Rich Look Show (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. McCoy Tyner, jazz pianist virtuoso and his group, 1/13, 14, 20, 21, at 9:30 & 11:30, Fri; 9:30, 11:30 and 1:30, Sat. 1/15 only, Paul Krassner in his first one-man show (he's the newly-appointed publisher of "Hustler") (GR 5-5120).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

ALL ASHORE...

Caravelle 116

The K-116 Caravelle Inflatable can be seen at the New York Coliseum (at Columbus Circle) as part of the 68th annual **National Boat Show.** The exhibition also features gasoline and diesel engines, sailboats, canoes, cruisers, and thousands of boating accessories (697-1100).

Ice Capades, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); 1/11 at 2 & 7:30, 1/12-13 at 7:30, 1/14 at 11, 3 & 8:30, 11/15 at 1:30 & 5:30, 11/17 at 7:30.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Wed-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

American Symphony Orchestra, Minskoff Theater, 200 W 45th St. (869-0550). Music from *Star Wars, Close Encounters of the Third Kind,* and *2001: A Space Odyssey.* Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3 & 7:30.

Concerts

Tuesday, January 10

Minnesota Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall at 7:30.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, 8:30.

Eugene Gratovich, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Wednesday, January 11

Edward Auer, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Choral Noontime, St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., at 12:10.

Nina Beilina, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Da Capo Chamber Players, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.

Elysian Ensemble, Whitney Museum Downtown, at 12:10.

Thursday, January 12

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Chamber Music, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St., at 8.

Christina Ortiz, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Alexander Schneider, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Sally O'Reilly & Linda Hall, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.

Nicanor Zabaleta, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Merris Rowe, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St., at 12:30.

Friday, January 13

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.

Maureen Forrester, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Katherine Hay, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Show Tunes of Two Continents, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St., at 8.

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, St. Luke in the Fields Church, 487 Hudson St., at midnight.

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. (749-2801), at 8.

Sonny Rollins, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Patricia Zander & Ani Kavafian, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.

Concert Social, Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E 71st St. (749-5464), at 8:30.

Faculty Recital, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8.

Dicran Atamian, Metropolitan Club, 1 E 60th St. (752-4907), at 8.

Calvin Hampton, Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. South at 21st St., at midnight.

Amy Taubin, The Kitchen, at 8:30.

Saturday, January 14

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Jorge Bolet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Juilliard String Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.

Atlantic Wind Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Moscow Chorale, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.

Amy Taubin, The Kitchen, at 8:30.

Tedd Joselson, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Queensborough Community College, Springfield Blvd. at 56th Ave. (268-3440), at 8:30.

Evalyn Steinbock & Hugo Goldenzweig, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Ithaca College String Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Cushion Concert, Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. (265-1758), at 6.

Sunday, January 15

Youth Symphony Orchestra of New York, Carnegie Hall, at 3.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.

Choral Evensong, St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., at 4.

Susan Morton, New-York Historical Society, at 2:30.

Bronx Arts Ensemble, Riverdale-Yonkers Ethical Culture Society, 4450 Fieldston Rd. (548-4445), 3.

Elizabethan Enterprise, Corpus Christi Church, 121st St. between Bdwy & Amsterdam Ave., at 3.

Charles Castleman & Robert Freeman, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Aldo Ciccolini, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Claude Frank, Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. (421-8900), at 3.

Kathy Seplow & Michael Stein, St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390), at 4.

Yehudi & Hepzibah Menuhin, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Israel Piano Trio, Educational Alliance, 197 East Bdwy (360-8125), at 1:30.

Beatrice Rippy & Carroll Hollister, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 4.

Peter Van Riper, The Kitchen, at 8:30.

Paramount Quintet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Monday, January 16

Robert Dan, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Gwyneth Jones, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

The Pierrot Players, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Tuesday, January 17

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Benny Goodman, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Lee Hoiby, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Heiichiro Ohyama & Francoise Régnat, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Virgil Fox, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Pierre Reach, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Janis-Rozena Peri, Town Hall, at 7:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

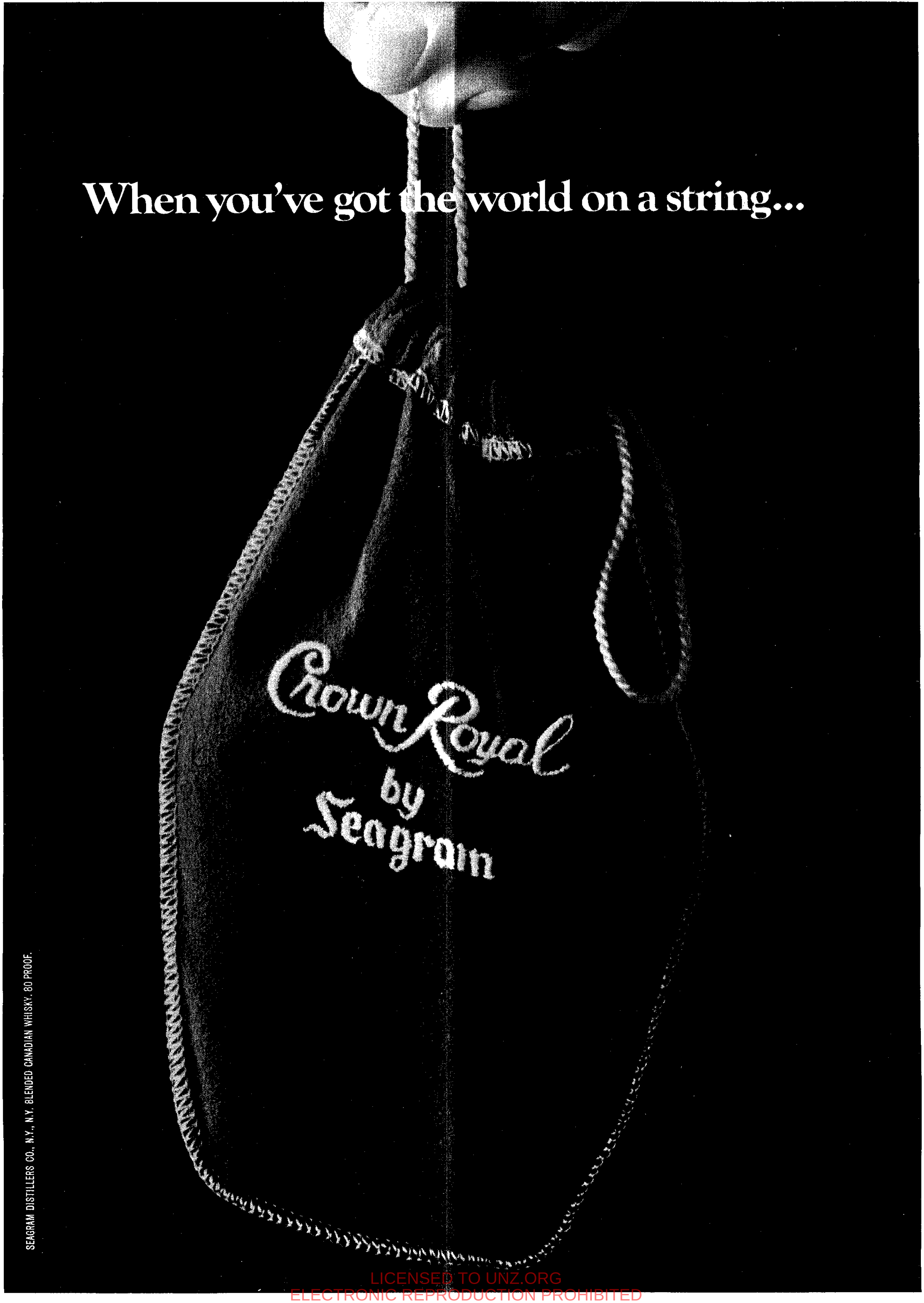
Opera

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

Cornell MacNeil sings the role of Tonio in *Pagliacci* which, with *Cavalleria Rusticana,* is being given three performances this week: on Wednesday, Saturday, and Monday at 8. The cast also includes Mignon Dunn, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Elena Mauti-Nunziata, and Jon Vickers. The conductor is Giuseppe Patané; the director and designer is Franco Zeffirelli (580-9830).

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 1/10 at 8: **Il Trovatore** with Arroyo, Cortez, Merighi, Wixell. Conductor: Patané; director: Merrill; designers: Colonello & Reppa. Wed, 1/11 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** with Dunn, Jones, Kraft. **Pagliacci** with Mauti-Nunziata, Vickers, MacNeil. Conductor: Patané; director & designer: Zeffirelli. Thurs, 1/12 at 8: **Der Rosenkavalier** with Jones, Grist, Troyanos, Rintzler, Shicoff. Conductor: Hager; director: Merrill; designer: O'Hearn. Fri, 1/13 at 8: **Tannhäuser** with Kubiak, Bumbry, Battle,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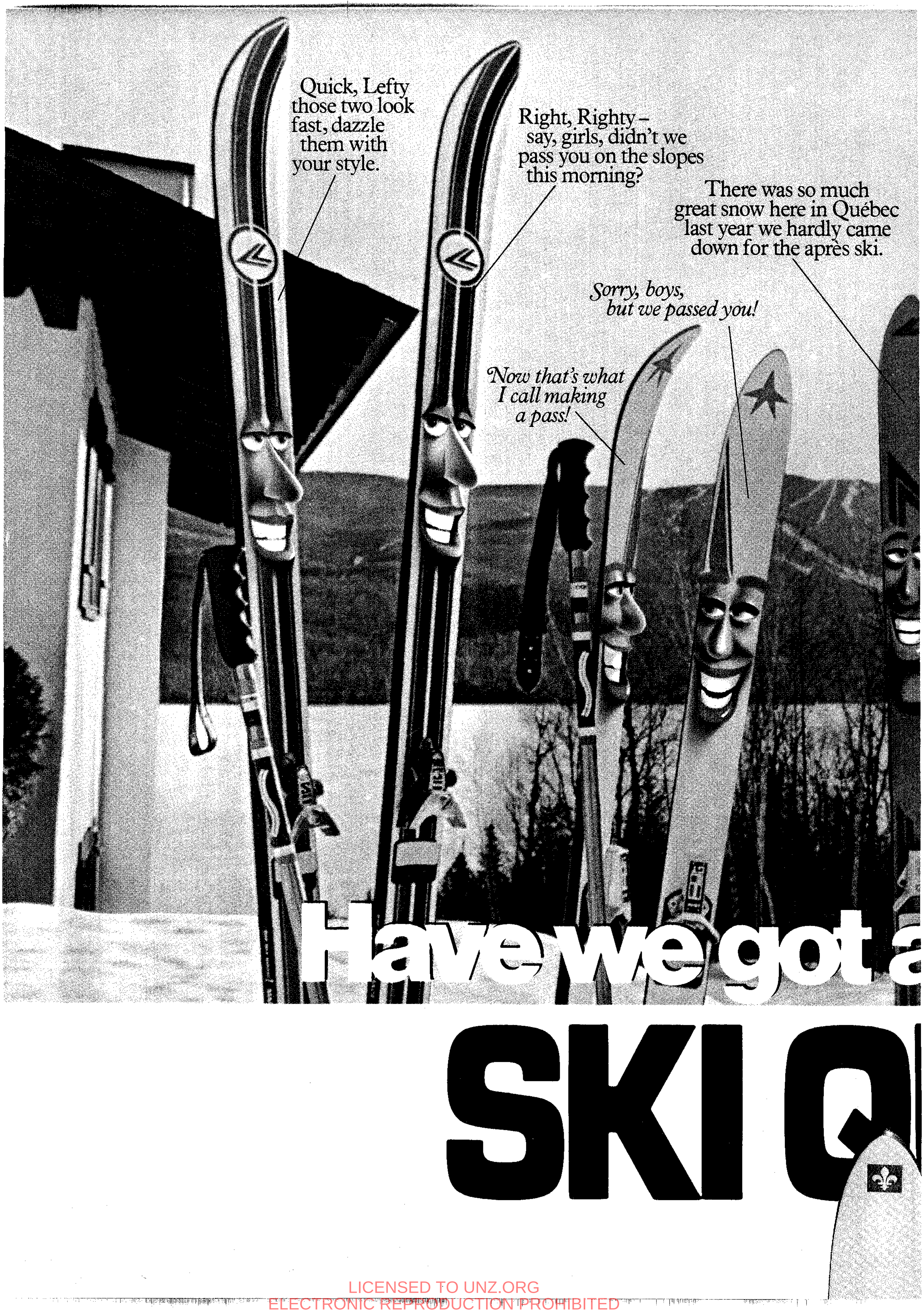
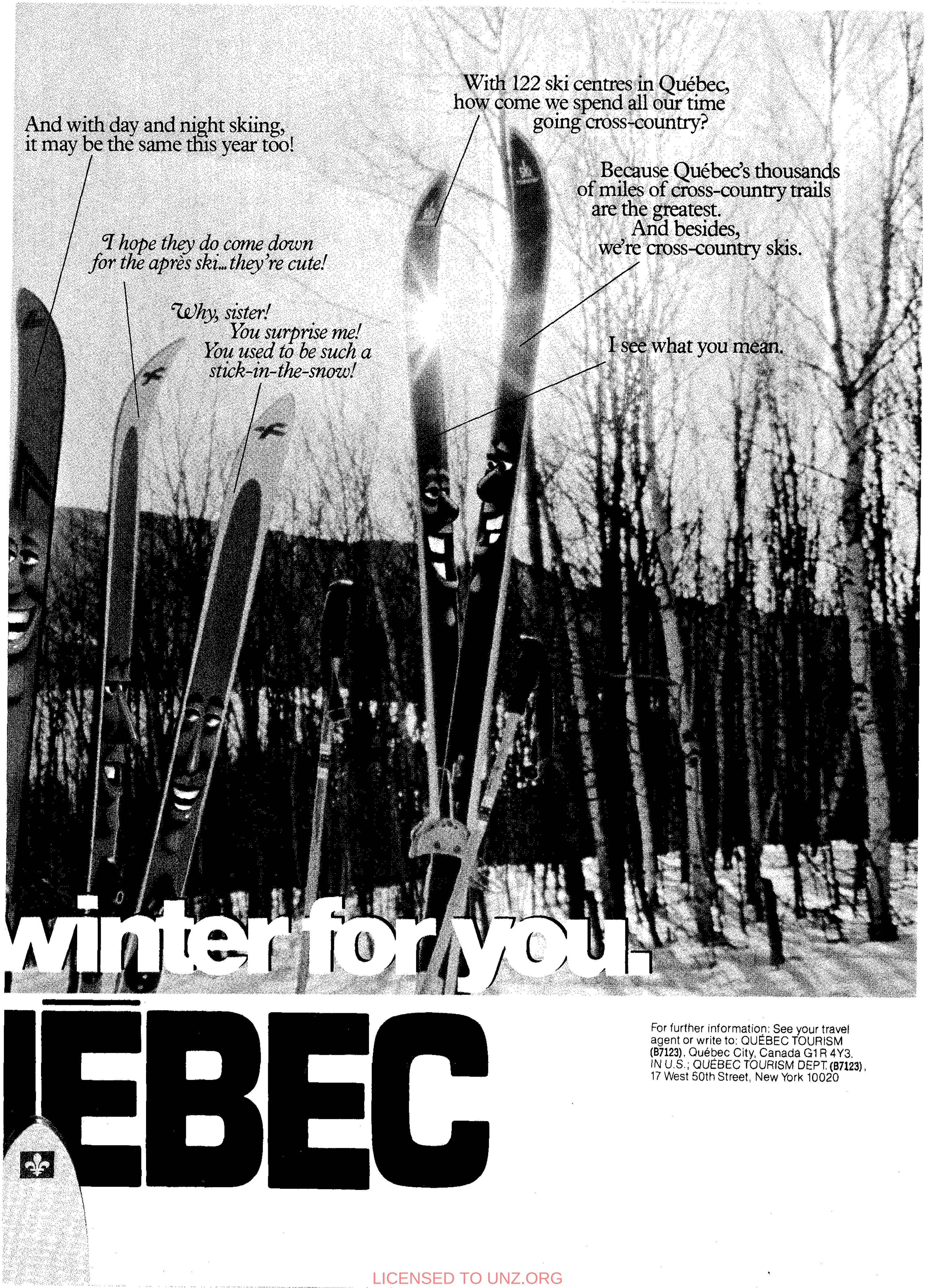

Quick, Lefty those two look fast, dazzle them with your style.
Right, Righty – say, girls, didn't we pass you on the slopes this morning?
There was so much great snow here in Québec last year we hardly came down for the après ski.
Sorry, boys, but we passed you!
Now that's what I call making a pass!
Have we got a
SKI Q


With 122 ski centres in Québec, how come we spend all our time going cross-country?
Because Québec's thousands of miles of cross-country trails are the greatest. And besides, we're cross-country skis.
And with day and night skiing, it may be the same this year too!
I hope they do come down for the après ski... they're cute!
Why, sister! You surprise me! You used to be such a stick-in-the-snow!
I see what you mean.
winter for you.
ÉBEC

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(B7123), Québec City, Canada G1R 4Y3.
IN U.S.; QUÉBEC TOURISM DEPT. **(B7123)**,
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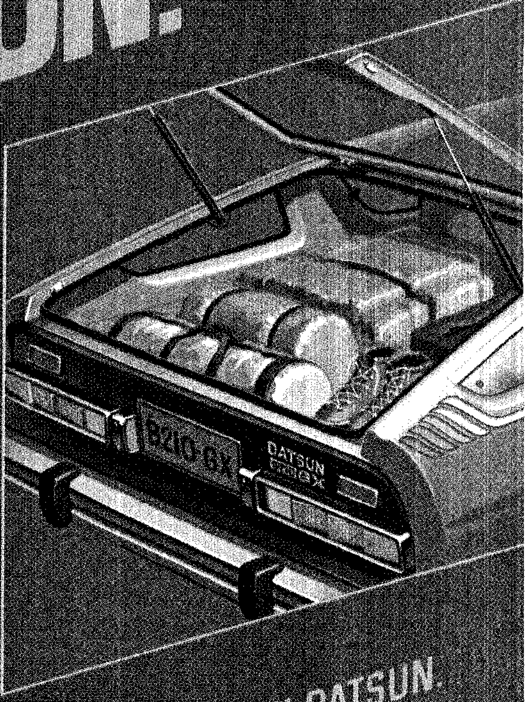

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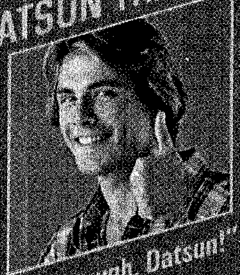


"Hang tough, Datsun!"

McCracken. Conductor: Levine; director: Schenk; designers: Schneider-Siemssen & Zipprodt. Sat, 1/14 at 2: **Il Trovatore** (Same cast as 1/10). Sat, 1/14 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** and **Pagliacci** (Same cast as 1/11). Mon, 1/16 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** and **Pagliacci** (Same cast as 1/11). Tues, 1/17 at 8: **Tanhäuser** (Same cast as 1/13).

OTHER

THE PLOT QUICKENS

Kate Hurney is Norina in the Bronx Opera Company's production of *Don Pasquale,* Donizetti's delightful comic work. The opera will be presented in English with full orchestra, scenery, and chorus at the Hunter College Playhouse (695 Park Avenue) on January 13 and 14 at 8 (931-9500).

Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (889-6366). *Tales of Malamud,* 1/14 at 7:30, 1/15 at 3.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Mlle. Modiste,* 1/11 at 2 & 8:30, 1/12-13 at 8:30, 1/14 at 4 & 8:30, 1/15 at 4.

NYU Opera Studio, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491). Scenes and arias from favorite operas, 1/11 at 7.

Stuyvesant Opera, Church of the Covenant, 310 E 42nd St. (864-1700). *Don Giovanni,* 1/13-14 at 7:30.

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 1/10 at 8: *Swan Lake; Firebird; Other Dances; Western Symphony.* Wed, 1/11 at 8: *Agon; Dybbuk Variations; Cortege Hongrois.* Thurs, 1/12 at 8: *Mother Goose; Ballo della Regina; Chaconne.* Fri, 1/13 at 8: *Serenade; Other Dances;* Pas de deux; *Symphony in Three Movements.* Sat, 1/14 at 2: *Firebird; Mother Goose; Western Symphony.* Sat, 1/14 at 8: *In G Major; Scherzo Fantastique; Dances at a Gathering.* Sun, 1/15 at 1: *Ballo della Regina; Other Dances; Scherzo Fantastique; Cortege Hongrois.* Sun, 1/15 at 7: *Coppelia.* Tues 1/17 at 8: *Ballo della Regina; Vienna Waltzes.*

OTHER

Asian/American Dance Theater, Hunter College Studio Theater, 695 Park Ave. (570-5434), 1/11-12 at 8.

The Great Greek/Mid-East Music & Belly Dance Spectacular, Avery Fisher Hall, 1/13 at 8:30.

Musawwir Gymnastic Dance Co., American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 1/12-14 at 8, 1/15 at 3.

MWC Dance Co., Lincoln Center Library, 1/13 at 4, 1/14 at 2:30.

Riverside Dance Festival, Theater of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. (864-2929). Fred Benjamin Dance Co., 1/12-14 at 8, 1/15 at 2.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Anneli Arms–Beings in polyurethane reliefs and drawings, 1/14-2/2. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

Larry Bell/Eric Orr–New print editions by both, thru 1/30. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

Calvert Coggeshall–Works, thru 1/21. Parsons, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

Robert Cooke–Constructivist clay sculpture and small bird forms in bronze, thru 2/2. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Carol Kreeger Davidson/Leah Rhodes/Ann Sperry–3D wall reliefs in metal, paper, and cord/Sectional abstractions/Cor-Ten steel sculpture, thru 1/28. René, 6 W 57th (765-1330).

Jan Faust–Drawings by this contributor to *New York,* the New York *Times,* Washington *Post,* others, thru 1/21. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

John Ferro–Sculpture in steel, bronze and terra cotta, thru 1/14. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630).

John Gundelfinger–Landscape oils on paper, thru 1/12. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

***Nancy Hagin**–Realist paintings, thru 1/21. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Hans Hofmann/Kenneth Noland**–1930s and 1950s brush and pen and black ink drawings/Geometrically shaped canvases of painted fields and bands of color at the edges, thru 1/11. Emmerich, 41 E 57th (PL2-0124).

Norman Ives–Recent collages, 1/10-2/1. Pearl, 29 W 57th (839-6310).

Aloisio Magalhaes–Repeated landscapes creating a surreal pattern, thru 1/19. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

Yvonne Muller–Earth-tone abstractions, thru 1/26. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Georges Noel–An interlocking system in blues, violets, and grays/100 primitive art pieces from Africa, Pre-Columbia, other, 1/14-2/11. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Elaine Reichek–Small pieces made of organdy, mesh, and silk, dealing with Woman, thru 1/21. Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

***Peter Saul**–Re-interpretations of Delacroix's *Death of Sardanapalus;* DeKooning and Duchamp, plus a giant Western scene, thru 2/2. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655).

Tim Scott/Dan Wingren–Recent sculpture from Utica/New paintings, thru 1/26. Long Contemporary, 7 W 57th (PL2-6244).

***Victor Spinski**–Fast food service in ceramic chaos, thru 1/28. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

Frank Stella–Prints, including two new editions, thru 1/28. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Jose Francisco Bellorin–Still lifes, thru 1/30. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

Varujan Boghosian–Watercolors, collages and drawings, thru 1/28. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Stephen Buckley–Gridlike abstractions, thru 2/2. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).

Michael Decain–Space and color abstracts, watercolor illustrations and calligraphic renderings for Petrarch's sonnets, thru 2/1. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

Paul Delvaux–10 years of surreal graphics, 1/17-2/8. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

***Niki De Saint-Phalle**–Wall pieces and sculpture, including brightly colored *Nanas* and penguins, thru 1/21. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Henry Farrer(1843-1903)–Drawings, thru 2/4. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

***R. Buckminster Fuller**–40 drawings from 1927 to 1977, including such futuristic inventions as Dymaxion House, and geodesic domes, thru 1/14. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

***Charles Garnier**–Architectural studies for the Paris Opera, thru 1/14. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

***Gerald Geerlings**–Drawings of Paris bridges and landmarks along the Seine, 1/12-3/3. French Institute, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8, Fri 10-5:30, Sat 10-2.

Larry Kagan/Ellen Ruth Levy–Voids in sculpture/Textile constructions, thru 1/21. Bodley, 1063 Mad at 80th (249-2155).

***Gerome Kamrowski**–Symbolic abstractions of lunar insects and submarine flora from 1940 to 1947, Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

Harvey Littleton–Hot glass and fabricated sculpture, 1/13-2/6. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655).

***Joan Mitchell**–New, powerful, abstract landscapes, thru 1/14. Fourcade, 36 E 75th (535-3980).

John Opper–Recent paintings, thru 1/27. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

***Randall Timmons**–Recent works seen for the first time here, thru 1/26. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Mariyo Yagi–Rope sculpture, thru 1/14. Hadler, 35 E 20th (533-4645).

SoHo

Evalyn Aaron–Large landscapes using oriental brush stroke, 1/14-2/21. Mirage, 132 Greene (925-7045).

June Atkin–Erotic drawings, thru 1/22. Erotics, 117 Christopher (255-3843). Mon-Sat 1-7.

***Frances Barth**–Recent paintings and drawings, thru 1/28. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).

Ed Blackburn/Bona Wygodzinsky–Paintings/A funerary environment, thru 1/29. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Maude Boltz–Works, thru 1/11. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

***Arthur Cohen**–Recent large-scale pastel drawings, thru 1/28. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).

***Cris J. Cristofaro**–Works from Chicago, thru 1/28.* Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

***Walter De Maria**–Stainless steel sculpture composed of 13 related geometric units, thru 1/31. Friedrich, 19 Waverly Pl (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Dan Flavin–Works, thru 2/11. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Louise Frishwasser–Atmospheric abstractions, thru 1/26. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Emily Fuller/Mimi Smith–Acrylic abstractions and works on paper with pigment powder/Television news drawings, 1/10-28. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

Ernest Garthwaite–Skin paintings, plus a sound environment, *thru 1/31. Echo, 133 Mercer* (925-4799).

Tom Halsall–Busy, ecstatic abstractions, thru 1/12. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Lawren A. Hancher/Christina M. Stadelmier/Nancy Van Deren–Drawings/Photos/Works on paper, 1/10-19. Double U, 60 Thomas (349-7628). Tues-Sat 1-5, Sun 2-4.

Stefan Hoff–Figure sculpture and constructed abstractions, 1/10-28. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Kazuko Inoue/Roslyn Streifer–Paintings by both, thru 1/28. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995).

***Andrew Jansons**–Contrasting dark- and light-filled *area abstractions, thru 1/28. Hutchinson, 138* Greene (966-3066).

***Christopher Knowles**–Works created on a typewriter, thru 1/28. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

***Arthur Levine**–Drawings of merchant and war ships, plus panoramic views of American cities, thru 1/25. Prince St, 106 Prince (636-1912).

***Pat Passlof/Steve Sherman**–Large abstractions of layer upon layer of color/Figures in situations reflecting their persona, 1/14-2/2. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Peter Plagens–A circular shape on a pastel ground on canvas or paper, thru 1/12. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

***Gerhard Richter**–Recent paintings, 1/14-2/11. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

***Jake Severance**–Subtle still lifes, thru 1/28. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (925-6951).

Sylvia Sleigh–New *paintings,* 1/14-2/8. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

***Robert Wilson**–Recent drawings and photostats, thru 1/21. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

Yun James Yohe–Works on paper, thru 1/12. Milliken, 141 Prince (674-3131). By appt., Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

OTHER

Richard Brintzenhofe–Recent paintings, thru 1/21. Sragow, 43 5th Ave (929-2734). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Cynthia Carlson–A huge gingerbread house of plastic and wood, *thru 1/13. Mall of CUNY, 33 W 42nd* (790-4331). Mon-Fri 9-6.

Zeki Findikoglu–Serigraphs of Turkish folklore, thru 1/14. Turkish Center, 821 UN Plaza (949-0150). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 10-1.

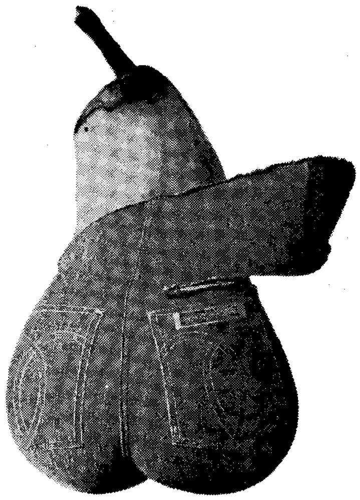
Tony Janetti–Watercolors, 1/11-2/10. Kromex, 1 Rockefeller Plaza (489-8445). Mon-Fri 10-5.

Michael Mazur–Monkeys in the zoo in paint and on paper, thru 1/28. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

***Mies van der Rohe**–A graphic explanation of the Seagram Plaza, his only building in NYC, thru 2/1. Seagram Building (4th fl), 375 Park Ave (572-1168). Mon-Fri 10-4.

Anne Parker–Sky and seascapes of Ipswich, Massachusetts/Drawings by Alpuy, Borgatta, Evans, others, thru 1/28. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

Paul Rand–Graphics, thru 1/14. Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lex at 30th (689-5722).



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Margot Robinson–Form-color values in sculpture and paint, 1/10-29. Noho, 542 LaGaurdia Pl (473-9619).

***Tony Rosenthal**–A monumental steel girder construction titled *Hammarskjold,* thru 1/31. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).

Christopher Wilmarth–Steel and glass sculpture, 1/10-2/4. Drool/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Esman**–29 W 57th (421-9490). Malevich and his circle, concentrating on Russian non-objective art, with Goncharova's 1914 Rayonnist paintings and Lissitzky's PROUNS, thru 2/4.

***Hammer**–51 E 57th (644-4400). American paintings by Bensen, Cropsey, Henri, Lawson, Prendergast, others, 1/10-2/11.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Sculpture by Caro, Kolar and Moore; paintings by Frankenthaler and Natkin, 1/10-28.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PL8-1900). Ireland, Scotland, and Wales by Coiner Palmer and Thon, 1/10-28.

Nobé–250 W 57th (581-7060). Etching from Laucharoen's workshop, 1/10-21.

Phoenix–30 W 57th (245-5095). Gallery artists for the holidays, thru 1/12.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Winter sports seen in all media, thru 2/28.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Acquavella**–18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5. Contemporary pictures and sculpture by Caro, Christo, De Kooning, Stella, others, thru 1/14.

***African Tribal Arts II**–37 E 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Helmet masks and headpieces from West and Central Africa, thru 1/31.

***Asia House**–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Royal hunting scenes highlight the art of the Sasanian empire, 1/12-3/12.

BlumHelman–13 E 75th (249-5350). Jenney, Nauman, Shapiro, and Serra, thru 1/31.

***Reinhold Brown**–26 E 78th (RE4-7999). More than 20 Art Deco posters from France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Holland, thru 1/31.

Canty–50 E 78th (794-9855). Japanese Ukiyo-E prints by Chikanobu, Kunisada, Toyonobu, others, thru 1/31.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Reboli, Southcombe, others, thru 1/31.

Cucalón–145 E 72nd (472-8741). Colette, Dudley, Rifka, others, thru 1/31.

Douglas–22 E 72nd (879-7392). Naive works in all media by 14 artists, thru 1/21.

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Teapots, some witty, sculptural or functional by 30 ceramicists, thru 2/25.

Gallery Naïve–1288 Mad Ave (427-9283). Naïve work from France, Israel, Haiti, Yugoslavia and Mexico, thru 1/31.

***Grolier Club**–47 E 60th (838-6690). Medieval manuscripts and rare books from the Walters Art Gallery collection, including Sannazaro's poems, 1535, thru 2/5.

***Harlow**–1100 Mad Ave (988-4360). Wed-Sat 12-6. Fashion/watercolors and prints by Brunelleschi, Dufy, Vincent, thru 1/14.

***Ingber**–3 E 78th (744-3158). Cubist syntax in works of the 70s by Conley, Diamond, Parrino, others, thru 2/1.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4. Arthur, Isgro, others, thru 1/20.

Kraushaar–1055 Mad Ave (LE5-9888). New works by members, 1/10-2/4.

***Laboetie**–9 E 82nd (535-4865). Crotti, Hockney, Klee, Seligmann, thru 1/31.

L'Ibis–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Coptic textiles and amulets from Egypt, thru 3/6.

***Nicholls**–1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Cartoons, illustrations, and magazine cover designs by Addams, Arno, Booth, Saxon, others, thru 1/28.

***Sabarsky**–987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Works by German Expressionists, thru 2/25.

Shepherd–21 E 84th (861-4050). 19th century French drawings, watercolors and pastels, plus 30 bronzes by Antoine-Louis Barye, thru 2/28.

Solomon–959 Mad Ave (737-8200). Mon-Sat 11-5. Paintings by de Kooning, Gottlieb, Motherwell, Noland, and Stella, thru 1/31.

Stone–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Sculpture by Balsley paintings by Beardman, and drawings by Lundin thru 1/28.

Wildenstein–19 E 64th (TR9-0500). Mon-Fri 10-5 Small sculpture by Moore and Pompon and drawings by Boucher, Boudin, Robert, Toulouse-Lautrec others, thru 1/28.

SoHo

Boone–420 W Bdwy (966-2114). Darton, Hart, Mogensen, Stephan, and Uglow, thru 2/2.

Braunstein/Quay–139 Spring (925-1200). Ceramic sculpture by Brady, Breschi, Hooven, others. thru 1/14.

Bromm–90 W Bdwy (732-6196). Tues-Sat 1-6. Four installations, including Knoebel's electrical circuits and Smith's architectural patterns, thru 1/28.

***Buecker & Harpsichords**–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Art and documentation from the Guild Art Gallery, a 57th street establishment of the 30s including Aronson, Gorky, Gross, others, thru 2/25.

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed 11-9. Works by younger and unknown artists, 1/14-3/4.

OK Harris–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Sculpture by Bang, photos by Haile, and wall pieces by Knafo, thru 1/28.

Hubris–150 Thompson (982-1827). Paintings by Aebi, furniture by Gross, textiles by Shelton, thru 2/4.

Key–130 Greene (966-3597). Wed-Sat 11-6. Collages, mixed media by Saltzman, Welsh, others, thru 1/22.

112 Workshop–112 Greene (226-8971). Works by 60 artists, thru 1/14.

***SculptureNow**–142 Greene (966-3066). 22 Cornell alumni sculptors, among them Artschwager, Fine laNoue, Matta-Clark, others, thru 1/14.

2nd Floor–97 Greene (226-1518). Six expressionists, thru 1/31.

Soho 20–99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6. Borstein, Gillies, Sallick, Wybrants, others, thru 2/1.

Terrain–141 Greene (777-4426). Tues-Sat 1-6. Miniature prints, drawings, paintings, thru 1/19.

OTHER

African-American Institute–833 United Nations Pl (949-5711). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 20 African artists living in America, thru 1/14.

Avery Fisher Hall–Cork Rm, Lincoln Center, 63rd at Bdwy (929-6688). Works in all media by the Organization of Independent Artists, thru 1/17.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. Ecuadorian Art, thru 1/22.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. Ceramics, paintings, and calligraphy from I-Hsing, China, thru 1/29.

NY Public Library–5th at 42nd (790-6551). Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. WPA prints from the 30s and 40s, thru 2/28/Monographs on ship, train, and airplane models, thru 2/1./Documents relating to Thomas Edison and the phonograph, thru 3/25 at Astor Gallery, Lincoln Center.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Spanish Institute–684 Park Ave (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6. Modern Spanish graphics, thru 1/14.

Waverly–103 Waverly Pl (477-6710). Thurs-Tues 12-5. Paintings by Avery, Green, Schermond, others, thru 1/22.

Weyhe–794 Lex Ave (TE8-5466). 12 American prints from 1919, thru 2/11.

Photography

***American Museum of Immigration**–Base of the Statue of Liberty (732-1236). Daily 9:15-5. *Italian Americans:* A pictorial essay from 1875 to 1977, thru 1/29.

Marion Bernstein/Abu Simbuu–A Bedford Stuyvesant neighborhood/Ghana, thru 1/14. Bedford Stuyvesant Restoration Center, 1361 Fulton St, Bklyn (636-7888).

Camera Club of NY–37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6. Members, thru 1/16.

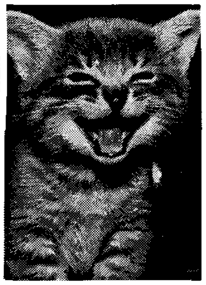
Foto–492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6. Ferguson, Gordin, and Ollman, 1/14-2/11.

John Ganis/Marcia Prager/Mark Schwartz–Brighton Beach/Transformations of the familiar/Circular images and nude portraits, thru 1/22. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4.

***Philippe Halsman**–*Life* magazine portraits and imaginative studies done in collaboration with Dali, thru 1/29. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

David Hamilton–Romantic and erotic views, thru 1/23. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

CAT'S MEOW



This laughing kitten is one of the more than 800 award-winning amateur photographs in the Kodak International Newspaper Snapshot Contest, on display at the **Kodak Photo Gallery** (1133 Sixth Avenue) from January 17 thru April 14. The gallery is open Mondays from noon to 5 and Tuesdays thru Saturdays from 9:30 to 5 (262-6170).

***Light**–724 5th Ave (582-6552). NYC as a motif in 75 studies by 50 artists, including Stieglitz's *Icy Night* and Newman's *Robert Moses,* thru 1/28.

***Arthur Rothstein**–80 vintage prints including farmer and sons in dust storm of 1936, 1/10-2/4. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Soho/Stieglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6. Portraits by Aronberg, glamor by Hart, ice formations on windows by Yost, others, plus Wall Street by Gatewood, thru 1/31.

***Karl Struss**–Works by the only surviving member of the Photo-Secession, thru 2/11. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

Philip Thorneycroft Teuscher–People and locations, thru 1/30. Motal, 18 W 45th (228-1633). Mon-Fri 9-6.

***Zabriskie**–29 W 57th (832-9034). Sculpture seen through the photographer, including Branucusi's visions of his own work, Sheeler's studies of Zorach's wood pieces, Strand's interpretation of Lachaise, others, thru 1/14.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Peru's Golden Treasures:* A 2,000 year period *that represents the pre-Inca cultures;* thru 1/15. *Azurite and Gold:* Two magnificent mineral specimens; thru 1/31.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. thru 1/31. *More Than Meets the Eye:* 400 works from the permanent collection; thru 2/12.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Battles of the Revolution;* thru 1/31.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Forty Modern Masters:* Works by Arp, Cézanne, Ernst, Klee, Picasso, and others; thru 2/1.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Ronald Bladen Outdoor Sculptures,* thru 1/31.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *The End of the Game:* Peter Beard's 20-year African experience; thru 1/22.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, *Fifth at 82nd* (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Baroque Christmas Tree and Creche Display;* thru 1/28. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 9/3. *Treasures of Early Irish Art: 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D.;* thru 1/15. *Age of Spirituality:* Late antique and early Christian art, third to seventh century; thru 2/12. Irwin Untermyer Collection: About 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Rembrandt and His Century:* Drawings, thru 2/19.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Arp on Paper:* Drawings and collages; thru 3/5. *Universal Pictures:* thru 1/31. *Herbert Bayer:* Photographic works; thru 1/29.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Jasper Johns:* A retrospective spanning 22 years; thru 1/22. *American Art-Union:* Works from 1839 to 1852 by American artists; thru 1/15. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

BASKETBALL

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400). No home games this week.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Golden State Warriors, 1/11; vs. Philadelphia 76ers, 1/14. At 8:05.

HOCKEY

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400). No home games this week.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522). No home games this week.

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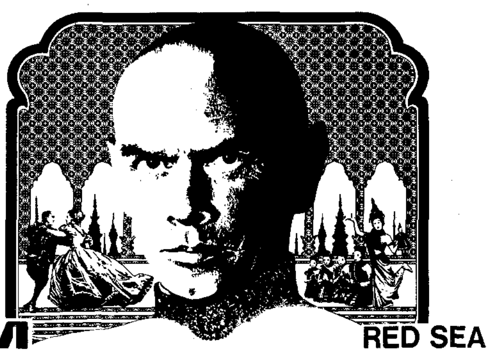

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NEW YORK

The War We Left Behind

By Tad Szulc

"...Both sides of the new Indochinese war rely on American equipment abandoned when Phnom Penh and Saigon fell in 1975..."

American-built A-37 jet bombers and F-5E jet fighter-bombers scream over jungle treetops deep in Cambodia's southeastern Svay Rieng province, striking concentrations of black-clad soldiers with lethal ammunition. Tanks rumble through the forest and there are heavy-artillery exchanges. The casualties on both sides are high, and thousands of Vietnamese refugees are fleeing east. There is also fighting in the north, along the frontier dividing Cambodia's Mondolkiri province from Vietnam's Central Highlands.

A replay of old Vietnam combat films? No. The time is now—January, 1978—and the war raging in Indochina is the highest point in the steadily escalating conflict between communist Cambodia and communist Vietnam. Each side claims it has been invaded by the other, but Cambodia is clearly the aggressor.

Never before have two communist nations engaged in open warfare (or broken diplomatic relations, as Cambodia did with Vietnam on New Year's Eve). And it is an added irony that both sides rely heavily on the billions of dollars' worth of American equipment left behind when our client regimes in Phnom Penh and Saigon collapsed in 1975.

Finally, it has become clear that the Cambodian-Vietnamese struggle is closely related to the mounting Chinese-Soviet rivalry in Southeast Asia. American officials will not rule out the possibility that Chinese advisers may be serving with the Cambodian forces. (The Vietnamese have never needed Soviet advisers, but Hanoi may require more Soviet economic aid.) Ever since the two enemies decided to publicly acknowledge during the New Year weekend that they are, indeed, at war, the Chinese media have provided only the Cambodian version of the events and the Soviet media only the Vietnamese story—each supporting its friends.

This latest Indochinese war had generally escaped outside attention since last spring, because until New Year's Eve both Vietnam and Cambodia had chosen to fight it in silence (communists prefer not to advertise their antagonisms) and because independent reporting by Western diplomats and newsmen in the region is impossible. This is particularly true of Cambodia, which is virtually sealed by her minister, Pol Pot (see box on page 33), as part of the most radical internal revolution in modern times.

Still, as the conflict acquires major proportions, information is finally coming out. A broad political assessment of this war is extremely difficult—but American and other Western government specialists have sketched a general picture of the situation.

Their first conclusion is that Pol Pot's Cambodia is the aggressor both in the fighting with Vietnam and in simultaneous attacks on Thailand. Cambodian-initiated skirmishes with the Thais go back to last January, but Thailand waited until December 21 to respond with air strikes and concerted artillery bombardment of Cambodian positions.

In Vietnam, where the hostilities have been on a much larger scale, Hanoi began applying substantial air strikes with its inherited American A-37s and F-5Es as early as last summer. Then, during November, the Vietnamese invaded half of Svay Rieng province in retaliation for the Cambodian shelling of border towns and villages in Vietnam and for an attack on Vietnam's Tay Ninh province, northwest of Saigon. As of early January, according to American officials, the Vietnamese were still moving deeper into the Parrot's Beak in Svay Rieng, close to the provincial capital. Meanwhile, the Vietnamese claim that there are still Cambodian troops in Tay Ninh.

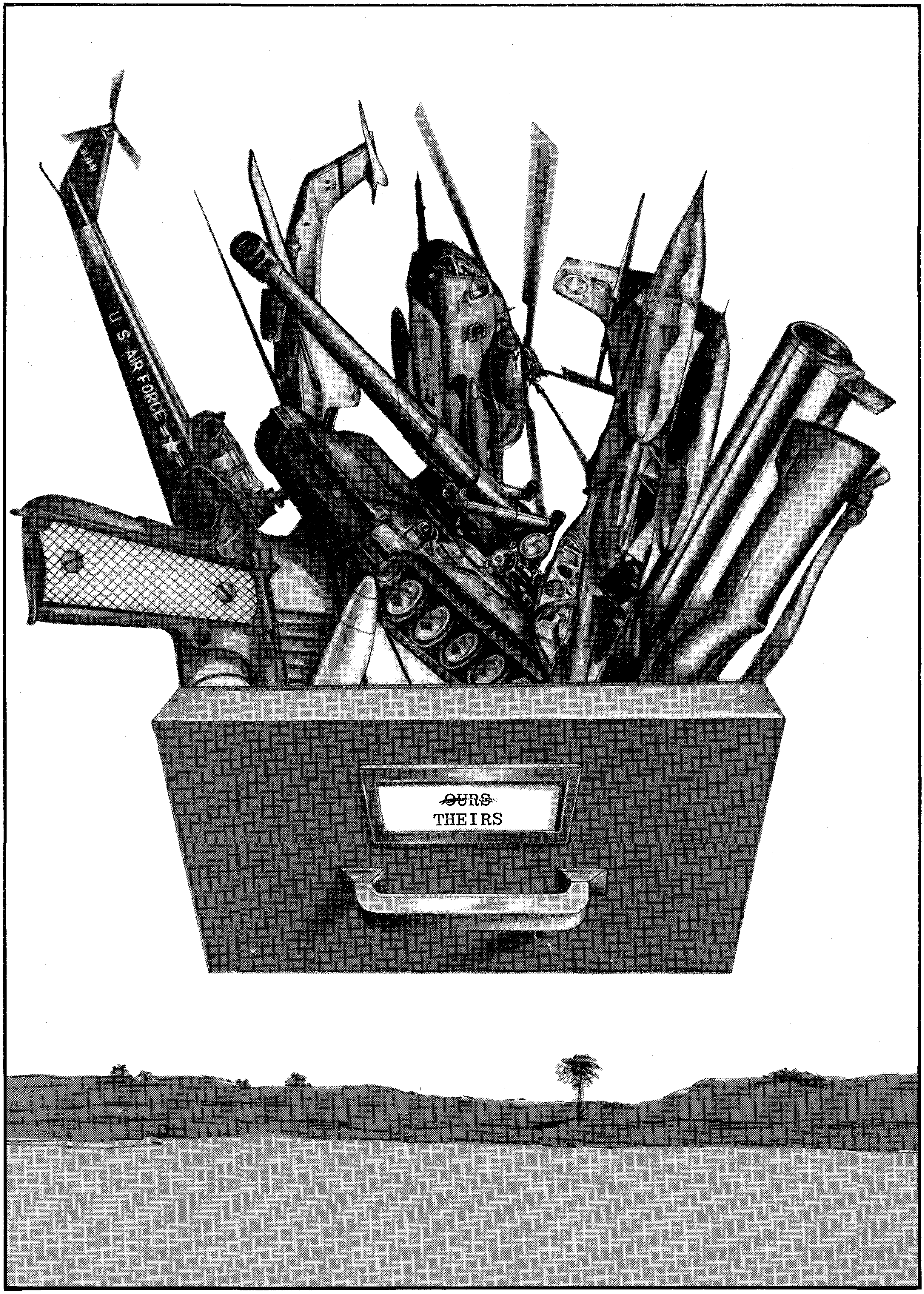
The Western military assessment is that tens of thousands of Vietnamese and Cambodian troops are arrayed along the frontier in division-level strength. (Vietnam has already engaged eight divisions in the battle.) Vietnamese fatalities are believed to have exceeded 5,000 since April, with thousands more wounded. And uncounted thousands of Vietnamese villagers, mainly in the Mekong Delta area, have once more been reduced to the status of refugees.

Last August, Hanoi apparently judged the situation sufficiently serious to dispatch its defense minister, General Vo Nguyen Giap, the victor in the two previous Indochinese wars, to Da Lat in the Central Highlands and to the delta for an on-the-spot inspection. The penetration by the Cambodians in Tay Ninh was most worrisome. In the course of his tour, Giap delivered speeches urging "patriotic forces" to defend Vietnam from foreign "enemies."

The Vietnamese incursion into Svay Rieng (known as the principal communist "sanctuary" during the last war) followed soon thereafter, as did the increase in air strikes against the Cambodians. Vietnam apparently sought to make peace with Cambodia when the president of Laos, the former prince Souphanouvong, visited Phnom Penh between December 17 and 21, carrying a message from Hanoi. However, according to diplomats, the Cambodians rejected this overture, as they rejected a direct Vietnamese negotiating proposal ten days later.

It is not known what the Cambodian casualties have been so far, but Western analysts assume that they must be high, given the firepower of the People's Army of Vietnam (PAVN), which has thousands of Soviet and captured American heavy guns and tanks.

Quite aside from political considerations, it has been an enigma to Western


U S AIR FORCE
~~OURS~~
THEIRS

Illustrated by Robert Alcorn

> "...As matters now stand, Soviet influence is dominant in Vietnam, and Cambodia is China's only foothold in Southeast Asia..."

experts (and presumably to the Vietnamese and the Thais) what exactly Cambodia expects to achieve militarily in its two-front war. Vietnam, of course, is the pre-eminent military power in Southeast Asia, with a large, experienced army equipped with the most sophisticated weapons. Thailand, whose armed forces are trained and equipped by the United States, is also relatively strong, even though many of its units are busy trying to control areas of communist insurrection.

Cambodia's army, on the other hand, is estimated at only 60,000 to 80,000 soldiers, many of them teenagers, and as a former Khmer Rouge guerrilla force, it has limited experience in large-scale conventional warfare. The Cambodians have virtually no air force (they have twenty American-made propeller-driven T-28 trainers and some planes supplied by the Chinese) and limited numbers of American and Chinese artillery guns. They are not known to have tanks. The army's principal weapons are Chinese-made AK-47 automatic assault rifles and a small number of American M-16 automatic rifles. The Pentagon doubts that much American equipment was abandoned there.Nonetheless, last October Pol Pot said that 80 percent of his army's weapons had been captured from the "enemy" during the 1970–75 war.

Despite its awesome human and economic problems—Cambodia's pre-1975 social fabric has been totally destroyed by the forced evacuation of the cities to create an agrarian state; the State Department in Washington estimates that as many as 1.2 million Cambodians may have been executed since 1975; and family and religious life has been shattered in the name of the revolution—the Pol Pot regime has assigned the army to top national priority.

Ill-equipped and ill-trained as the Cambodian troops may be, they have evidently posed a problem for both the Vietnamese and the Thais. Curiously, their relative successes, particularly in Vietnam, are reminiscent of the situation that faced the United States and the Saigon regime in the war against the Viet Cong a decade ago.

The best judgment in Washington—though officials caution that they are stymied in their assessments by the lack of systematic information—is that the Cambodian-Vietnamese warfare may go on at the present level of hostilities for an indefinite period unless Hanoi decides to apply a "decisive blow" against Cambodia. This is thought to be unlikely, however, because the Vietnamese would prefer, for political reasons, to maintain a low military profile for as long as possible.

Much of the speculation in Washington revolves around the notion that China, which is Cambodia's only major ally, has an interest in stirring up trouble in Indochina as part of its anti-Soviet strategy. The Chinese (and the Cambodians) fear Vietnamese hegemony in Indochina, because of the links between Moscow and Hanoi.

As matters now stand, the Soviet influence is dominant in Vietnam and Laos, and Cambodia is China's only solid foothold in Southeast Asia. American analysts doubt that Peking wishes to encourage a full-fledged confrontation in the region (the Chinese are still playing a careful game with Vietnam, which continues to receive about $300-million annually in economic aid from them). It is more likely, they say, that Peking wants to keep Hanoi militarily off-balance. Most specifically, it wishes to avoid having Cambodia slide into the Vietnamese orbit the way Laos did.

To emphasize its influence in Cambodia, China may be encouraging historical Cambodian territorial revindications in Thailand and in Vietnam, notably in the Mekong Delta, where hundreds of thousands of ethnic Cambodians have lived for generations. These revindications, dating to 1863, when Cambodia became a French pro-

Our $2-Billion Trash Heap

The United States has left behind in Vietnam a formidable arsenal—valued by the Pentagon at $2 billion—much of which is being used in the undeclared war with Cambodia. The Pentagon believes that some of this equipment has now been worn out and damaged by weather and that the Vietnamese lack spare parts. Still, the official figures suggest the magnitude of the "Made in USA" arsenal in Vietnamese hands (in addition to Hanoi's Soviet and Chinese-supplied arms):

51	F-5A jet fighters
22	F-5E jet fighter-bombers
113	A-37 twin-engine jet light-attack bombers
36	A-1 propeller-driven attack fighters (Skyraiders)
40	C-119 propeller troop transports
10	C-130-A turboprop transports
36	C-47 propeller transports (used as gunships, etc.)
159	0-1 and 0-2 observation aircraft
430	Huey light helicopters
36	CH-47 heavy transport helicopters
80	self-propelled 175-mm. artillery guns
250	155-mm. "Long Tom" howitzers
1,000	105-mm. howitzers
2,200	MI-13 armored personnel carriers
300	M-48/A3 tanks
42,000	trucks
47,000	M-79 grenade launchers
63,000	light anti-tank weapons
15,000	M-16 machine guns
12,000	60-mm., 81-mm., and 90-mm. mortars
791,000	M-116 rifles
857,000	rifles of other types
90,000	.45-caliber pistols
48,000	radios
940	naval ships and craft (mostly landing ships)
130,000	tons of ammunition

The Pentagon has estimated that little American equipment was left behind in Cambodia. It is assumed, however, that Cambodian communist forces captured large numbers of U.S.-made artillery pieces, including 105-mm. Howitzers, M-79 grenade launchers, machine guns, rifles, etc., from the defeated army of the Lon Nol regime in 1975. The South Vietnamese army is also believed to have left behind in Cambodia large quantities of of American-made equipment. There is no record of any aircraft left behind in Cambodia with the possible exception of a few helicopters. **—T.S.**

tectorate, are quite vague, but the hostility between the Cambodians and the Annamites of southern Vietnam has never abated. Thousands of Vietnamese living in Cambodia were murdered in 1970, when Saigon's troops entered the Cambodian territory as part of the offensive against the Communist "sanctuaries." That week the Mekong River turned red from the blood of Vietnamese villagers. The Vietnamese presumably remember it well.

In the present situation, however, the Pol Pot regime finds no support among the ethnic Cambodians in the Mekong Delta. Tens of thousands of Cambodians fled across the border into Vietnam when the "revolution" was launched in 1975, joining their delta cousins. Subsequently many of these refugees, known as the "boat people," have fled by sea to Thailand.

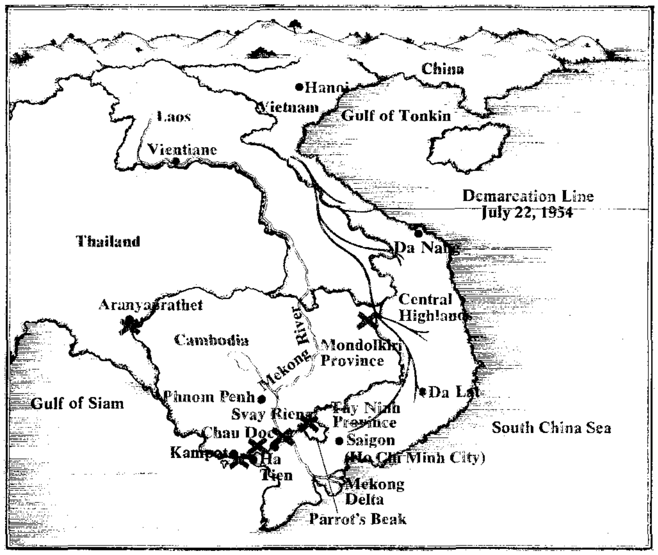
Washington sources also speculate that the Pol Pot regime has agreed to embark on "destabilizing" warfare in return for economic assistance from China, the only foreign country that actively supports Cambodia.

The extent of Chinese support for Cambodia was evident when Pol Pot flew to Peking last September 28 for a two-day visit. Pol Pot had visited Peking secretly in mid-1975 to meet the late Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Premier Chou En-lai, but this time he was greeted at the airport by Chinese Communist-party Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, who is also the prime minister, and entertained by him at a sumptuous state dinner in the Great Hall of the People. Some 100,000 Chinese filled the streets to greet Pol Pot, a special mark of honor.

The welcome accorded Pol Pot was in studied contrast to the low-key reception given in October to Le Duan, the first secretary of the Vietnamese Communist party. Then, in December, China made still another significant gesture toward Cambodia by sending a delegation headed by Deputy Prime Minister Chen Yungkwei for political and economic talks with Pol Pot and his associates. That was the week the fighting between Cambodia and Vietnam reached its highest point since the hostilities erupted last April. It was also the week the Cambodians subjected Thai villages in the contested Aranyaprathet border area to sustained bombardment with American M-79 mortar launchers.

It is anybody's guess, American officials say, how far Cambodia and Pol Pot propose to go in their two-front war. They fear that Cambodia may be turning, once again, into a pawn in the rivalry between two great powers—but this time the great powers are both communist. ■

MAGGIE ZANDER



The battleground: *This map highlights the six major battle areas of the current war in Southeast Asia.*

UPI

The Pol Pot Perplex

Democratic Cambodia is ruled by a stocky 50-ish man whose real name and identity are unknown. As prime minister and secretary general of the Cambodian Communist party, he is known as Pol Pot, but there is evidence to suggest that Pol Pot is the same person as a key wartime Communist military commander named Saloth Sar.

Pol Pot/Saloth Sar was apparently born in the town of Kompong Thom, west of the Mekong River, on May 19, 1928. After attending the Technical College in Phnom Penh, he earned a *brevet d'enseignement industriel* (industrial-education certificate) in carpentry. In 1946, at the age of eighteen, Pol Pot joined the clandestine Communist party of Indochina. And in August, 1949, he traveled to Paris (as so many young Cambodians did) to study radio electronics at the Ecole Française de Radio-Electricité. Pol Pot failed his exams three years in a row and returned to Phnom Penh in January, 1953.

Soon thereafter he joined the leftist Pracheachon Group. He was then known as Saloth Sar and began to develop a reputation as a leftist politician. In 1963, in fact, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, then Cambodia's chief of state, invited him to join the government. He refused, and instead fled to the jungles to help form the Khmer Rouge Communist guerrillas.

Nothing more was heard of him until 1971, when he reappeared as Saloth Sar, signing an appeal by intellectuals in support of the Peking-based National United Front of Kampuchea, which was nominally headed by Sihanouk. In March, 1972, Sihanouk designated him vice-chairman of the Cambodian People's National Liberation Armed Forces.

American analysts believe Saloth Sar decided to take on the name of Pol Pot as an alias in 1976, when he defeated Khieu Samphan in a power struggle. Other analysts believe that Saloth Sar was the name he assumed when he joined the Communist party 31 years ago, and that he decided to revert to his real name when he assumed power. On the other hand, the fact that he has a brother named Saloth Chhay, a journalist in Cambodia, may suggest that Saloth Sar is his true name.

Very little else is known of Pol Pot. His public appearances are extremely rare. All that is known of his family life is that his wife, Khieu Ponnary, is the chairman of the Association of Democratic Women of Kampuchea.

There is every reason to believe that Pol Pot set in motion the latest purge of his opponents on his return from China last fall—and that he is the driving force behind the Vietnam and Thailand border wars. But Saloth Sar/Pol Pot remains the most mysterious leader in the Communist world: a shadow of whose name we cannot even be sure. —T.S.

How to Dance Like John Travolta, Should the Need Arise

By Rhoda Koenig

> "... It is not generally realized that the most difficult aspect of disco dancing is assuming the right facial expression ..."

Learning disco dancing is easier than you think. Quite simple, in fact, until you get to the "Basic Truths" phase. Let's take it step by step:

I. Go see *Saturday Night Fever* but keep cotton in your ears whenever the screen shows anything except a ballroom or dance studio. When these appear, take the cotton out and watch and listen.

II. Memorize all the steps here diagrammed and demonstrated with the aid of Chris Smith of Jo Jo's Dance Factory. And *practice* before appearing in public. Rome wasn't built in a day.

III. Basic Truths (the hard part):

A. Ninety-seven percent of all women can dance or at least look at ease on the floor. No one knows why this is. It has nothing to do with training; it's genetic, a fact of nature. If you're a man, you've got a lot tougher row to hoe.

B. It is not generally realized, but true, that the most difficult aspect of disco dancing is assuming the right facial expression. Here are the four main choices:

1. Men

a. *The Brazilian-Millionaire Rictus:* eyes closed, mouth gaping; this indicates frenetic pleasure in the beat.

b. *The Ethnic Glower:* minimally expressive, but somehow surly; implies that the dance is the most complex intellectual feat one will ever be called upon to perform, and requires utmost concentration. This, incidentally, was Travolta's choice.

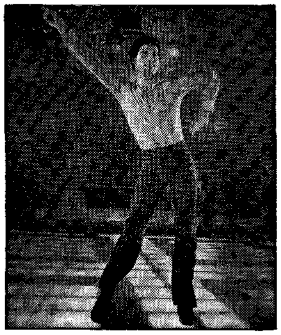
2. Women

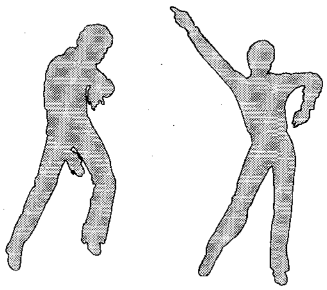
a. *The Regine Epiphany:* This look must convey three things at once:

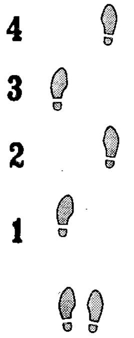
(i) I am great-looking.
(ii) I have great clothes on.
(iii) People less great than I am will surely be staring at me.

b. *The Angry Spasm:* intense concentration plus some spastic twitching to suggest that the dance floor is only a variant of the bed. When done expertly, there is the implication that little real pleasure is attached to either activity.

The Bus Stop

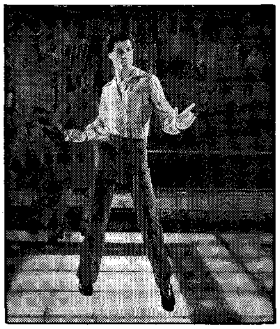


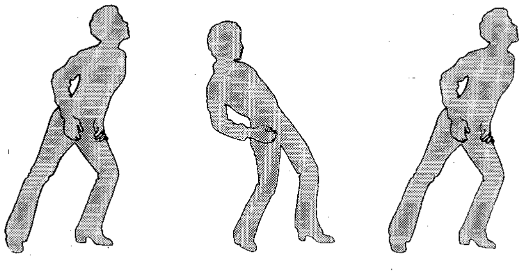




Four counts of four. Step smartly forward (1-2-3-4), back (1-2-3-4), thrusting the chest in and out at the same time. Stick the left hip out, point up and to the right (1-2); then out with the right hip, point left and down (3-4). Repeat. Try to think of Carmen Miranda hailing a taxi.

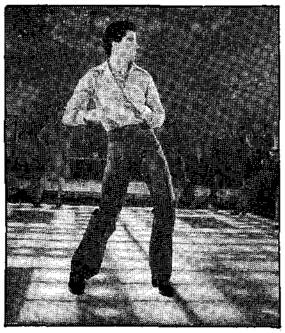
The Dolphin Roll

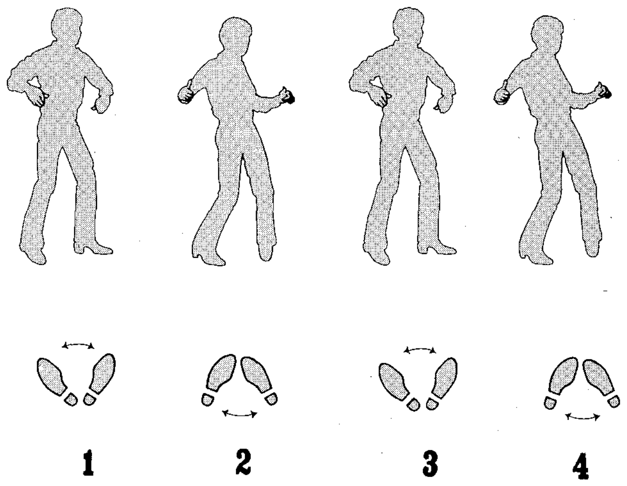




Begin with the upper body thrust forward expectantly, left foot slightly in front. Undulate from the shoulders to the knees, the movement flowing down your body as you lean backward. To get back to position one, just reverse the process, imitating one of the more intelligent mammals.

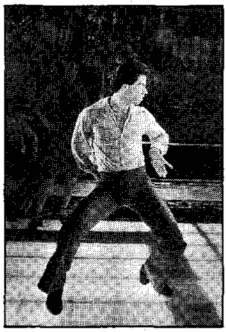
The Scissors



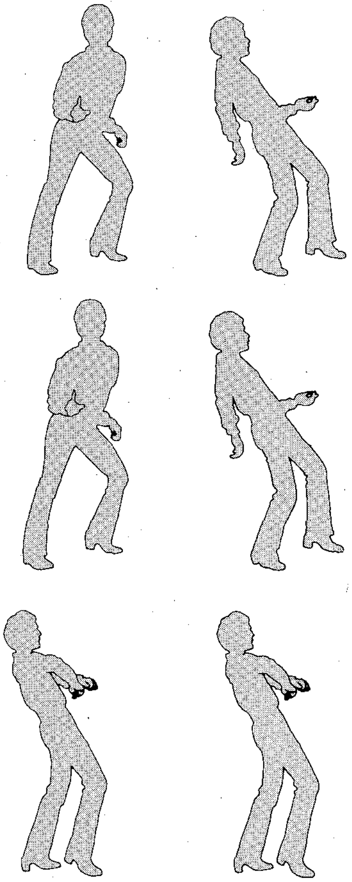


Stand with heels together, toes apart, forearms at waist level. Put your weight on your right heel and left toe. As you move to the left, shift your weight to the left heel and right toe, with toes together and heels apart. When your heels are touching, push your elbows back and lean backward. When your toes touch, bring your elbows out and hunch forward. This is easier than it sounds. Really.

The Freak

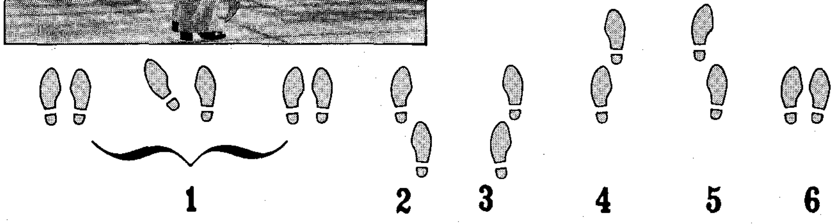


With your weight on the left foot, twist forward and back in place, keeping the knees bent and pivoting on the right toe. As you do, rubberneck at the other dancers.



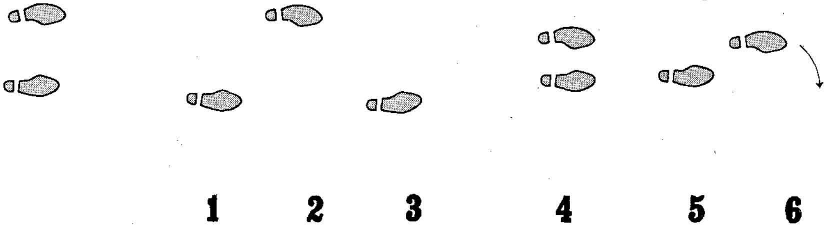
The Hustle

*Six counts. Put your left foot out, bring it back (1); step back on the right (2); step back on the left (3); then quickly step forward on the right (4); then forward on the left (5); then back in place (6). **Lift.***



The Tango Hustle

Six counts again. Keep the knees bent, body low. Start on the right foot and walk forward (1-2-3), then quickly bring the left toe next to the right (4). Step forward on the right (5). Then swivel on your right foot (6), and do the whole thing again in the other direction. Your partner, presumably, is following a mirror image of this pattern. If not, you may gently swat her on the side of the head as you change arms.



Illustrated by Maggie Zander

Why 'Literary' Is a Dirty Word at Simon & Schuster

By Helen Dudar

"...'We *never* use the word "literary,"' says company president Richard Snyder. 'We say, "It's a good, solid commercial work"'..."

A while ago, Simon & Schuster, book publishers, acquired new offices in Rockefeller Center. In a trade that clings to shabby gentility almost as passionately as an English squire treasures his twenty-year-old tweeds, it did a daring thing. It decorated them. Smoked-glass interior walls everywhere. Expensive doorknobs—burnished brass and perfect spheres. Antique patchwork quilts hung as art. Reception areas in rich red, suggesting the glare of a stage-set fire and torridly appropriate to an establishment where editors tend to tell one another, without the least self-consciousness, that Simon & Schuster is the Hot House.

Nothing hangs, reposes, or otherwise exists there that did not have the personal approval of the company's president, Richard E. Snyder. He came back from Europe one day to find that the carpeting installed in the executive suite was one shade darker than the pale honey he had his heart set on, and out went a half acre of floor covering. He sat down to an immense expanse of black travertine he had chosen for the conference-room table, decided it didn't work after all, and ordered a replacement. He fussed for weeks over the kind of stark glass frames he wanted for the display of S & S book jackets that festoons the walls. He rejected a half dozen samples before he was satisfied with the modishly decorous look of the new S & S matchbooks: white with the company logo in Quaker gray. James Stewart Polshek, the architect, was delighted. How often, he asks, do you find a corporate client who really cares?

"I have always been a crazed perfectionist," Snyder reports in a burst of self-congratulation. He runs S & S much the way he supervised fancying up its headquarters, ad budget by ad budget, print order by print order, minutia by minutia. He will spend hours poring over glossies to find the right fuzzy-focus photograph of the right alluring beauty for the jacket of the new Harold Robbins. He will notice when editors' expense accounts are too modest, betraying clear failure to be seen at the right places, wooing the right agents of the right authors. He will start up in the middle of the night to record solutions to problems resolved in his sleep, and he expects his staff to confer the same quality of conscious and subconscious attention on the job.

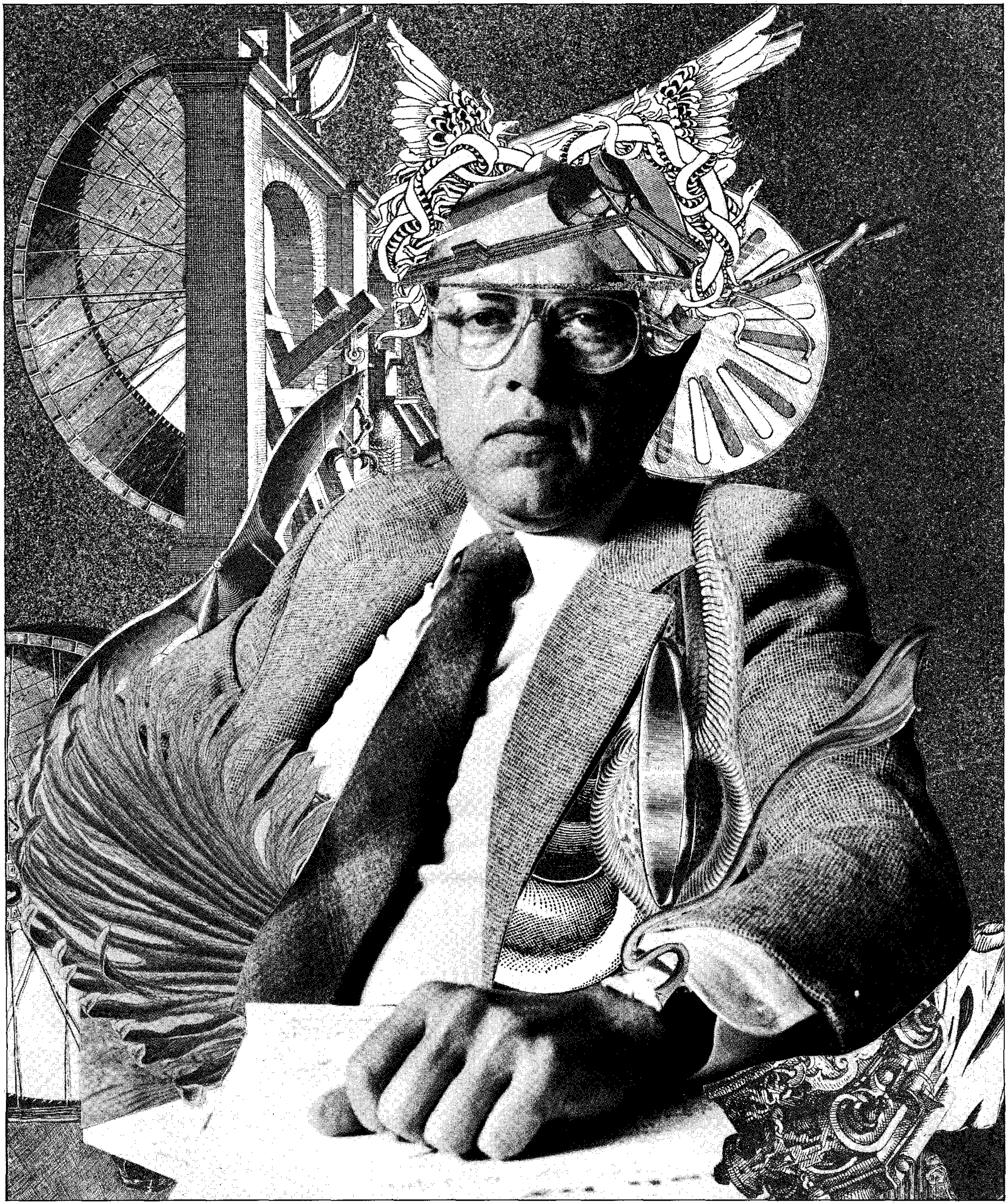
Everybody at S & S understands that Snyder must be informed of everything happening in his company and its five book divisions. He doesn't like surprises. He hates mistakes. Either may set off a volcanic anger which is famous throughout the industry. It is Snyder's view that his reputation for verbal abuse has been frightfully exaggerated and terribly misunderstood. He does not, after all, yell and scream and revile offenders except for good cause.

The ultimate cause is big money. Snyder, who has spent most of his working life at S & S, got full control of its operations in the summer of 1975, when, yielding to the fashion for conglomerates to possess a first-rank publishing house, Gulf & Western acquired the company. In the relatively brief time since, S & S sales have approximately doubled, approaching $100 million this fiscal year. Snyder says its profits are running nearly 20 percent ahead of the previous period, and its acquisition budget has gone from $16-million to $31 million. Simon & Schuster is not as big as Doubleday, Random House, or Harper & Row, but it is the showiest house in town, with a kind of febrile energy and a reputation for hustle and an unembarrassed devotion to the pop market that is unmatched anywhere. Who else would have helped little Julie Nixon Eisenhower find her way into hardback?

Snyder started his publishing career counting books in a Doubleday warehouse and, along with S & S, has come a fair distance: from the short-sleeved nylon shirts only New York tourists wear to custom-tailored French models; from haircuts at the corner barbershop to Sassoon trims; from summers in a slightly déclassé Fire Island resort to weekends in the Righthampton (on the far end of the island, it's all too easy to wind up in the Wronghampton). He loves it—the Power Drink (Perrier and lime) abubble on his desk; Charles and the chauffeured limo waiting on the street; Felipé, the gourmet chef who comes to the office kitchen to fix lunch three times a week; the G & W jet available to carry him hither and yon; the divinely droppable names that march through his business hours and his social life and his conversation—he loves it all.

It's a life-style that expresses book publishing as show business, and it is both admired and envied. In odd pockets of the industry, people even take the trouble to deplore it. So unseemly. All that dazzle. But scarcely a soul in the industry can escape these modalities: the fairy-tale advances, the hard-sell promotion, the obsessive attention to detail on book jackets that will register with viewers when Johnny Carson holds up the book to the camera's eye.

Photographed by Stephen Shames



The president: *"My obligation is to the strong," says Richard Snyder. "I have not tolerated the weak."*

Gulf & Western lumps its publishing house into its Leisure Time Group (Paramount, Madison Square Garden, a string of Canadian movie houses), a classification Snyder finds amusing but perfectly apt. After all, as he sees it, publishing is an aspect of the entertainment business, "in a certain sense . . . the software of the television and movie media." Just the other day as time flies, Hollywood was the obvious destiny of the sort of thing Snyder calls software. Now, a new piece of juicy fiction is just as likely to appear on your home screen for five suspenseful prime-time nights. Last fall, the new S & S hardback line, Summit Books, headed by James Silberman, formerly of Random House, was launched with an instant best-seller, *The Women's Room*, a first novel by Marilyn French. By the time the book appeared, it had already been sold for a television miniseries.

Historically, S & S has been a house dedicated to the discovery of best-sellers, and it seems uncomfortable with the notion that publishing may have other, not necessarily incompatible, obligations. Once, an editor new to S&S,

Illustrated by Anita Siegel

"...'What I inherited was a terrific marketing organization and no editorial. Our reputation had been dramatically hurt'..."

a reticent gentleman we will call George, came to a meeting to tell the salesmen about an important new work they would be pushing to the bookstores and was startled to hear Snyder break in with an apology: "George hasn't been with us long enough to know we never use the word 'literary.' It's a good, solid commercial work."

Nothing annoyed Snyder more than reading a newsmagazine report that Roger W. Straus Jr. says he cries for the trees sacrificed to make "phony books" for fast profit. "Bluster," blusters Snyder, whose company has—uh—developed some handsome books on good grooming (the Sassoons' *A Year of Beauty and Health*) and the philosophy of a superpatriot movie star (John Wayne's *America Why I Love Her*). Straus is, of course, head of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, a small house with a conspicuously literary bent (Sontag, Roth, Handke, and everything you ever wanted to know about Antonin Artaud). Wonderful lists, wonderful authors, Snyder volunteers. But the company doesn't know how to sell books. "That may be chic; it's not terrific for the author."

One of Snyder's undisputed skills is selling books, an exercise that involves having a large, experienced, nervous promotion staff and a large, experienced, nervous sales force. At S & S, fear is one of the abiding instruments for inciting the workers to achievement. A few years ago, a marketing executive was abruptly commanded by Snyder to send telegrams to every man in the field. They were to be instructed that failure to complete bookstore rounds and reorders by the end of the following week would constitute notice of resignation. The executive, who considered the deadline unreasonable, dispatched the messages and then telephoned each man to tell him to ignore both the demand and the threat.

Snyder's kind of publishing is often a long-term gamble, involving an understanding of looming public interests, and he has been a canny hand at this game. He is, after all, the man who traveled to Washington in October, 1972, and agreed to buy a book to be written by two not yet famous reporters about an incident that seemed small and ephemeral at the time. Snyder, who had just been made director of the S & S trade-book division, offered a $55,000 advance, which was $5,000 less than another publisher's but acceptable precisely because of his company's reputation for selling. *All the President's Men* and *The Final Days* sold 942,000 copies in hardback alone. The Watergate books were Snyder's benchmark acquisitions. They breathed new life and cash flow into Simon & Schuster, and they established him as a personage in publishing.

Snyder is 44, a smallish, taut, supercharged man who can semi-relax into a figure of some charm. He has a deep voice, a boyish manner, a gift for self-depreciation, and a profound social unease that is expressed in odd ways. A few years ago, a young author spending the day at S & S to check his galleys was ushered into Snyder's office for an introduction and found himself listening first to a recitation of most of the celebrated people Snyder had recently met and then to an account of the logistical problems of what was at the time a quite complicated romantic life. On another occasion, an S & S marketing executive took Snyder to meet a publisher whose line was to be distributed by Simon & Schuster. Snyder's greeting was a warm "How the f--k are you?"

In matters of business, he's a hard man. Agents who must negotiate directly with Snyder when big, six-figure deals are involved find him tough but fair. Not only front money and royalty rates must be settled; he is prepared to hammer out every detail of every possible future sale of rights. A Simon & Schuster book is a Simon & Schuster book, the publisher's *property*, and any effort to trespass on the publisher's idea of ownership will produce an awful rage. Two years ago, when *Newsweek* bought serial rights to *The Final Days* for two successive issues, its editor, Edward Kosner, thought he had a promise that the book would not appear in the stores until a week after the first issue was out. It turned up 24 hours after the first issue, and Kosner called to complain. "So what?" Snyder yelled. "So what? We had an agreement," Kosner replied. Actually, Kosner didn't have it in writing, and actually, the magazine had already sold out, and actually, Snyder had a real worry that a threatened truckers' strike would leave him without the means to distribute an enormous first printing. But Snyder, who felt he owed no explanations about what he did with *his* book, merely snapped, "Sue me, baby."

Snyder, who was born and grew up in Brooklyn, spent a childhood notable for emotional disarray and promise of failure. He did poorly in school, only a little better at Tufts University, and, after an unhappy draft stint in the army, put in two years at Doubleday, where he was turned on to the excitement of selling books. In 1960, he was hired as a third assistant sales manager for Golden Press, a paperback line partly owned by Leon Shimkin, one of the founders of S&S. Almost at once, he began a swift ascent up the corporate ladder, from paperback to hardback, from sales management to marketing. By 1969 he was, in theory at least, running the company.

Nobody can quite explain how it happened so fast. Snyder is one of the dedicatees of Michael Korda's *Success!*, a practical guide to the uses of greed and deceit in the pursuit of equality of opportunism. One might therefore suppose that Korda, who is editor in chief at the house and who saw it all happen, could describe the process lucidly. But Korda sees the recent past dimly, through a fine mauve mist, in which Snyder made his way by studious application—asking good questions, storing away answers—and by a heroic willingness to shoulder responsibilities other people cravenly shied away from. The titles he held, Korda says, were meaningless.

"I did it all myself," Snyder says slowly, without emphasis. He picks his words with care on this point, explaining that he does not mean that on the way up there was no help or reinforcement from established figures in the house. Obviously, somebody had to notice him and promote him. But he had no heroes, no one who could teach him. Snyder says he learned his way "by trial and error," making his own mistakes and sometimes "falling on my ass. . . . I never felt the company was in the right direction and doing the right thing, and consequently I didn't want to learn from them. You know, that's what a publisher is—his instinct and taste."

In 1968, S & S was 44 years old. It had been launched on the success of the world's first crossword-puzzle books (which are still a house staple), had gone on to some historic eternal sellers (the Dale Carnegie book, the Lasser income-tax manual), and had produced a glittering, profitable array of collections and treasuries of all sorts. Of the three original partners, Richard Simon was dead, Max Schuster was retired, and Leon Shimkin was getting

Editor in chief Korda: *"There is no such thing as a good book that doesn't sell."*

on in years. And catastrophically, three key executives had just moved to Knopf.

Among them was Robert Gottlieb, the editor in chief, who had accepted and still holds the same position at what is indisputably America's most distinguished publishing house, Alfred A. Knopf. Gottlieb carried with him much of Simon & Schuster's quality lit or quasi-quality lit stable, writers tied to him by contract or friendship. They included Doris Lessing, Jessica Mitford, Charles Portis, and Joseph Heller (who last year returned to S & S, presumably for more money). Needless to say, since Snyder took charge, few editors have been allowed to walk off with an author. There is a legend that Snyder once calculated to the dollar the sums lost through the Gottlieb defection.

The epic departure, demurely described at the time as "a friendly divorce," was a disaster. "What I inherited," Snyder recalls, "was a terrific marketing organization, some of which I had run, and no editorial. Our reputation had been dramatically hurt. Part of my job was to try to instill confidence in Simon & Schuster in the publishing community, an effort that I think was met with laughter and jeers."

At the time, Snyder became executive vice-president and Korda moved into Gottlieb's position. The relationship between the two men has been central to the company's operations. They are professionally close and dependent on one another—Korda on Snyder's drive and business acumen, Snyder on Korda's sensibility and editorial skills. As editor in chief, Korda, English-born, Oxford-educated, nephew of the late great British moviemaker Sir Alexander Korda, naturally rates a corner office. It is dominated by a pop poster that squeals, "Oh Wow," and by a few of the hats that reflect his stylish life, among them the motorcyclist's helmet and the horse rider's cap, and it is conspicuous for the absence of greenery. He is aggressively anti-plant. Even among those who dislike him, Korda is generally admired for the sureness of his commercial instincts, for his skill at transforming disordered manuscripts into salable books, for his fluency at writing jacket and catalog copy.

He has been an important influence in shaping the house's publishing tastes. These reflect his own, which tend to be snobbishly anti-intellectual and which are guided by an absolute rule of the marketplace: *There is no such thing as a good book that doesn't sell*, a dictum that also commands belief in the intrinsic value of every piece of published junk that ever hit the big time. Korda's devotion to the big time was chronicled in *The New Yorker* a year ago by S. J. Perelman, an S & S author, in a wickedly funny piece about an editor named Mitchell Krakauer. Perelman's hero, immediately recognizable to anyone in publishing by virtue of his fanatic equestrianism, had undergone a recent conversion and was now obsessed solely with doomed book material, anything carrying "an aura of failure." We find him rejecting a book idea about Smokey the whitefish because "it'll sell like hotcakes . . . it's too joyous, too upbeat."

Although Snyder and Korda were at last in the saddle in 1968, Shimkin still held the reins. It was an unhappy state of affairs. Like an aging parent who cannot surrender control, he would confer responsibility with one hand and retrieve it with the other. Before 1970, however, he was actively hunting around for a buyer. Deals loomed and collapsed. For one bad summer, in 1974, it looked as if Simon & Schuster might become a subsidiary of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Everyone knew there was no way Richard Snyder and William Jovanovich, men of similar drives and egos, could occupy the same corporate territory. Snyder was said to be fairly desperate at the prospect of its success. The deal was shortly to collapse.

On the flight back to New York from the Frankfurt Book Fair, a business acquaintance mentioned that he knew Charles Bluhdorn, chairman of Gulf & Western, and wondered if Snyder thought he should be contacted. Talks were soon under way. Almost a year later, S & S was a wholly owned subsidiary of the conglomerate and Snyder was chief operating officer. The company was not exactly flourishing. The conventional wisdom was that S & S was swiftly revived by infusions of G & W money, which is downright silly. A conglomerate acquires a company, even a low-profit company like a publishing house, in order to enhance profits, not to spend them. What the acquisition meant was absolute control for Snyder as long as S & S and its divisions produced cheerful balance sheets, which began to happen almost immediately. Snyder has said that G & W earned back its investment in less than a year.

Working for Snyder, in turn, has always meant responding to and even enjoying the pressures he imposes. One of his people says affectionately, "He's driving, he's demanding, he's outrageous, he's too hard, and he can instill guilt better than any Jewish mother I know. He's always worried that we're slipping. If we sell 12,000 copies of a book, he'll want to know why we didn't sell another 2,000."

There is a frantic feeling to the place that drives people either to superior performances or to distraction. The same aggressive competitiveness that characterizes S & S in the marketplace also permeates the office. One senior editor who moved to a smaller, calmer house told a friend it was six months before he could exorcise his paranoia, before he stopped worrying, "Who's stealing my books?"—a state of fear induced by occasional shrewd Snyder hints that junior staffers could easily handle his work. Another former editor insists that most conversations with Snyder began with "You want to keep your job, don't you?" New employees arriving from other

"...There are periodic efforts to touch up the house image, periodic quests for class that rarely seem to work out..."

houses are struck by the strained atmosphere, the joylessness that sorts oddly with a steady flow of good news about bigger and better sales; it takes some time to get used to the idea that one editor's triumph is likely to make every other editor feel worse.

"My obligation is to the strong," Snyder says. "I have not tolerated the weak. That puts you in conflict with people who feel differently. But I have produced profit, cash flow, and good books so that a Michael Korda could stay here and flourish."

The ideal Simon & Schuster person is a smart, energetic man or woman who has learned to make constructive use of a personality problem. "We are all compulsive neurotics," says Joni Evans. As an example, she cites the company's acquisition of the new Kinsey report on homosexuality in America. She was given the manuscript last September at the Frankfurt Book Fair. "Dick had already left for New York. I couldn't buy it myself. Nobody buys alone, not even Dick. I started calling New York at midnight and called all night until Dick got off the plane. I told him, 'Dick, we've got to buy it and I have to have an answer by Monday.'"

In the morning, sleepless, she boarded her own plane to New York, carried the manuscript to Korda at home, where he raced through it and agreed that Simon & Schuster had to have it. "We bought it Monday morning, and we'll crash it through for the spring list," she said.

Miss Evans and Snyder (she is divorced, he is separated) have been seen together frequently for several years. She is an immensely capable executive, and when Snyder bestowed the No. 2 position on her early in 1977, only the mean-spirited and envious would have imagined it was not for entirely professional reasons. Indeed, one observer there said, "If Joni and Dick ever split [as they do from time to time], his first worry would be whether the house might lose her."

Under normal circumstances, books and book proposals must come before the editorial board, a decision-making body whose membership includes Snyder, Korda, Evans, Dan Green, Peter Schwed, and Alice Mayhew. The board exists to avoid one-person rule. Editors gone from the place remember it as an oppressive instrument, whose workings seemed remote, capricious, and even sinister. It functioned, one S & S alumna remembers, in an atmosphere reminiscent of *Gaslight:* She always felt as if some mysterious force were trying to drive her crazy. Book proposals would come back rejected without explanation or comment. Worse, they might come back with unsigned and dispiriting judgments denouncing an idea as "garbage" or "shit." For veteran editors with a traditional view of the role, the heartbreak at the house is its lethargy about new talent, particularly fiction writers. "Nurturing young, untried novelists is the lifeblood of an editor," said one. "At Simon & Schuster, they just don't care."

And yet the place seems haunted by the ghost of the departed Gottlieb and forever in search of the quality that left with him. There are periodic efforts to touch up the house image, periodic quests for class that rarely seem to work out. Former Senator Eugene McCarthy, taken on as a senior editor in 1973, put in prodigious amounts of time reading poetry and political manuscripts showered upon him by friends and admirers, while the executive staff sat around wondering how to tell such a classy man, a former candidate for president no less, that he was supposed to be at the Four Seasons or some equivalent expense-account beanery hunting up new books.* Everyone was a bit relieved when he left.

To be sure, once Snyder's enthusiasm is aroused, there is hardly anything he won't do to mobilize support for a book. The Judith Rossner novel *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, a major fiction success of 1975, started life at Simon & Schuster as a run-of-the-season novel to be published quite modestly. The book first excited the art director, Frank Metz, who told Joni Evans, who read it and told Snyder about it as he was leaving for the beach one summer Friday. The result was the equivalent of "Stop the presses!" Publication was delayed for a month to give the house a chance to launch a novel made for best-sellerdom. The jacket was reworked; the catalog placement was changed from a third of a page to a full page; the first printing, which had been around 10,000, was quadrupled to put enough books into the stores to meet the demand that would be created by a wave of media attention; and, of course, the publicity mechanism was set into motion. Since then, by house rule, every accepted, completed manuscript is read by at least four key persons to make certain no potential best-seller has been overlooked.

Periodically, Snyder makes the industry uncomfortable by declaring that, like everything else in life today, publishing, in order to compete with plausible efficiency, will end up clustered into a half dozen or so large, consolidated operations, each with one or more hardback lines and one or more paperback lines. This is the wave of the future, and the future has, for the most part, arrived. Nevertheless, smaller houses are still to be found producing books with interest, honor, and even profit. Snyder is persuaded that the new economics of the business will eventually transform many of them into subsidiaries of the giants. "Big publishers do things better; that's why they're bigger," he says.

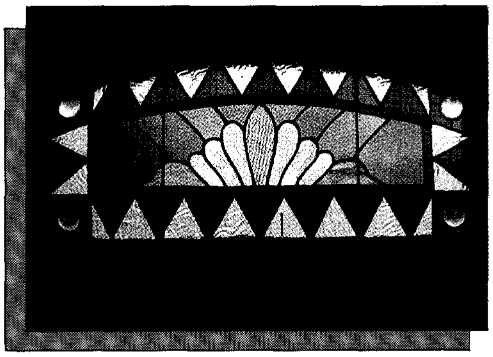
Naturally, at Simon & Schuster, the big corner office belongs to Richard Snyder. It's a good-looking room, consistent with Snyder's original instructions to the architect for an atmosphere that avoided both the stodginess of a banker's executive suite and the hip brassiness of a record magnate's lair. The desk is really an oversize Parsons table, its surface a glowing golden swirl of Carpathian elm. The greenery is on a scale suitable to executive-suite power plants—two aralias, the largest, costliest, and most sensitive trees in the office. There is a fine old Chinese rug in front of the couch. Last fall, some of the walls were still bare, but that was to be remedied. Snyder had not stopped caring, and whenever there was an hour to spare, he and architect James Polshek would go art hunting at the galleries.

Now and then, Snyder says, he looks about himself in surprise. Until a few years ago, he would pause and wonder at the distance he had traveled and tell himself he had had luck. He was talking about this one day to a friend, Abe Rosenthal, a City College boy who wound up editing the New York *Times* and who confided that he, too, used to confront the notion that chance had randomly blessed him. Around the time they reached 40, each had the same epiphany. "We suddenly realized that it wasn't an accident," Snyder said gravely. "Nobody was giving us this. We had earned it."

The Stately Homes of...
Staten Island?

Text and photographs by Donald Sutherland

"...A ferry ride from Manhattan, on the North Shore: dramatic terrain, mansions to restore, *and* absurdly low property costs..."



To most residents of the other boroughs, Staten Island remains the most unknown—not mysterious or even enigmatic, just unknown. For excursionists it is the humpbacked landmass that happens to lie at the yonder end of the ferry ride; for motorists it is the convenient link between the Belt Parkway and the Jersey Turnpike. The newly developed housing inland—Fiberglas and Formica, picture windows and recessed lighting—does attract the *nouveau* middle class. But a different sort prefers turrets and dormers, high ceilings and Victorian embroidery. On the North Shore, around where the ferry docks, they have found their dreamland. They have been moving in quietly and cleaning up deliberately, reclaiming a dramatic countryside and instituting a revival of nineteenth-century communities. And while the retrenched neighborhoods of other boroughs consist mostly of row houses, devoid of particular significance save for their age, the island restoration is applied to dis-

Staten Island steal: *This nineteen-room mansion in Stapleton Heights, built in 1874, has a stained-glass panel similar to the one above over every window and door on two floors. On its half acre commanding the harbor, it sold in 1974 for $40,000.*

tinctive and elegant structures, unattached, many of them mansions built by true nineteenth-century wealth.

From the time of Henry Hudson onward, explorers came ashore to rest and partake of the sweet springs of what they named the "Watering Place"—that part of the island closest to Manhattan. By the mid-nineteenth century, the area had become a luxurious summer retreat from the city and home turf for the native upper crust. From the opulent and pretentious dwellings that came to dominate this hilly terrain, the landed gentry could contemplate the vulgar and teeming city safely across the harbor.

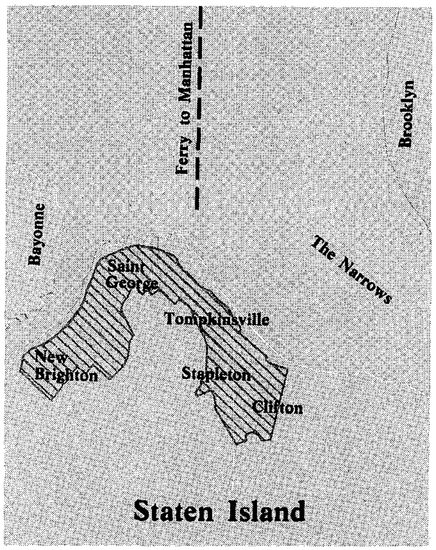
But even the wealthy—or, at least, their servants—needed to go shopping, and so developments of supporting proletariat appeared down the hill. The storekeepers and tradesmen came in increasing numbers, and in time the balance shifted. When Staten Island became part of the city of New York in 1898, the old high society had already begun to pack for areas that promised a touch more refinement.

But the old mansions stood, left behind like decorative seashells on the shore. Over the years, one by one, they were sold. If the North Shore—Stapleton, New Brighton, St. George, Tompkinsville—had grown a bit seedy, the new buyers were unperturbed. To them, "old" and "charming" are synonymous, and indeed these houses were built with the quality and grandeur that wealth can buy. And the environs possess the most varied sampling of pre-twentieth-century residential architecture in the city. An interesting place to take a walk.

The new population found practicality as well as charm. "We were a large family and needed a lot of rooms," says Claire Simmons, principal of P.S. 18, who bought a sixteen-and-a-half-room house in Stapleton. Adds Pearse O'Callaghan, her neighbor three blocks farther up St. Paul's Avenue. "The most we could afford when we were shopping around fourteen years ago was $20,000." It took one of the old fourteen-room places on Stapleton's hills to accommodate what eventually amounted to ten children. For Bob McAndrew, a theatrical designer and producer, Manhattan was Mecca, but for his wife, Linda Lee, a dancer and choreographer, the hassle and bustle were unwelcome distractions. The North Shore offered the compromise: a bit over a half hour's travel from Times Square for Bob, and, for Linda . . . the island.

Dark shadows: *This fine old place on Stapleton's Marion Avenue is one of a group of beautifully preserved Federal- an*

RICHARD JACKSON



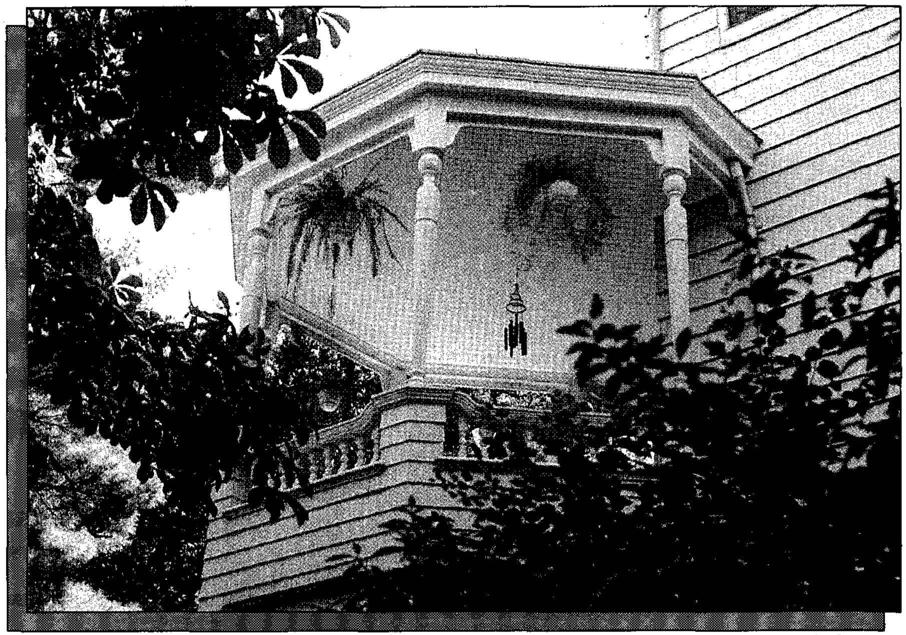
Mansion zone: *The most impressive North Shore houses cluster in the shaded area.*

The island. Still rural. A major ecological problem: The curbs are too tall for toads to vault onto, and entire herds in mating migration have been squished by cars. If the rat-a-tat of woodpeckers awakens the summer sleeper, the twitter of crickets lullabies him back to sleep come evening. Frogs, salamanders, raccoons, possums—they rattle in the garbage cans and slither out from behind logs in gardens.

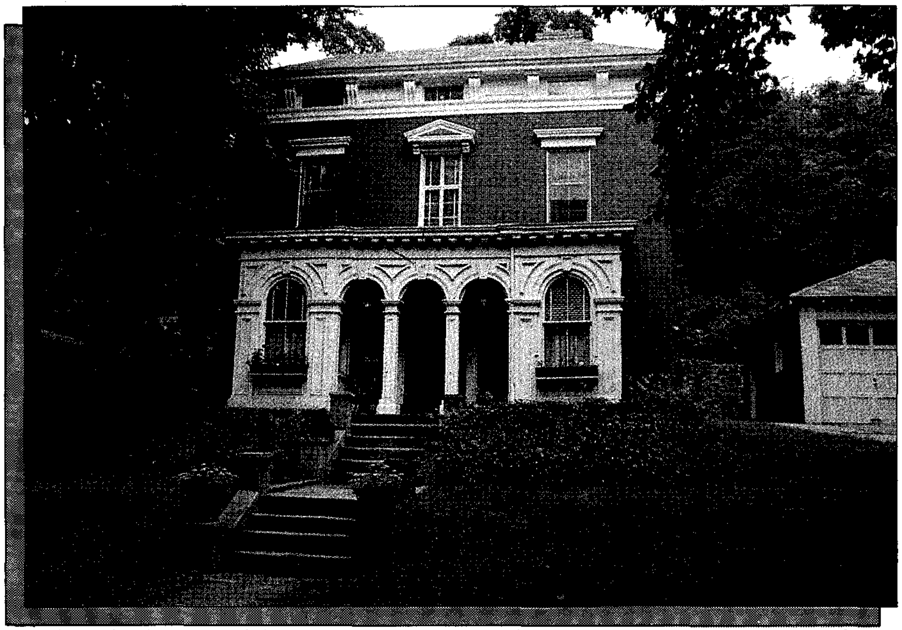
The pioneers put up with plenty in the course of renewing and restoring. "The floors were grooved," says Ms. Simmons ruefully, "as if kids had been roller-skating on them. They couldn't be machine-sanded because they were so uneven." So the Simmonses scraped the floors down on their hands and knees. "It was raining the first time we came here," says O'Callaghan, "and water was pouring right down through the building. The guy who lived here had built platforms so he could get around without wetting his feet." Such structural decay could easily have justified modernization, but O'Callaghan restored the house to reflect its heritage and filled it with Victorian furnishings. Then a fire gutted the top floor. The charred molded doorframes were carefully scraped down to the wood and inset into the newly constructed walls.

The O'Callaghans' house, like many on the North Shore, has been transformed from near ruin to a showplace paying homage to the tastes of the era in which it was built. Yet not every structure is subject to restoration in the strict sense. Robert Brand, a fashion designer, and Gerry O'Regan, the executive director of an organization for retarded infants, bought an abandoned

rgian-style houses in the neighborhood.



Whimsical: *TV's Bozo the Clown owns this 1890s Stapleton house with gazebolike balcony.*



Stately: *Classic Revival house is a mid-nineteenth-century treasure in New Brighton.*

Methodist church, an enormous old structure dating from 1855, and made their home in the house of God.

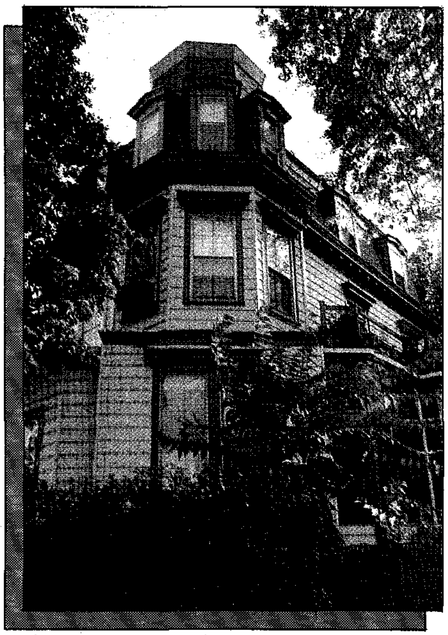
To some degree, all the residents of the area are sculptors in space, arranging their huge rooms to form environments of distinctive mood, but the interior of the church carries the principle to some kind of pinnacle. The visitor steps into a turn-of-the-century "sweet shoppe" complete with frosted-glass swinging doors, soda fountain, wire-back chairs, an assortment of antique penny-arcade amusement machines, and a fun-house trick mirror. So much for that room. Then there's upstairs. A local group held its annual picnic there last year, for the second floor is large enough to make the most arrogant SoHo loft dweller ache with envy. It's filled with a garden: potted trees and vines, a full-size horse-drawn sleigh, and an old-fashioned gazebo. After an hour or so in the island's answer to Great Adventure and among the assorted amusements of the floor below, it is the street and the cars and the passersby that come to seem improbable.

So impish a vision as this is a splash of cold water in the face of a community that has been asleep for a long time. Like all the areas of the city that have been reclaimed, the North Shore has had its bad dreams to awaken from. It has its share of absentee landlords who give only marginal attention to their rooming-house empires. Stapleton, the ripest of the North Shore communities, has its methadone clinic next door to the OTB parlor, and a low-income housing project which, locals concur in disgust, is dreadfully mismanaged by the city. But Stapleton's raw material, including a century-old commercial district ringing a vest-pocket park, is exceptionally promising.

The rescuers of Brooklyn's Cobble Hill and like areas faced challenges more severe than those on the North Shore, and they did not have mansions like these to restore, or dramatic topography, or a small-town atmosphere only a boat ride from the Big Apple. Meanwhile, as the neighborhood yawns awake, the property costs remain absurdly low for New York.

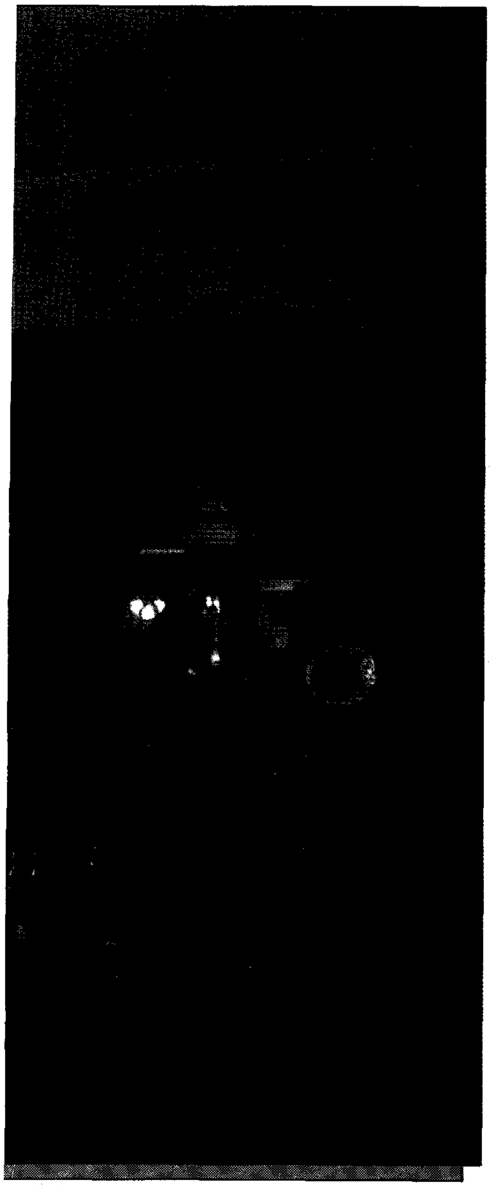
A recent tour with the Charma Agency's Emily Falco revealed a diversity of available properties. The most costly was a twenty-room mansard-roofed home in beautiful condition, standing on a 100-by-165-foot plot; the price was $100,000, or about the starting price for a Brooklyn Heights row house. At the bottom end of the mansion scale was a designated landmark with a mild dose of distress, standing on a 50-by-147-foot plot; the asking price was $40,000. A dozen-odd other

"A curiosity": *That's what the sign says outside Robert Brand and Gerry O'Regan's conver dining room (above), an antique RCA Radiola, beneath the window, supplies dinner mus*



Vibrant: *Lively colors of this century-old fantasy in St. George are echoed inside.*

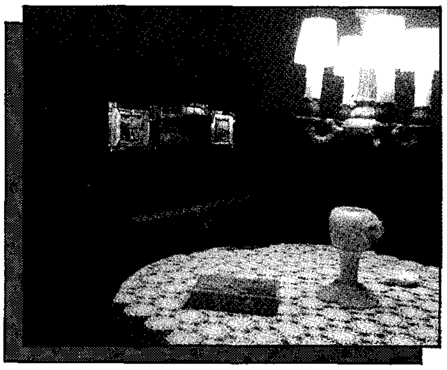
Venerable: *Detail typical in Stapleton area: a turret nearly invisible from the street.*



ethodist church (c. 1855) in Stapleton. In the he history of the chandelier is unknown.

Outdoors indoors: *The church's second floor is huge enough to host a picnic.*

"The bar": *On the first floor, swinging doors lead from hall to this "sweet shoppe."*



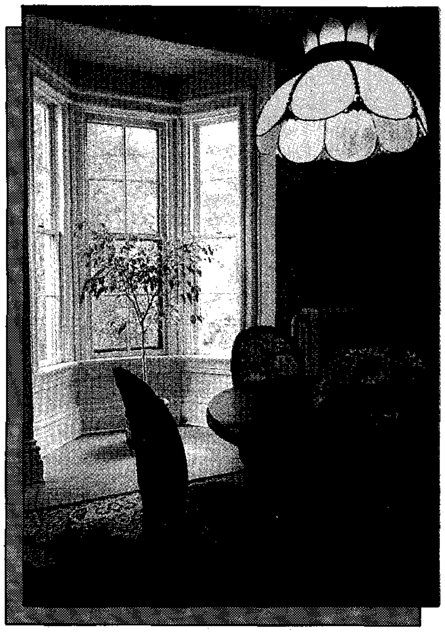
The living room: *There's a bed (not shown) and this Wurlitzer with stained-glass insets.*

mansionlike buildings were displayed for sale while this article was written.

Not every house in the area is grand. Large numbers of row buildings are in the commercial district near water's edge, and many unattached structures were put up by the encroaching turn-of-the-century middle class. These places retain their charm without, perhaps, quite the touch of elegance found in the homes of the older high society. The smaller ones on modest plots can be had in good shape for around $15,000. The Mud Lane Society (727-2476), a citizens' group that sponsors walking tours and fairs to promote the renaissance of the area, can give information on living in the North Shore.

Houses ranging from $15,000 to $100,000 . . . the economic levels of North Shore residents run the gamut. So does the ethnic mix, for although the community is predominantly white, its proportion of nonwhite landowners is substantial. Surprising as this might seem—recent episodes of racial conflict in inland communities have established a less than benevolent image for the island—the primary achievement of the North Shore is a different kind of integration.

This is the integration of subcultures and personal philosophies. The hippies live next door to the straights; the professionals live next door to the blue-collar workers live next door to the artists; the sexual orientations cover all bases. Yet, rather than friction, the neighbors find their common ground: a love for old houses and a historic neighborhood. The message seems to be that the future is alive and well and living in the past on Staten Island's North Shore. ■

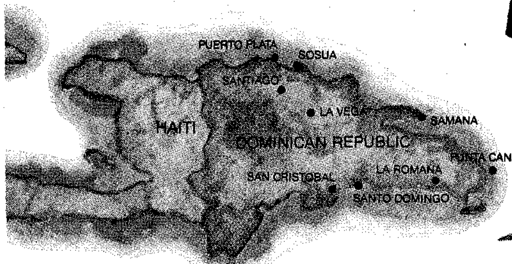


A cottage for sale: *Asking price for this ten-room Victorian in Stapleton: $72,000.*

Believe it or not: *Twenties ten-roomer on a hill in St. George has been on the market for $58,500. This center-hall frame Colonial is a five-minute stroll from the ferry.*

The newest hotel in the oldest city in the Americas. Loews Dominicana.

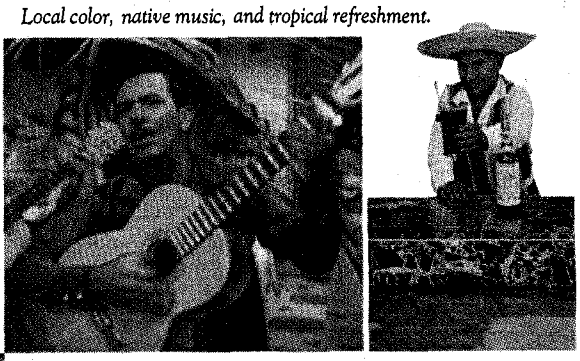
Loews Dominicana, in historic Santo Domingo.

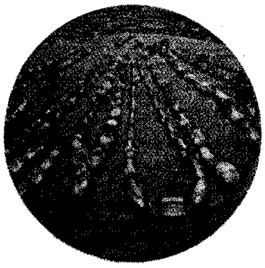


Santo Domingo—Just 2 hours from Miami.

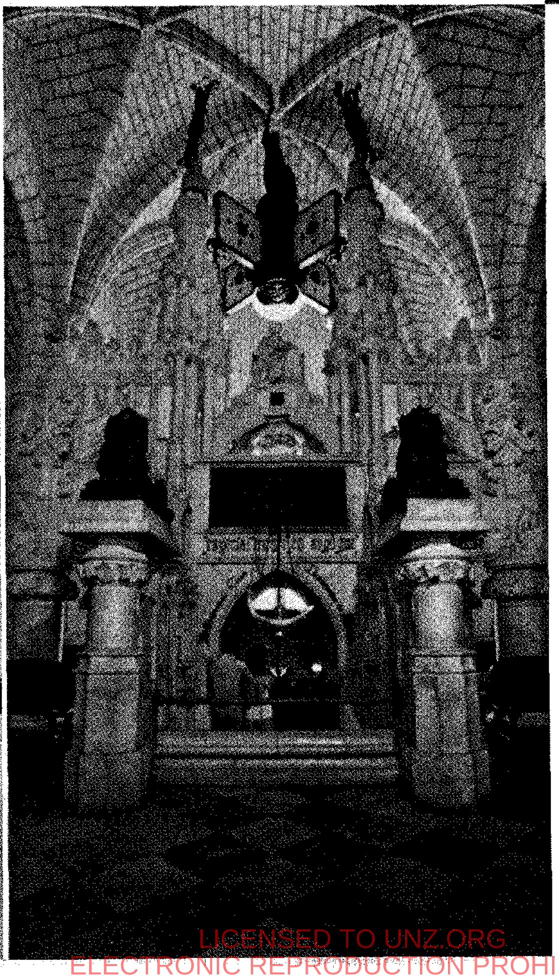
Christopher Columbus discovered the Dominican Republic in 1492; the Cathedral (below) holds his remains.

Local color, native music, and tropical refreshment.





Precious native amber is abundant and inexpensive.



The Dominican Republic has been welcoming visitors since Columbus landed there almost 500 years ago.

Of all his discoveries, Columbus chose the Dominican Republic to settle in. Perhaps it was the coral reefs. The waterfalls. Or the lush foliage. Loews chose it for the same reasons.

Loews built the new Dominicana Hotel in the heart of historic Santo Domingo, near the old Spanish city Columbus left behind. The Dominicana blends modern comfort with an air of traditional Dominicana, bringing the old and the new together at prices that don't spoil the trip.

Come to Loews Dominicana. Where you can swim up to the bar. Play tennis on championship courts. Enjoy a cocktail on the veranda of the Mariposa Terrace, then dine in the country home atmosphere of La Casa.

And when you come to Loews Dominicana, bring the American Express® Card. It's as welcome as you are.

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.℠

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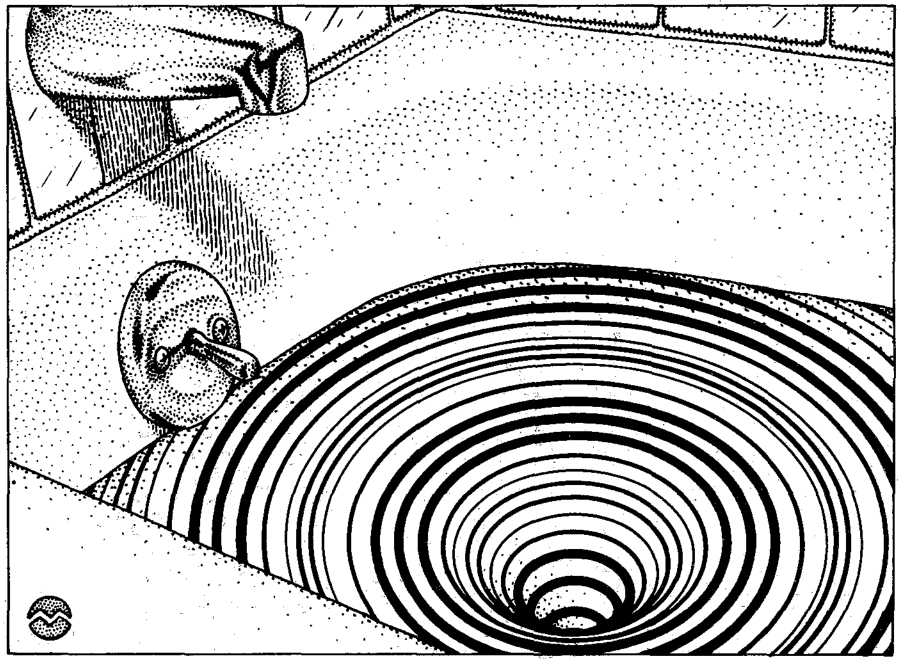
Movies / Molly Haskell

HOKEY HITCHCOCK

"... *High Anxiety* is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when not being terribly funny at all..."



In an odd stroke of fate, the opening of Mel Brooks's **High Anxiety** coincided almost to the hour with the death of Charlie Chaplin, as if the current contender for the crown were offering us a gift to console us for the loss of the greatest comic performer of them all. It is reassuring that the spirit of comedy is so boisterously alive, even if mixed with the reassurance is a painful reminder that the "art" of comedy is less an art than it was half a century ago, in the hands of Chaplin and Keaton, and more of a manic, hit-or-miss roller-coaster ride. The Ecole de Mel Brooks, or the bulging-eyes-and-bosom school of humor, represented this season by the master and his spinoff, Gene Wilder (*The World's Greatest Lover*), is closer in spirit to the cruder forms of silent slapstick which Chaplin superseded (and to which his own subtle refinements seemed vastly superior).

The current news, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that *High Anxiety* is 100 percent pure (i.e., impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all.

This collage/*hommage* to Alfred Hitchcock is to the master of suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western and *Young Frankenstein* was to the horror film and *Silent Movie* was to silent comedy: an affectionate send-up whose best scene—a musical-comedy routine—has nothing whatever to do with the genre spoofed or the rest of the movie.

High Anxiety is best described as a compilation film in which famous bits and pieces and visual conceits from the ten most familiar Hitchcock films have been shuffled, crossbred, and rewritten and restaged with Jewish punch lines. The central punch line is Brooks himself as the half-natty, half-nutty Dr. Richard Thorndyke, the man who knows too little about the Psychoneurotic Institute for the Very, Very Nervous he has been summoned to head, and whose vertigo makes him a particularly unsuitable administrator of this cliff-hanging retreat. A cross between the Mt. Carmel convent in *Vertigo* and the sanitarium in *Spellbound* (with window frames casting cobweb shadows), the institute is run as a sort of kinky West Coast Manderley, with Cloris Leachman as Judith Anderson with a whip and Harvey Korman as a George Sanders in chains. As the distressed daughter of one of their wealthy prisoners (played by Albert J. Whitlock, who was Hitchcock's matte specialist—one of the film's few "in" references), Madeline Kahn materializes in Eva Marie Saint blond wig, Kim Novak gray suit, carrying herself (with considerably more difficulty) with Grace Kelly gentility.

There's only one catch: The Hitchcock quotations are just that—fond references rather than luxuriant gags. With one or two notable exceptions (a blow-by-blow, drop-by-drop restaging of the *Psycho* shower sequence, with printer's ink for blood), the citations elicit the milder laughter of recognition without increasing our appreciation of Hitchcock, whose own precipices of terror and anxiety are not only terrifying, and not only funnier than the psychological foothills of Mel Brooks, but far crazier than anything in *High Anxiety*. I suppose one irreducible difference between an original artist and his parodist is that the original takes all the risks—including the ridicule—which the parodist exploits. Brooks's project is safe: He imagines vertigo while sitting in an armchair.

The film's high points have nothing to do with Hitchcock, i.e., the appearance, unrecognizable at first, of Cloris Leachman, looking like the hunchback of Notre Dame with the hunchback in front. The best and most surprising moment is Brooks's rendering of the theme song in a piano bar, suggesting a semi-straight mixture of Merv Griffin, Henny Youngman, and Frank Sinatra.

The low points all deal with locker-room sex—tired jokes, old jokes, and gratuitous obscenities that make one long for the euphemisms and ingenious circumlocutions necessitated in the bad old days by the Production Code.

On the technical side, Brooks has concocted some charming rib ticklers for the aficionado of camera movement: an insatiably curious traveling camera crashing through a pane of glass to approach a conspiring couple; the camera spying on the couple from under a glass coffee table, playing hide-and-seek with the tea service. Other

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> "...There is an exciting sense of rapport between the two leads in *The Gauntlet*..."

gags—Kahn in Saint Laurent monogrammed car and matching jumpsuit—are expensive without being funny.

There is nothing wrong, in itself, with the episodic form. Film comedians usually work in sketches, but what sustains our interest between gags, and what *High Anxiety* lacks, is the compelling charismatic figure of the comedian himself. As a performer, Brooks is ambiguous, neither entirely comical nor quite serious. Close your eyes and you hear the rich baritone voice of a leading man; open them and you see—what? A character out of Malamud or Bellow. But behind the elusiveness of the actor is the whirring and scheming mind of the emcee. Brooks's genius is in creating an assortment of comic types out of his head, his memory, and his feeling for old movies and fellow actors. If only his menagerie would serve him instead of striking out on their own.

Take Gene Wilder. A manic figure, bearable only in small doses, he has grown progressively less funny since *The Producers,* and his bid for comic-romantic stardom in **The World's Greatest Lover** is simply excruciating, like one of those nightmares of embarrassment from which one hopes to awaken much relieved. His previous film, *The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Younger Brother,* had at least a premise to sustain it, but this early-days-of-Hollywood comedy about a bug-eyed barber who becomes a major studio's answer to Valentino is weak even in that lackluster genre. The influences on Wilder—Mel Brooks, Danny Kaye, Jerry Lewis, Harpo Marx, Marty Feldman, Federico Fellini—are not a happy mix, yet none makes me squirm as Wilder does. It's not the mugging I object to, nor the slapstick, but the combination of aggressive whimsy, lewdness, and grotesque romanticism, converging to create a situation that is heavy and sticky and sweet, like drowning in rose water.

The credibility gap in **Telefon** begins as a mere crevice: A garage mechanic receives a telephone call; a voice on the other end quotes Frost; the man gets in his car, goes off, and blows up an abandoned arms factory. The gap widens a bit when we are taken into the inner sanctum of the KGB and asked to accept Charles Bronson as the brightest and best mind in Soviet intelligence. It widens into a chasm when Bronson arrives at a Canadian airport and is met by fluffy Lee Remick as a commie zealot spy.

The premise of Don Siegel's new movie, adapted from a novel by Walter (*Twilight's Last Gleaming*) Wager, is outrageous, but possibly just crazy enough to work. Briefly, a bunch of Soviets, trained and hypnotized during the cold war, have been substituted for dead Americans. They are programmed to sabotage American explosives factories when someone with the right phrase pulls their mental trigger.

These victims of time warp, Reds passing as red-necks, have an eerie fascination which is more than can be said for anyone else in the picture. If the CIA bureaucrats are the usual cardboard villains, the leads are hardly more interesting under Siegel's direction. The post-cold-war spy has long since become the casualty of his own discredited profession, and Siegel does nothing to rescue him from absurdity.

The plot of Clint Eastwood's new movie is, if you can believe it, even more implausible—as riddled with holes as the various shelters and vehicles in which a fleeing Eastwood and Sondra Locke find themselves under mass attack. **The Gauntlet** (directed by Eastwood from a script by Michael Butler and Dennis Shryack) is yet another paranoid fantasy of a man and a woman squeezed between two superpowers, in this case the mob and the Phoenix–Las Vegas police forces. But there is an exciting and funny sense of rapport between the two leads. Eastwood is a man with a foot in two worlds: the traditional action genre of the lone cowboy or cop and—more and more frequently—the modern, sexually charged drama of patriarchy under siege.

Ironically, it was Don Siegel who helped crystallize the Eastwood persona as the tough, introverted cop in *Dirty Harry.* Under his own direction Eastwood seems to be mellowing gracefully and relaxing into something resembling a team player. Sondra Locke, coarse, witty, and wonderfully improbable as a Las Vegas hooker with a B.A., is superb and several steps ahead of the credulous lug of a cop in whose custody she finds herself. She has also been allowed to talk back to Eastwood, or to present—implicitly—a case for equal rights and equal respect to the man who is known, with an increasingly self-mocking glint in his eye, as Macho Harry. ■

Wine/Alexis Bespaloff

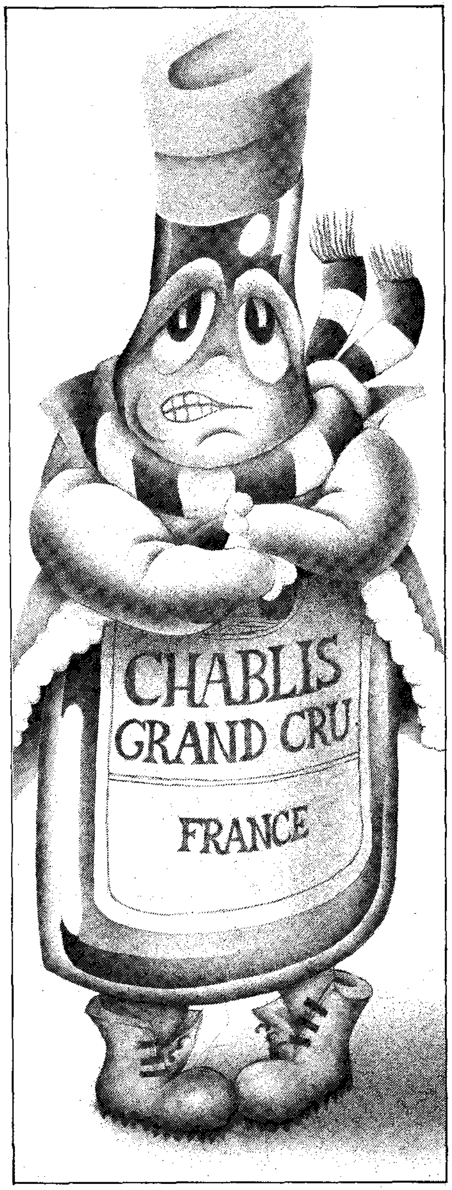
CHABLIS: DRY, WHITE, AND CLASSIC

"...Chablis has more body than Pouilly-Fuissé and an austere, more clearly defined character. And yet it costs $1 to $2 less..."

The best-known white wine in the world is probably Chablis—mainly for the wrong reasons. As it happens, a number of wine-producing countries, including the United States, can label any white wine "Chablis," since the appellation (like "Sauternes" and "Champagne," for example) is not fully protected. Chablis has, in fact, become such a salable name in this country that a number of California wineries market a "Pink Chablis," and it is even possible to find a "Chablis Rouge" and a sparkling Chablis. True Chablis from France is a specific and distinctive wine. It is produced in strictly delimited vineyards that encircle the village of Chablis, situated about 110 miles from Paris. Although considered a part of Burgundy, the vineyards of Chablis, surrounded by wheat fields, are somewhat isolated: Chablis is 80 miles northwest of Beaune and 130 miles from the vineyards of Pouilly-Fuissé, the wine with which Chablis is most often linked.

Most shippers' Chablis costs $1 to $2 less than their Pouilly-Fuissé, and this difference has always irritated the growers of Chablis. Whereas most Burgundy shippers consider Chablis to be a classic white wine, many consider Pouilly-Fuissé, whose vineyards are situated in the Mâcon district of southern Burgundy, to be not much more than a good Mâcon Blanc. The fame of Pouilly-Fuissé, whose annual production generally ranges from 250,000 to 350,000 cases, is attributed to the American market, and shippers find it amusing that American consumers take the wine seriously and think of it as a classic white Burgundy. They find it less amusing that American demand for this wine has made it three or four times more expensive than Mâcon Blanc and 50 percent more expensive, at the property, than Chablis.

Chablis has, compared with Pouilly-Fuissé, more body, somewhat more acidity, and an austere, more clearly defined character. Pouilly-Fuissé is an agreeable wine which has, at its best, fruit and appeal, but which lacks depth or distinction.



Considering the fame of Chablis, it's surprising to discover that, until fifteen years ago, average production was only around 115,000 cases. (The Beaujolais crop, for example, amounts to 8 million to 10 million cases a year.) Chablis, being so much farther north than the rest of Burgundy, is subject to spring frosts that, in the past, reduced the crop three years out of four. In 1957 the frost damage was so severe that fewer than 10,000 cases of this world-famous wine were produced. Some growers decided to experiment with primitive frost-control devices. Metal pails filled with fuel oil were set out between the rows of vines; when the temperature fell below a certain level, the oil would be set on fire to warm the air above the vines. The first such *chaufferettes* were set up in 1958, but there was no frost that year. Spring frosts occurred in 1959, however, and the protected vineyards were not harmed, a phenomenon that convinced other growers that they should adopt similar devices.

Then, as now, when temperatures get dangerously low—always during the night—a lookout sounded the alarm with a siren mounted on the town hall, and most of Chablis' 2,000 inhabitants rushed out to the vineyards. In 1960 there were three successive nights of frost, and, as one grower recalls, "if there had been a fourth night of frost, there would have been no crop that year—we didn't have the strength to stay up another night." One result was the adoption of more sophisticated frost-control equipment that required less hand labor. More significant, the people of Chablis realized they could combat frost, and they began to replant vineyards that had been abandoned since the nineteenth century. Twenty years ago there were 1,500 acres of vineyards in Chablis; today 3,500 acres are planted in vines. The average production for the past five years has been about 600,000 cases, and it's likely that in the next abundant vintage Chablis will produce a million cases. In ironic contrast, a single California winery such as Almadén probably sells more than a million cases of "Mountain Chablis" every year.

The vineyards of Chablis, which are planted entirely in the classic Chardonnay grape of Burgundy, produce wines with four different appellations. The principal appellation seen on labels is, of course, "Chablis," which accounts for about half the production. The highest appellation, "Chablis Grand Cru," is limited to only seven vineyards: Les Clos, Valmur, Grenouille, Vaudésir, Les Preuses, Bougros, and Blanchot. About 30 individual vineyards are entitled to the appellation

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"Chablis Premier Cru," of which the ones most often seen in New York are Montée de Tonnerre, Fourchaume, Vaillons, and La Fôret. It's not necessary for the consumer to remember individual vineyard names, since the words "Grand Cru" and "Premier Cru" are always prominently displayed on the label. "Petit Chablis" is the least interesting of the Chablis appellations, as the wines come from vineyards on the outskirts of the district. These lighter-bodied wines are attractive when young but don't retain their appeal much beyond a year. What's more, the price of Petit Chablis in recent years has been almost as high as that of Chablis, so it is not often imported into this country. A *premier cru* Chablis sells in barrel for about 15 or 20 percent more than a Chablis, and *grand cru* wines sell for double what Chablis does. The reason is only partly that they are produced in favored sites: There are only 250 acres of *grand cru* vineyards, and no more can be planted, so one is paying as much for scarcity as for quality. (An acre of vineyard in Chablis costs about $8,000 today; an acre of a *grand cru* vineyard, if you can find one for sale, costs about $20,000.)

The price spread of Chablis appellations on retail shelves here is not quite so great. Most examples of Chablis cos $5 to $6; *premiers crus* are $6 to $7; and *grand cru* Chablis now costs $7 to $9 Chablis is a popular wine and is available from many different producers. Inevitably, there are badly made examples to be found, as well as others that are rather ordinary and that do not display the distinctive characteristics for which the wine is known. I recently tasted about 50 examples of Chablis available in stores around town at prices from $4.50 to $9. My impression is that the producer—whether it's a grower who bottles his own wines or a shipper who buys from various growers—and the vintage are more important than the wine's appellation. That is, a well-chosen Chablis from one producer may be a better wine than a *grand cru* Chablis from a poor supplier or from a lesser vintage. I also feel that among shippers, those located in Chablis itself seem to bottle better wines than do many French shippers who market a full range of wines and whose Chablis are often undistinguished.

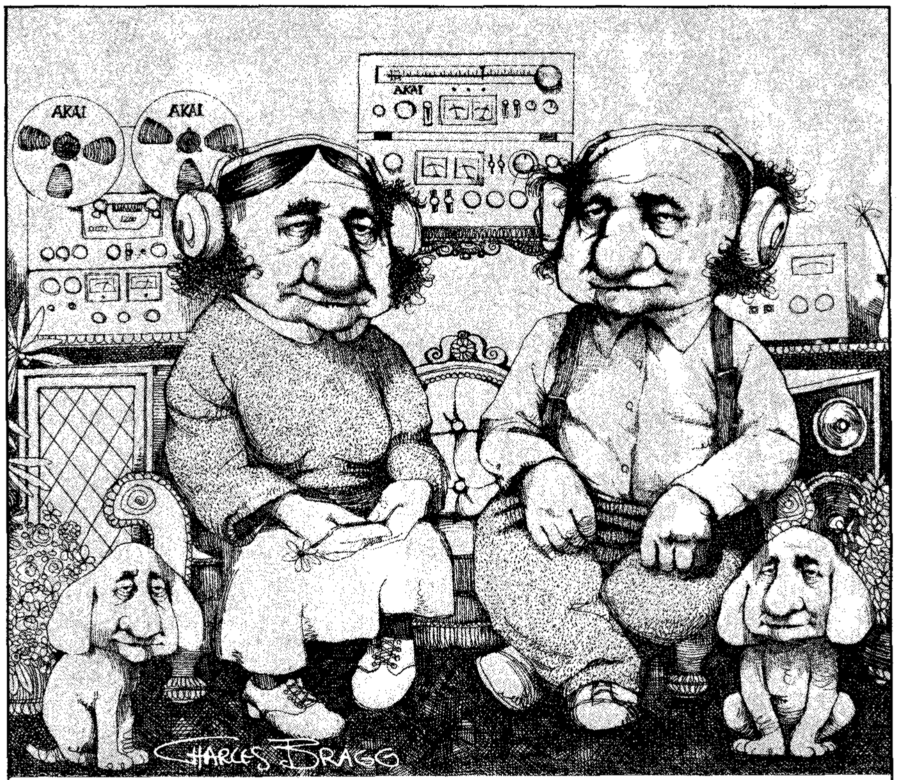
The wines I tasted were all from the four most recent available vintages, from 1976 back to 1973. As it happens, vintages in Chablis do not correspond exactly to those for other white Burgundies. The excellent weather conditions in 1976 that resulted in fine white Burgundies in Meursault and Puligny-Montrachet, for example, produced, in Chablis, wines that are a bit too full and too round, without their typical acidity. The Chablis of Pic ($5.98), the Montmains of Regnard ($6.98), and the Montée de Tonnerre of Josselin ($5.99) are good examples of the softer style of the 1976 vintage, as are two 1976 wines from Moreau, their Chablis ($5.45) and the bigger Valmur ($8.95).

The late-summer rains in 1975 that affected white Burgundies did not occur in Chablis, and this vintage is better in Chablis than it is farther south around Beaune. These wines have a more typical acidity and definition, although some examples are a bit hard. The 1975 Chablis of Sichel ($6.49), the Fourchaumes of Dupas ($6.50), Montée de Tonnerre of Regnard ($6.49), Vaillon of Moreau ($6.75), Montmains of Josselin ($5.39), Les Clos of Domaine de la Maladière ($7.75), and especially Les Clos of Robert Vocoret ($7.49) are good examples.

The 1974 wines were not a success in Chablis—late rains caused a dilution of character and bouquet. In addition, many wines have a somewhat green, unripe quality that makes them too acid, even for Chablis. This vintage is widely available today, and I tasted nearly twenty examples, but even the best of them—La Fôret of Robert Vocoret ($4.99), Les Clos of Moreau ($7.25), and Les Vaillons of Moillard ($5.69)—do not stand up to good examples of 1975.

The 1973s are considered pretty good in Chablis, and there are still some 1973s around, but many have begun to show signs of age. The 1972s were particularly acid and disagreeable in Chablis; the 1971s were one of the best recent vintages, but I found no examples of either vintage on retail shelves.

Although a number of 1976 Chablis are already here, many more will arrive in the next two or three months, and they are likely to be expensive. Even today, the Chablis vineyards are not completely immune to severe frosts. Sudden cold weather in April of last year reduced the 1977 crop; and even more important, the quality of that crop is not considered up to the level of 1976 and 1975. As a result, the cost of 1976 Chablis at the vineyard nearly doubled in less than a year, and the retail prices here of several labels have already increased 10 to 20 percent in the past three months. Fortunately, the 1976 and 1975 vintages provide many good examples of this wine, but it is probable that in the months ahead there will be less Chablis available, and it is certain that what there is will cost more. ▬



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Music / Alan Rich

WANDERING MINSTREL GETS INTO FAST COMPANY

"...The major motivation in the Met's new *Tannhäuser* seems to be to get the curtain down without having to pay overtime..."

In the lobby of the Metropolitan Opera, the librettos being hawked for **Tannhäuser** are of the 1845/47 Dresden version. On the stage, the new production is of the 1861 Paris revision. The textual differences are vast. Here, in microcosm, are the confusions that foredoom any attempt to make any notable sense out of Wagner's sprawling, wildly uneven music drama, its moments of piercing beauty and its hours of crushing tedium. The Met's new production, visually handsome and, now and then, musically eloquent, still cannot surmount these problems.

The Met's previous version (1953, last given in 1966) used the Dresden score, from which now only the overstock of librettos remains. The decision to replace this with Paris was well advised; the later score, with its extensive rewriting in all three acts—a much rethought Venusberg scene, some cuts in the Act II songfest, and a drastically changed denouement—is now generally accepted as preferable. The best available recording (London 1438, conducted by Solti) also follows this version. Dramatically superior though it be, the later score has its own problems. Wagner in 1861, with the score of *Tristan* already completed, could not easily return to the exuberant vulgarity of his earlier style. Like so many other examples of early operas reworked by their more mature composers (Verdi's *Macbeth* for one), the "final" *Tannhäuser* presents its performing forces with massive stylistic contradictions, obstacles surmountable by only the most exquisite skill.

This, alas, has not come to pass at the Met. Gifted and imaginative young conductor though he be, James Levine is clearly out of his element in this score. His orchestral command is, as always, beyond reproach. Yet, the sounds he produces are harsh; the string tone, in particular, is at times thick and vulgar. His tempi—most of all in the huge ensembles that end the first two acts—are so rash that the sense of line all but vanishes. The dominating motivation, I cannot help but suspect, seems to be to get the curtain down before overtime must be paid. Some extensive cuts might have better served this purpose.

Nor can much better be said of his cast. In the matter of range, if not necessarily of content, Tannhäuser is the most heroic of Wagner's heldentenor roles, and James McCracken must constantly resort to unpleasant register breaks to manage the role's demanding compass. Leonie Rysanek still has the eloquence of spirit for Elisabeth, but she, too, is now forced to make some sacrifices, mostly of diction and—at least on opening night—several times of accurate pitch. There is some elegant work by lesser cast members—notably Bernd Weikl, a splendid new Wolfram, and Grace Bumbry, a bewitching Venus—but, overall, little that could justify the work expended to animate this hulking corpse of an opera.

Yet, this new *Tannhäuser* has, for those who value the score, much to attract. The sets of Günther Schneider-Siemssen are handsome to behold: a Venusberg grotto out of Puvis de Chavannes, a lovely outdoor set in which one can almost smell the fresh earth, a marvelous frescoed atrium for the Wartburg (bathed in Gil Wechsler's radiant daylight, so why, then, confuse the lighting with follow spots?). Patricia Zipprodt's costumes, basic medieval robes and shmattas, embrace a splendid range of color. Otto Schenk's direction, which for *Tannhäuser* has to consist mostly of moving masses of people around out of each other's way, is prevailingly sensible and graceful. Norbert Vesak's Venusberg Bacchanale choreography is decently sexy, although I cannot speak for all of it. That is because on opening night the Met's management, in an expenditure of insanity unique even at this house, allowed the seating of latecomers just as the overture merged into the ballet and the curtain rose, thus blocking the view of the stage for several minutes.

John Corigliano's **Clarinet Concerto**, which the Philharmonic introduced last month, may not have been the best new work I heard all season, but it certainly was the most fun. The son of the Philharmonic's late concertmaster (and, at 39, still able to pose for sexy beefcake photographs for *After Dark*), Corigliano hasn't, in his music, outgrown the effects of great pampering. His new piece has certain smart-alecky superficialities, but it is also written with great skill. The finale is a real rouser: huge, controlled outbursts of blooie-blooie on the stage, fleeting fragments of well-known early pieces, and some blasts from brass and winds perched in balconies around the hall. The first movement, consisting mostly of tricky cadenzas for the soloist (here, the Philharmonic's own Stanley Drucker), is a compendium of modernistic pseudo-serial clichés, but the slow movement—a memorial to Corigliano's father—is a long, sustained elegy of considerable beauty. For all the reservations I have long entertained, Corigliano here demonstrates a growing ability to let his music flow, naturally and powerfully, off a stage and into a large hall. There haven't been many new pieces this year greeted with the cheers I heard on that night at Fisher Hall.

I would certainly hope that Corigliano, with all his faults, holds a clearer view of our symphonic future than do the people responsible for the **Star Wars Concert** recently presented at

Illustrated by Paul Degen

the Minskoff Theater. Here we had the American Symphony (meekly conducted by Richard Hayman) playing some movie or movie-ish music (the first two minutes of *Zarathustra,* three sections of Holst's *The Planets,* and suites from John Williams's scores for *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*) through the theater's horrible amplification system, accompanied by a laser-created light show consisting mostly of dancing lines and mirror-ball flickers shot against scrims and against the architectural busyness of the theater's ceiling. The music and the lights didn't match, nor did the event match the proscenium format of the theater. There is a potential art form suggested by all this, but it will require at least two elements lacking in this show: artistic coordination between light man and composer, and a proper auditorium—something like a planetarium, perhaps. The only thing I learned from the concert was that movie-music composition today seems to have migrated from Tchaikovsky to Elgar for its source of inspiration. Tickets to this 75-minute concert sold for a $15 top; next door, at the Astor Theater, you could have seen all of *Star Wars,* with much better effects, for $4. The audience soon caught on; there was much booing.

I have felt for years that the only salvation for New York's Gilbert-and-Sullivan famine lay with the Village Light Opera Group, and the company's **Mikado** last month confirmed that belief. It was a joyous, altogether lovely (and loving) event, done with just enough looseness to gladden nonbelievers without alienating the devout. The VLOG is a semi-pro ensemble, but this doesn't preclude its having first-rate Savoyard singers and actors—in this case, most notably, a wonderful, fearsome Katisha named Jocelyn Wilkes, and a splendid, ardent Nanki-Poo named Marc Beudert (who is, in real life, a buyer at Korvettes). I wish some way could be found to keep this company alive beyond its two productions a year. It has the enthusiasm, the style, and—in the person of Ronald W. Noll—the musical direction that deserve a more active place in this city's musical life.

Question, while we're on the subject: Given the condescension, the campiness, the offensive updating and general trashing in its approach to an elegant artwork, would Covent Garden's new **Fledermaus** have been more artistically responsible if it hadn't been prepared for American commercial television? I'm only asking.

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CONTINUOUS CONSUMPTION AT THE BRASSERIE

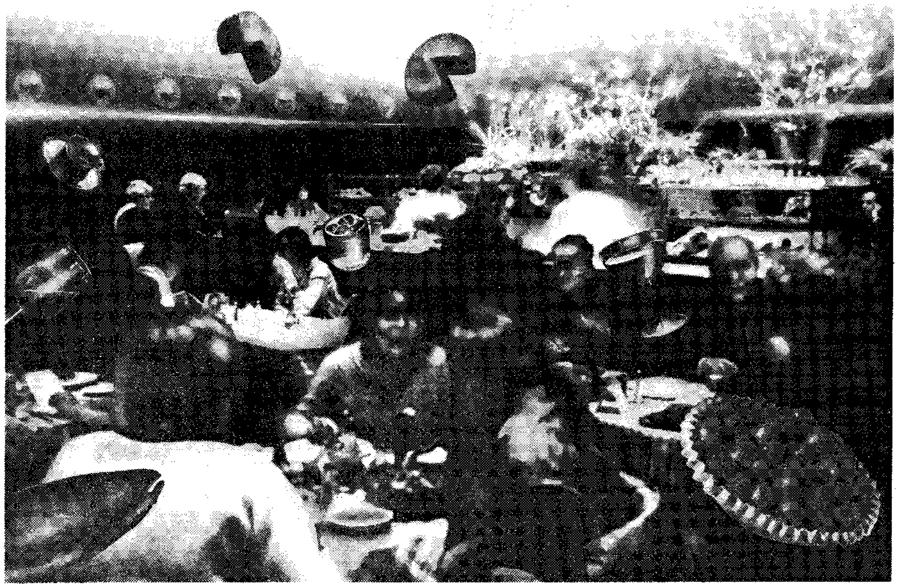
"...There is much to see at the Brasserie during the suicide shift: repentant inebriates, the exhausted in boots and tuxes..."

When the Brasserie was introduced to New York, in 1959, it finally became possible in this city for a suffering insomniac to surrender cheerfully to his affliction, get into something comfortable, and taxi to a steak and a bottle of wine at three o'clock in the morning. (The Brasserie, as almost everyone knows, never closed and never closes.) Not only was there food to eat and drink to drink on East 53rd Street while most of the city slept, but a lot to see as well. Instead of counting sheep, the hard-of-sleeping could count night people—they flowed through the revolving doors and down the brass-balustraded stairs in variety, in the good spirits of that day, in throngs. The middle of the night had been waiting for this place since Repeal.

The early-morning crowd came from Broadway, Carnegie, and the Garden, from charity balls at the Waldorf and the night shift at the post office, from Third Avenue saloons and spent poker games. Never had democracy worked so well. Chinchillas waited in line behind Persian lamb, chesterfields behind mackinaws. Though there were no tables out on the street, this was New York's closest to a European café, not only in the colorful diversity of its clientele but also in the plain decency of the food. The onion soup was a small meal in a big bowl, the choucroute a civilized tour through meaty gluttony. The plump and crusty sandwiches were a reminder that good bread was a legitimate component thereof. Wine was a casual thing. You could order dessert and coffee and not be sneered at. You could read a paper and fiddle with a couple of drinks through changes of the season without being hustled, for the largely French floor staff had not yet absorbed the local obsession with turnover. The Brasserie was the antecedent of the easy-going eating and drinking that have become New York's predominant restaurant style. Supper after the theater, instead of dinner before, traces back to the Brasserie, as does the pub and bistro craze, as does the decline in New York restaurant stuffiness. If you no longer need a jacket that matches your pants to get a plate of pedestrian food at "21," the sanity of that situation derives at least in part from the spectacular popularity the Brasserie enjoyed from the day it opened. The vote was in. Food tastes better when you loosen your collar.

Unfortunately the progenitor of all this liberation has not maintained its position, as they say, of leadership. The populace may have opted for open-necked shirts, but it would take at least nudity, dorsal and frontal, to alleviate some of the Brasserie's current second-rate dishes. The place is not as bad as many say it is these days, but its original appeal—tasty food from the top to the bottom of its various menus—has been riddled; and, accordingly, its secondary attraction—an around-the-clock parade of colorful customers—has been thinned and somewhat grayed-off. But if you expect of this restaurant only what it still does well, you will find it, on occasion, an indispensable institution: a place that always takes you in, feeds and waters you decently, leaves you alone.

To begin at the beginning (which is to say at three o'clock in the morning), your yellow cab drops you off at the familiar canopy on the north side of the Seagram Building, where you are greeted by a gent who sells early-morning flowers to those who are giddy and susceptible when the stars are out. You pass him by, knowing there are nosegays in Perrier bottles on the tables inside, and enter the front room, which is big and brown, low-ceilinged and softly lighted. It is brightened by the dozens of red-and-white-checked cloths that drape the rows upon bustling rows of tables. Off to your left, as you descend the stairs, is the massive rectangular dining counter, the island within it surmounted by festive displays—autumn leaves in October, bunting for the Fourth of July—that are changed a little less frequently than their themes or states of disintegration call for. The two small dining rooms at the back are adorned with photographic murals of Paris street scenes; the smaller of them has baubles of neon tubing on the walls as well, like futuristic sconces. You sit comfortably, in captain's chairs or deep banquettes. And the service is good these days. The place is patrolled by an international brigade of waiters and waitresses in red, white, and blue, almost all of whom gild their English with the accents of a more musical first language. They know the menu, and they understand their jobs: to find out what you want and bring it.



Illustrated by Mary Anne Shea

Begin, at 3 A.M., with some raw clams. They sell a lot of them here, so they are usually fresh, sweet enough to have with nothing added but lemon and a few grindings of black pepper. The kitchen will, if you are fool enough to permit it, convert them into clams casino by the admixture of a tasteless breading and the application of heat, which is a minor desecration that might be justifiably committed against the shrimps instead, for the cocktail de crevettes is picturesque and nothing more, the pink-tipped shrimps having been boiled to anonymity. It is assumed that your difficulties with the sleeps preclude a fear of bad dreams, so you might even start with the snails. These are far from spectacular escargots, but they are plump and tender, they are packed into shells with butter that has been fortified with much fresh garlic and made fragrant and green with newly chopped parsley, and the sturdy French rolls served here are good vehicles for the pools of that butter you will find in your plate after you have dispatched your snails. The steak you have been building up to is of good, if not prime, beef; it is usually tender, accurately prepared, handsomely crusted; and it is served with an ample mound of French fries—long, slender strands of prettily goldened potatoes, slightly crisp on the outside, moist and tender within; good with salt. Sadly, that description does not always hold, for a serving now and then appears to have been deep-fried at least once too often. Raw meat was served almost nowhere in this city before the Brasserie, but this place promptly popularized steak tartare. It is still made with freshly ground meat here, which is essential; and if you explain to your waiter that you want it prepared with as much oil as it will hold without leaking, and with plenty of mustard and pepper, abundant minced onions and chopped anchovies, and capers galore, it is possible to get a terrific tartare in this place. Season to taste. Eat slowly, for there is much to see here during the suicide shift: repentant inebriates with coffee in one hand, head in the other; the remnants of theater parties having toasted bagels and smoked salmon (eschew) before the bleak drive to Queens; the exhausted, fresh from aerobic conditioning at the local discos, in boots and tuxes, T-shirts and silver pants, prolonging the mood with Mumm's and chocolate cake.

Presently the dawn. Apparently there exists among us a subculture of early-out-of-bedders. They like to get to the office before the elevator starters. If you passed one of them on the street in the middle of the afternoon, you probably wouldn't spot him for a crank, but when the breakfast menu goes on at about 6 A.M., and the gingham comes off the wooden tables, they stroll in. Their shoes gleam, their trousers are pressed to the sharpness of knives, their eyeglasses and cheeks are polished. They snap open their huge, four-section newspapers and fortify themselves for their eighteen-hour days with orange juice that is freshly squeezed; scrambled eggs that are made in butter and arrive as soft or dry as you want them; French toast that is actually made with French bread; rashers of bacon or ham or sausage that are nothing special, though they are nicely grilled; croissants and brioches that are far from the ultimate in airiness, though they are more than decent rolls; good coffee. By seven o'clock the fanatics have left for their desks and the normals come. They read the *News*.

The traditional makings of special weekend brunches are available all week long on the regular breakfast menu. The omelets are big and nicely turned, firm but moist on the outside, runny within. The one called Prince Igor just has dabs of red caviar and sour cream applied to the outside, both of which are merely pathetic little colorings. But you can have a lovely omelet of sweet preserves, a layer of the confiture wrapped in the fluffy eggs, a little pot of extra jam served alongside. Startlingly copious eggs Benedict: three perfectly poached eggs—the yolks barely cooked—on mild ham over toasted English muffins, the whole production under a heavily rich hollandaise that has been decorated with three slivers of black olive as signs of where the eggs are buried. The Saturday and Sunday brunchers include many foreign and domestic tourists. They are puzzled, each group for its own reasons, when the hostess cheerfully wishes them a bun appateet.

Onion soup is the big item at lunchtime. It is not what it once was, but the melted cheese that seals the soup and bread within the pot is genuine Gruyère, browned in the oven until it is almost bubbling, and its solidity and flavor save the dish. The choucroute is even farther from its original self, the slabs of pork bled dry of their meaty substance, the sausages little more than excessively fatted ground meat, the sauerkraut in which all this is buried little more than warm vinegared cabbage. Big business lunches do not take place here. It is the middle-income sensible who keep this place busy at the middle of the day, and they have learned that the daily fish special is always of fresh fish —on occasion whole flounder that are buttered and broiled until they are dark russet brown. The meat that you find beneath is white and flaky, almost fluffy—perfect fish. Once a mad scene at lunchtime, the place is busy nowadays, but never to overflowing, and you can usually get a table as soon as you arrive. Mostly the lunchers are grabbing an hour or two of friendship at the centers of their mechanical business days. Singles in a hurry sit at the counter and have burgers, which are pretty good, especially the garlic bread they are served on and the garnish of well-oiled, spicy ratatouille.

Dinner is not recommended. Not that you cannot assemble a decent meal from what is offered; rather that the place is frequented at this time by grim, determined economizers. They have learned that two can get stuffed, drunk, and away for as little as $25, for *French food*, and *without stiffing*

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the waiter. They are all around you, thinking about how inexpensively they are eating. This gives them a deep—*deep*—sense of accomplishment. You can see by their little eyes that they are continuously computing the economy of it all. It is so cheap that the *Times*, via its system of balancing quality against cost to come up with a rating, could give it nine stars. Ten even.

If you do not mind being surrounded by the obsessively pecunious, the big dinners, none higher than $8.95, commence with crudités that are accompanied by a thin tuna tapenade; proceed through such as a coarse and gamy pâté that is served with a rather thin Cumberland sauce, or an unexceptionable fruit cup or consommé; continue to veal Cordon Bleu, a hefty slice of tender and pale meat, wrapped around strong cheese and tame ham, all breaded and deep fried until the dish takes on an almost violent heartiness; or to "surprise de volaille vigneronne," a solid and creamy stew of well-browned chicken that is served with an amazingly nutty and artfully seasoned purée of chestnuts. You can get those good French fries with these dinners, and you should ask for them instead of the sodden boiled potatoes or croquettes.

For dessert there are good cheeses one night, tired ones the next—your waiter will clue you if you ask. The chocolate mousse is nowhere, but the chocolate cake—called côte de chevreuil—is dark, moist, and deeply flavored of strong chocolate, and it is wrapped in a thick, polished icing that is black and sugary. The Black Forest cake is light and rich, but only half black, dark layers alternating with strata of fluffy whipped cream, the top of the cake studded with candied cherries and strewn with chocolate shavings and powdered sugar. Good fruit tarts, including one made with ripe strawberries that are red and juicy. Coffee, tea, or milk. Most of that good supper menu is also available during dinner.

At one time this establishment served good California wines at reasonable prices in carafes. Now it serves fair stuff from France at $3.95 for half a liter, $5.95 for a full one. A couple of good red wines by the bottle are $9.50, which can undo some of the inexpensiveness of the food here. But at three o'clock in the morning, a steak and a bottle of wine at $20 is still cheap medicine, and there is no charge for the floor show.

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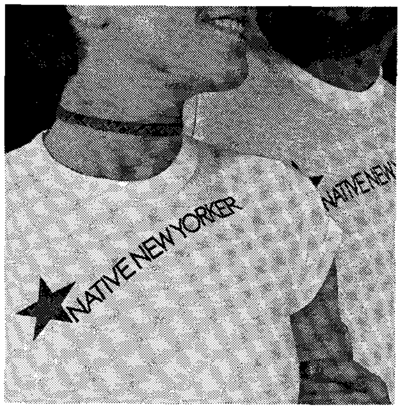

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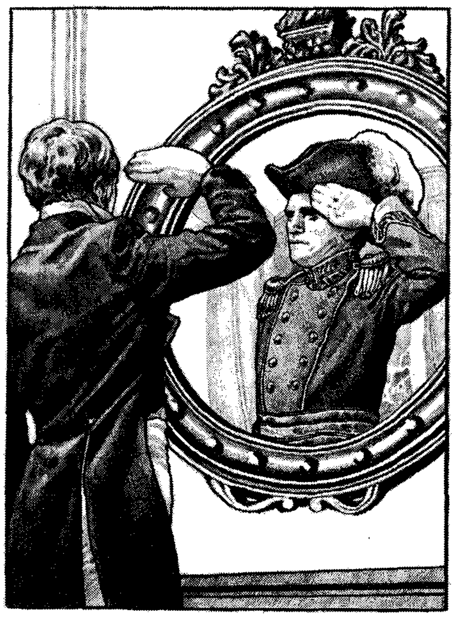
A TOUCH IS BETTER THAN NONE

"... *A Touch of the Poet* is not first-rate O'Neill. Yet even second-best O'Neill commands our attention and our gratitude..."

Thank God for Eugene O'Neill: Without him, this country would not have a single indubitably great dramatist. But this late bloomer did not come into his own until his last phase, and then, sapped by illness, could not execute most of the heroic projects whirling about in his head. Of the great eleven-play cycle of family history—truly a "Making of Americans"—only **A Touch of the Poet** was completed; to it, only *More Stately Mansions,* an accidental survivor, could be added, in a version edited down by other hands. *A Touch of the Poet* is not first-rate O'Neill, and what virtues it has are concentrated in its latter half. Yet even second-best O'Neill commands our attention and, considering what else is around these days, our gratitude.

Cornelius (Con) Melody, a shanty Irishman who rose to something approaching gentility, fought gallantly under Welllington in the Spanish wars, then got himself cashiered for sexual indiscretions. He emigrated to America with Nora, the devoted drudge of a wife whom he scorns as way beneath his station, and Sara, the plucky daughter who has inherited most of Con's pride, and with whom he is locked in a typically O'Neillian love-hate relationship that gives the play most of its bite. Edmund Wilson, great critic that he was, erred when he wrote about O'Neill (in a 1951 letter), "Hate is the only emotion which he is really good at conveying"; actually, it is love-hate. Con now owns a mortgaged, run-down tavern near Boston and lets his women toil for him while he spends what little money there is on his thoroughbred mare that reminds him of past glory; he also likes to regale a bunch of drunken parasites with his aristocratic pretensions and tales of martial and amatory exploits.

Sara, meanwhile, has resolved to marry Simon Harford, a scion of the new Yankee gentry, who happens to be convalescing in an upstairs room. An amateur versifier in mild rebellion against his family's values, he is said to have a touch of the poet. But Con has it even more, reciting snobbish passages from his beloved Byron while preening, often in his old major's uniform, before a mirror. That uniform always comes out on days such as this July 27, 1828, the anniversary of the battle of Talavera, in which he distinguished himself. But this day, too, Con Melody's castles in Spain will crumble through a series of drastic events bringing him into conflict with his daughter, wife, and future in-laws. At last, physically and psychically battered and humiliated, he shoots his mare, throws away his British uniform, and goes back to being a drunken, boisterous, lower-class Irish innkeeper.



What makes the play absorbing is its ambiguity, spinning ever faster, like a juggler's ball. We see Con through various eyes, but mostly through those of Nora, who characteristically hates his noble pose while secretly admiring it, even battening on it. When it collapses, she is stricken rather than relieved. Although illusions are terrible, O'Neill seems to be saying, their disintegration may be worse yet: the death of the soul. This play is clearly indebted to Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, with the Con-Nora relationship echoing that of Hjalmar and Hedvig. The symbolic shootings of the mare and duck are less important parallels than the conflict between the maintenance and dismantling of illusions, in which sense Nora becomes also something of a Gregers Werle, precipitating Con's facing up to reality with results that she comes to regret. Above all, just as in Ibsen, the spectator is drawn into a fruitful consideration of whether truth shall make us free, as the Bible would have it; or whether, as Eliot put it, humankind cannot stand very much reality. For, as in most urgent dramas, even if they are imperfect, a deep question is brilliantly debated, and wisely left unanswered.

If *A Touch of the Poet*—with its lumbering tempo, faltering dialogue, stunted auxiliary characters—is to work on stage, it needs more help from the production than a less lopsided play. It did not get this, however, in its premiere in 1958, nor, for different reasons, does it now. Jason Robards is in many roles (especially O'Neill ones) a spectacular actor, but he isn't Major Melody. One does not believe in his military prowess or in his determined rise to specious respectability. There is too much charm and humor, too much self-irony in this Con for him to have been a conquering soldier or conning climber. A mocking, cerebral turning of actions into an act undercuts the needed steeliness that Eric Portman brought to the part, even if he was lacking in other ways. Robards is good at dash, anger, even ruthlessness, but he cannot sustain them as an obbligato while he puts in the lovable blarney. Still, he must be commended for looking and acting truly shot in the end: a breathing ruin.

Kathryn Walker is magnificent—much better than Kim Stanley was—as Sara, a role O'Neill cogently intended for Patricia Neal, who should have created it. Miss Walker cannily builds up her performance by degrees, not letting the contradictory complexities surface too early; she is also powerfully transfigured by her sexual initiation, and awesomely riven in the end. She does have one unfortunate mannerism (which the director should have checked) of running a few steps forward and promptly backtracking during quarrel scenes, which becomes infantile, but her performance is memora-

Illustrated by Jane Clark

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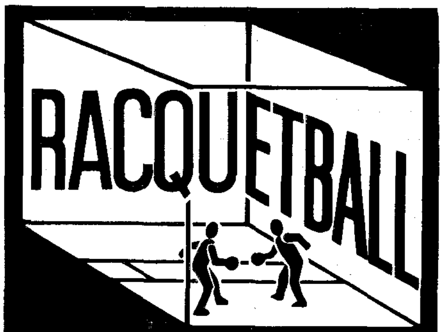

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". . . Miss Shange's *Photograph* is exactly the same drivel as her *Colored Girls* . . ."

ble, and could have been even more so with a flintier Melody to play against. As Nora, Geraldine Fitzgerald satisfies; Milo O'Shea, an actor whom I have liked only once previously, is surprisingly restrained and touching as Con's ex-sergeant, Cregan. In lesser roles, though, only Barry Snider holds his own; the others are poor to—in the case of Betty Miller's Mrs. Harford—distressing. Miss Miller hasn't a clue to what a supercilious, proper, upper-class Boston matron is all about, and her timing is consistently off.

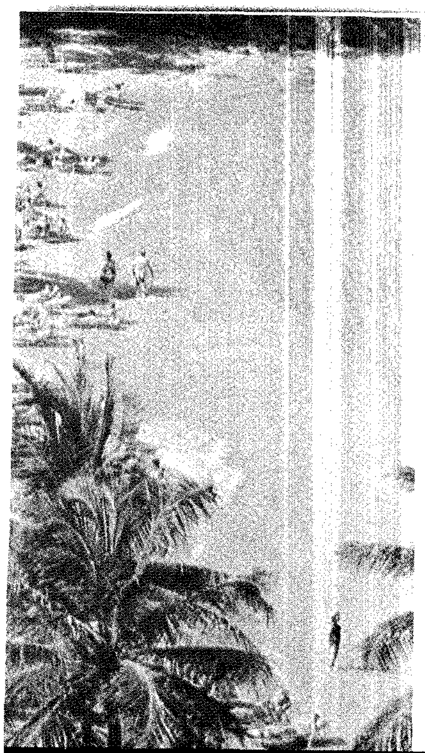
Here, again, stronger direction than José Quintero's could have helped. Although this blocking, generally speaking, is better than his usual, a Quintero staging can never quite shake off that deadly summer-theater look and feel, and is always saved only by the actors. Thus, for instance, Quintero has allowed the set designer, Ben Edwards—a specialist in seediness, and so perfect for this play—to place the important mirror, whose location O'Neill designated elsewhere, in the wings down front, so that Robards must play his grand Byronizing soliloquies mostly to the stagehands. Again, Quintero conventionalizes the minor characters out of what little individuality they might have had. But Jane Greenwood's costumes work, as does Edwards's own lighting. The production, then, though shaky, does not take a pratfall. Do see it; only do not expect to be gripped by it till after the intermission.

A Photograph..., by Ntozake Shange, calls itself a "poemplay." What is a poemplay? Something, evidently, that is neither poem nor play, but hopes that the poetry experts will let it pass as a play, while the drama critics will assume it to be poetry. Actually, it is neither. It is exactly the same drivel as Miss Shange's previous *For Colored Girls* . . . (which, with a similar strategy, called itself a "choreopoem"), so hailed by our gullible reviewers. In neither opus could Shange's "poetry" fool anyone who knows beans about prosody; the second time round, even most of our drama critics weren't deluded. Though *A Photograph* is more of a play (albeit a rotten one) than its predecessor, which was just a bunch of self-indulgent monologues and paltry dancing thrown together pell-mell, the reviewers have duly jumped on it. All it is is the moonings, gripings, and self-aggrandizings of a trivial female dancer called (revealingly!) Michael, the clearly autobiographical heroine-hero whom the author practically loves to death before our very eyes.

Michael lives with Sean David, an insecure and vacillating photographer of talent (one of Miss Shange's favorite ploys is sleazily bad-mouthing black men), while the other characters are women and men in love with Sean David, and all vastly inferior to Michael, though Claire, a bisexual tart, is allowed some street-wise funkiness.

All is inept, absurd, or distastefully tendentious. There is a sort of prologue, for instance, in which Michael daydreams about an imaginary ideal lover that in no way connects with the rest of the play. Nevada, a character who must represent the solid middle-class background against which Shange is frenziedly revolting, is not allowed a shred of dignity. The dialogue is pure paste: "Oh, Michael, Michael, hold on to the hot summer rain . . . Loving me is like being drawn and quartered—I suck misery up like candy . . . I'm going to make our lives so real—so thick, red, and festering. . . ." and oodles more of this glue posturing as nectar. A quasi-flashback to the Vietnam war is sheer derivative, opportunistic posturing. The notion that the gifted Sean David is turned down by galleries and foundations alike because he is black is simply ludicrous. The trouble, rather, may be that a name like Sean David conceals his blackness; perhaps, like the former Paulette Williams, he should have rechristened himself Ntozake Shange, and his worries would have been over.

The poemplays and choreopoems of Ntozake Shange make it only on the knee-jerk liberalism of white producers, critics, and audiences. Actually, "knee-jerk" is the wrong word: The "jerk" component must be lodged in an organ higher than the knee. I wish that the reviewers who gushed over *Colored Girls* and loathed *Photograph* would resee the former; they might now find in it all the obtuseness and obnoxiousness of the latter minus the spell of novelty, which helped take them in. The rest was done by Shange's being both black and a woman—two wronged minorities—so that (as I said in my review of *Colored Girls* in *The New Leader* of July 5, 1976) she so played on twofold guilt feelings that "a superlative flung at her is like a quarter dropped into the hat of a beggar who is also blind, allowing the donor to feel doubly pious." ■



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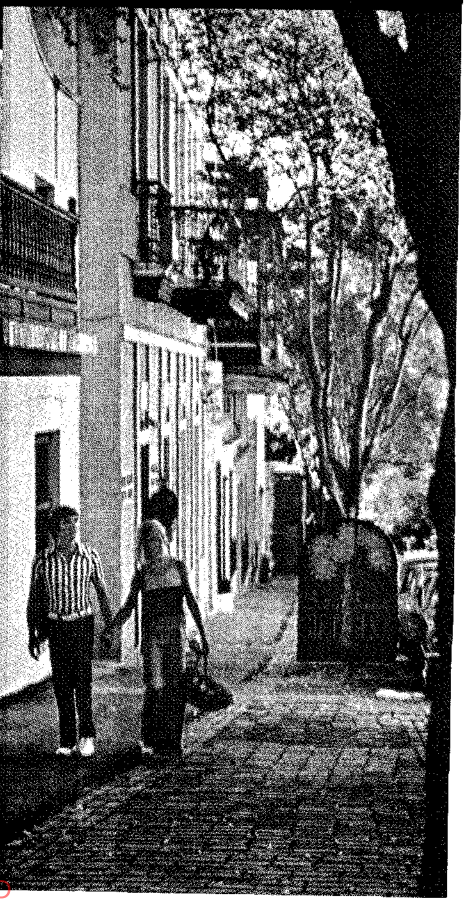
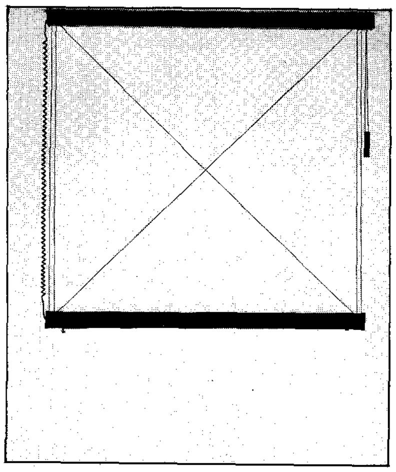


BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern



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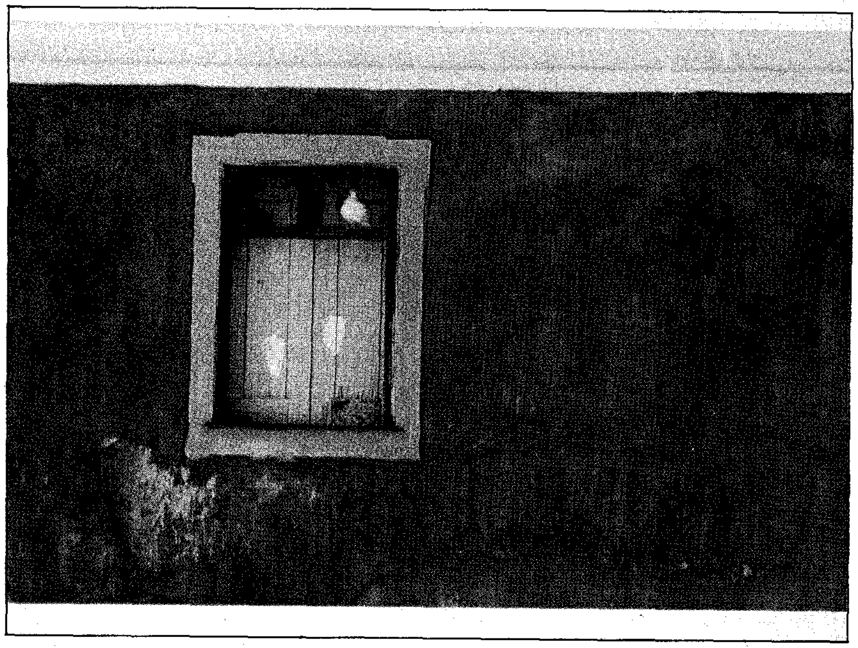


Three for the Show

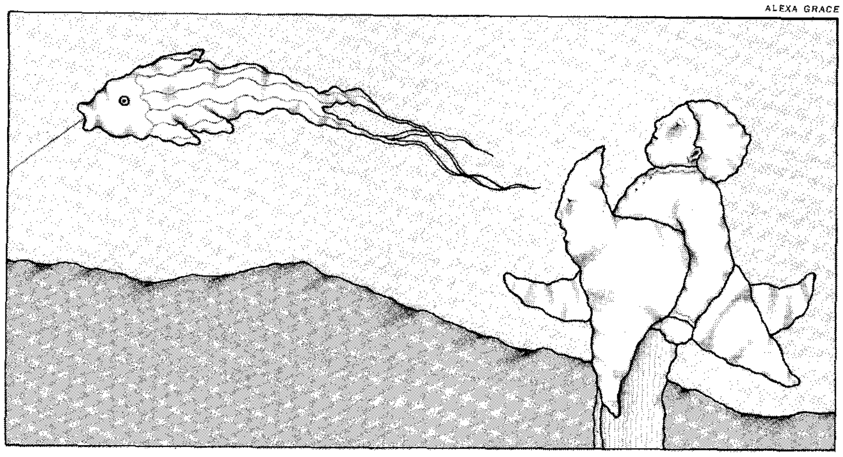
"Jay, Ernst, and I are devoting our lives to color," says Pete Turner. So these three illustrious photographers have just opened a gallery to show their work—all of which is done in the dye-transfer process, which is, Turner explains, as permanent as a color-photograph process can be. "Yes, you can make very cheap prints by a chemical process," he says, "but a few years from now there'd be an awful lot of unhappy people out there." Not so with the dye-transfer lot, one would guess. The quality is astounding. Among the pictures in this first exhibit are some of Ernst Haas's works from *The Creation;* Turner's galloping giraffe, painterly *Road Song,* and detail from a slot machine in Utah; and Jay Maisel's *Bird in Iran,* smoky and green *Florida Forest,* and (above) *Blue Wall With Pigeon,* shot in Portugal. One-man shows will follow.

THE SPACE/*154 West 57th Street/765-1776/By appointment only*

"Kiss Me Again" Again

On Christmas Day, 1905, some New Yorkers celebrated at home; others attended opening night of *Mlle. Modiste* at the Knickerbocker Theater. Victor Herbert's operetta, dealing with Fifi the milliner, who becomes Fifi the opera star—and featuring such songs as "The Mascot of the Troop" and "Kiss Me Again"—was quite a smash. Revived last in 1929, here it is again.

MLLE. MODISTE/*Opens January 18/Eastside Playhouse/334 East 74th Street*

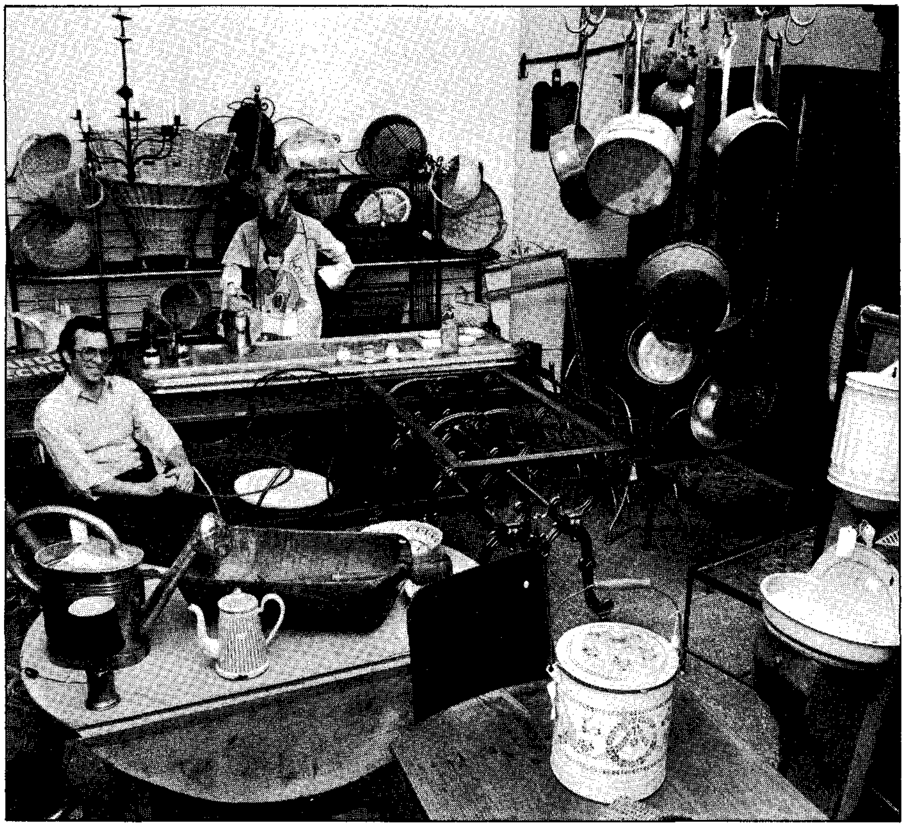


ALEXA GRACE

Pie in the Sky

It's unlikely that Kate Hepburn or Yul Brynner will come to class; they buy their kites ready-made. But for everyone else who cares, Go Fly a Kite is holding a kite-building course: one session for kids, either January 14 or January 21 ($5), three for adults starting January 11 ($15). The curriculum includes dragon kites, Mylar boxes, delta wings, stars. Graduation exercises may be held in the spring, when hands won't freeze.

GO FLY A KITE, INC./*1434 Third Avenue, near 81st Street/988-8885*



MARK KOZLOWSKI

Plain and Francey

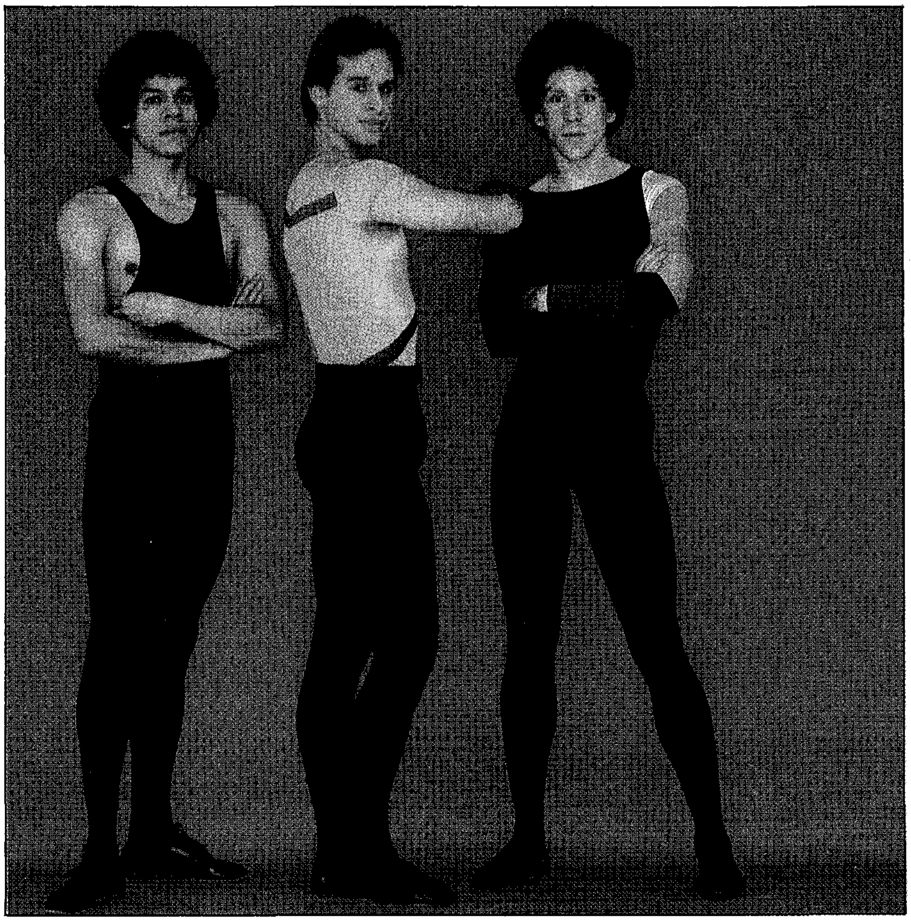
Once, Howard Kaplan redesigned cells at the women's house of detention on Rikers Island. Then he sailed to France. In Normandy, he bought an old water pump, but because he possessed only restaurant French, he got the entire side of the building. He's come a long way since. Now, in a shop the size of a small province—with a painting of a pig from a charcuterie on the rue St. Michel serving as mascot—Howard sells French antiques. Some of them: a double-headed iron butcher's table, circa 1880 ($3,000); a grape picker's basket from Beaujolais ($250); a nineteenth-century squirrel cage ($1,200); a flowery enamel Louis XVI slop bucket ($150); a red-and-orange-onyx Deco sink ($2,800); a splendid pewter-and-oak bar from a restaurant in Les Halles ($12,000); and a heavy, dangling, tole-and-iron double-faced clock from a railroad station ($3,000).

FRENCH COUNTRY STORE/*35 East 10th Street/741-2180*

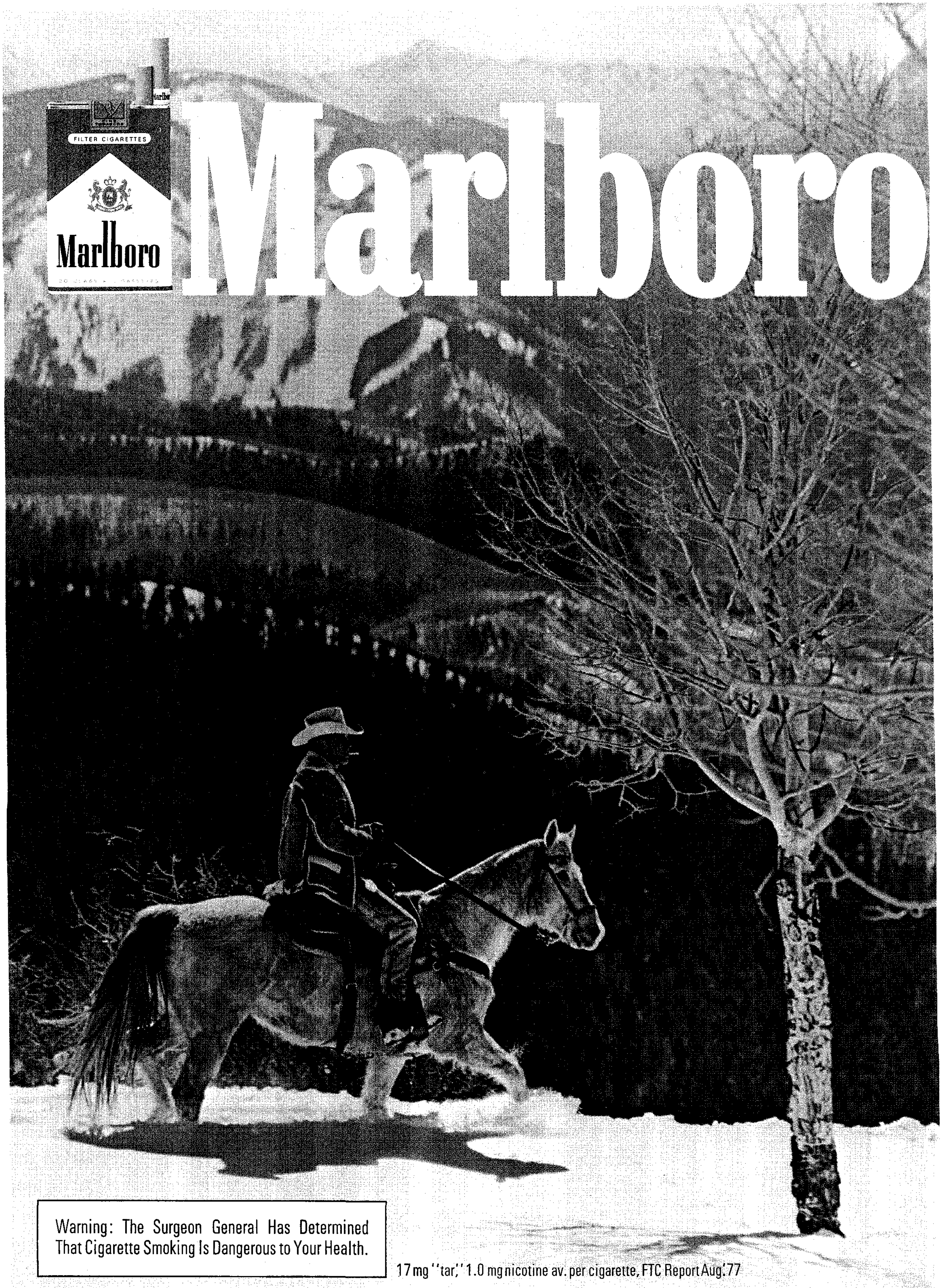
Male Call

Rudi Gernreich's leotards for Capezio Ballet Makers zero in on the culture hero of the decade, the male dancer. There are Gernreich styles for women too (dancing or not), but it is the male styles that are unique, first because Minimalist designer and former dancer Gernreich always starts from the body, instead of from the fashion dictates of the moment, and second because who else even thought of it? The scooped-side tank ($18.50), worn by Alfredo Rico of Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, the lavender leotard with red lightning stripe which snakes around the body from shoulder to thigh ($28), on Thomas Evert of the Paul Taylor Dance Company, and the rainbow-striped sleeve leotard ($28), modeled by Justin Ross of *A Chorus Line*, all look great with jeans too. Of silky Antron nylon and Lycra spandex in nine colors, some of them violent, the leotards are available at all four Capezio stores in the city. **—Priscilla Tucker**

CAPEZIO/*755 Seventh Avenue, at 50th Street; 136 East 61st Street; 177 MacDougal Street; 16 West 61st Street*



ISHIMURO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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 307

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

"It's a boy, Frau Schicklgrüber."

"There's a Mr. Hyde to see you, Madam."

"And you'll be bunking in Dorm Five, Ms. Garbo."

Above, first the bad news. Competitors are invited to provide one example of bad news in fiction or fact, past or present.

Results of Competition 304, in which you were asked for an all too appropriate reply to a question beginning, "Did you read that book on. . . ? "

Report: A huge entry, so right to the repeats: 1. Did you read that book on modesty? 2. Read it? I wrote it! 1. Did you read that book on insomnia? 2. Finished it at 5 A.M. 1. Did you read that book— 2. On ESP? 1. Did you read that book on paranoia? 2. Why do you ask? 1. On sexual excess causing deafness? 2. What? 1. On memory improvement? 2. I think so. On Barnes and Noble? 2. Of course, of course. 1. On levitation? 2. Couldn't put it down. 1. On milk? 2. Skimmed it (or) Condensed version. 1. On suicide? 2. No, dying to. 1. On the women's movement? 2. My husband wouldn't let me. 1. On speed reading? 2. Ys. 1. On the English language by Edwin Newman? 2. No, but between you and I, hopefully I will. 1. On basements? 2. Best-seller. 1. On the CIA? 2. Cover to cover. 1. On the shelf? 2. No, at the library. 1. On the *Titanic*? 2. Fortunately, no. 1. *On the Waterfront*? 2. No, at home. 1. On palindromes? 2. Did I? I did. 1. On procrastination? 2. Not yet. 1. On Watergate? 2. Not to the best of my recollection. 1. Did you read that book on chopped liver? 2. Did *I* read that book on chopped liver?

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Did you read that book on the life of Henny Youngman?
Why, is one missing?
Terri Hallen, Stamford, Conn.
sp. mention: Mark A. Cohen, NYC; Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Did you read that book on snappy comebacks, you jerk?
Yes. . . . Make that no.
Debbie Bennett, Washington, D.C.

Did you read that book on Emperor CLAVDIVS?
Yes, wasn't it FABVLOVS?
Arch Napier, Tucson, Ariz.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Did you read that book on being a good listener?
Oh, look, it's snowing!
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

Did you read that book on Art Fleming?
What is "Yes, Don Pardo, I did"?
Max Gilbert, Long Beach, N.Y.

Did you read that book on the sex life of the pygmy ants of Krakatoa?
Which one?
Margaux McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

Did you read that book on sexism in the office?
No, but I had my girl pick me up a copy on her lunch hour.
similarly: Anne Bernstein, Bronx; Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Did you read that book on hieroglyphics?

Oliver M. Neshamkin, M.D., NYC

Did you read that book on Tyrone Power?
What's a Tyrone?
Evelyn Seltzer, New City, N.Y.

Did you read that book on the anatomy of waterfowl?
Does a duck have lips?
Chuck Stevick, Herminie, Pa.

Did you read that book on self-hypnosis?
Bow wow. Bow wow.
Mitch Gilbert, NYC

Did you read that book on pseudo-sophistication?
Mais oui.
Sandra Steinberg, Silver Spring, Md.
similarly: Phyllis Appell, Brooklyn; Clarence Keller, Bronx

Did you read that book on manners?
Yes—so kind of you to ask.
Fanny K. Costello, Charleston, W. Va.

Did you read that book on the prevention of cruelty to animals?
No, but I plan to as soon as I return from my hunting trip.
Priscilla Isear, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Did you read that book on efficiency in the Postal Service?
No, the copy I ordered last month hasn't come yet.
David Lipman, Silver Spring, Md.

Did you read that book on American education?
No, man, I can't read.
Denise Bouchet, Chicago, Ill.
sp. ment.: Terry D. Kassel, Tenafly, N.J.

Did you read that book on how to get children to eat?
Yes, but it didn't explain how to cook them.
Paula Callan, NYC

Did you read that book on how the rich are different?
I'm waiting for the paperback to come out.
Sal Rosa, NYC
sp. mention: Alan Garelick, Bronx

Did you read that book on improving work habits?
No, but I will after my nails dry—if it isn't five o'clock by then.
Simi Kirschner, Bronx

Did you read that book on the occult?
No, I didn't. And I especially didn't like that chapter on West Indies voodoo rites.
Richard Fried, NYC

Did you read that book on household repairs?
Yes, it's holding up my couch.
T. Abbott Gallagher, NYC

Did you read that book on the superstar?
I consider it my Bible.
Nancy Levitt, St. Louis, Mo.

Did you read that book on clichés?
If you've read one, you've read them all.
Erwin Hack, Wayne, N.J.; M. C. Mandelman, Cedarhurst, N.Y.; Nancy Devereaux, Boston, Mass.; Frank Di Palma, NYC

Did you read that book on phobias?
No, I'm afraid not.
Carly Mary Cady, Los Angeles, Calif.

Did you read that book on squirrels?
No, I put it away somewhere and I can't find it.
Rose Corbett, Long Island City, N.Y.

Have you read that new recipe book by Lady Harlech?
I've read parts of it twice!
John Murchison, Charlotte, N.C.
similarly: Marcia Smiley, North Miami, Fla.

Did you read that book on the Beatles?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Billy Lambiase, Brooklyn; Gil Harris, Brooklyn; Paul L. Gale, Chatsworth, Calif.

Did you read that book on meditation?
No, but I'm thinking about it.
Fred Parker, NYC

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Did you read that book on improving your memory?
What did you say?
Elaine Hetzel, Belle Harbor, N.Y.

Did you read that book on vocabulary building?
Is that the new high rise down the street?
Gene Brown, Hollywood, Calif.

Did you read that book on name dropping?
No, I lent my copy to Jessica and Hume when they were sick and next thing I knew Mike lost it.
Stephen Gelb, Brooklyn
sp. mention: Jeff Baron, Boston, Mass.

Did you read that book on murder for profit?
No, but my widow did.
Glenn T. Boyer, Middletown, N.Y.

Did you read that book on compulsive eating?
Yes, it was delicious.
Faith I. Luber, Newark, N.J.
sp. ment.: Annie Schnur, Copiague, N.Y.

Did you read that book on thinking efficiently—the one which teaches you to focus on the essential meaningful elements of your subject?
You mean that thick book with the yellow cover?
Bernard Morcheles, West Orange, N.J.

Did you read that book on overpopulation?
No, the librarian said that it's on reserve until 1979.
Evelyn Seligman,
Dollard des Ormeaux, Quebec

Did you read that book on exhibitionism?
Yes, I have it here under my raincoat.
Ellen Schreiber, Bronx

Did you read that book on piano playing made easy?
No—but hum a few bars and I'll fake it.
Anne Milton, San Francisco, Calif.

Did you read that book on kangaroos?
1. No, I'm waiting for the pocket edition.
2. No, and at those prices I'm not likely to, either.
1. Judy Hack, Wayne, N.J.
2. Linda Gray, Cambridge, Mass.

Did you read that book on tiresome writing styles?
I walk into Doubleday's. I pick up this book. The flap copy grabs me. I look at the first chapter. . . .
Ernie Norris, Hydes, Md.

Did you read that book on extraterrestrials among us?
We do not know of such a mass-produced transportable lumber-based message. We are from France.
Michael Silver, Orlando, Fla.
similarly: M. & M. Becker, NYC

Did you read that book on how to win friends more easily?
Yes.
Michael Marcus, NYC

Did you read that book on how to carry on more stimulating conversations?
No.
David R. Ammons, Andalusia, Pa.

Did you read that book on footwear through the ages?
Your mother wears army boots.
Rosemary Bascome, Shelter Island, N.Y.

Did you read that book on how to speak French fluently in two weeks?
Si.
B. Moria, Muttontown, N.Y.

Did you read that book on yogurt?
Yes. I borrowed it from Bagwar Tapagua.
P. Sipp, NYC

Did you read that book on how to say no?
Yes.
Richard Nathanson, Jericho, N.Y.

Did you read that book on world records?
Yes—in two hours, 32 minutes, twelve seconds—but I wasn't the first.
Barbara Babich, Orangeburg, N.Y.

Did you read that book on birth control?
Anthony, Sasha, Caroline, Sam, Maureen, Cindy, Max—be quiet. No.
Phyllis Ostrafsky, Brooklyn

Did you read that book on malapropisms?
I caroused it.
Don Wigal, NYC

Did you read that book on identity problems?
Who, me?
Elysa Hartstein, NYC

Did you read that book on the machine age?
No, but if you will leave the title, author, and approximate time of your call . . .
Bonnie Champion, NYC

Did you read that book on being your own best friend?
Yes, we liked it.
Lelia Vincent, Johnston, R.I.

Did you read that book on banking?
I started to, but I lost interest.
Eric C. Landman, Englewood, N.J.

Did you read that book on decision making?
No. Should I?
Helene Levine, Rego Park, N.Y.

Did you read that book on the Academy Awards?
Yes. I want to thank the author and the publisher and bookseller. . . .
Brian Sands, NYC

Did you read that book on the invasion of privacy?
1. None of your business.
2. Yes. I found it in your drawer.
1. John Falxa, NYC
2. Cy Seltzer, New City, N.Y.

Did you read that book on reincarnation?
Yes. The second printing.
John Lockwood, Brooklyn

Did you read that book on Abbott and Costello by Hoo?
Who wrote it?
Right.
What's right?
No, Watt's the publisher, Hoo wrote it.
That's what I want to know—who wrote it?
Yes, he did. . . .

Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

Did you read that book on the metric system?
I wouldn't touch it with a 3.048-meter pole.

Roy Baxter, NYC

Did you read that book on why Johnny can't read?
No, but I think I saw something like that on TV last week.

Brian Plante, Staten Island, N.Y.
similarly: Frank Orenstein, Gardiner, N.Y.; Daniel Kliers, Lido Beach, N.Y.; Sequin's English, Northport High School, Northport, N.Y.

Did you read that book on willpower?
I couldn't put it down.

Sheila Kaplan, Brooklyn

Did you read that book I wrote about unmasking FBI agents in our midst?
I'm sorry to have to do this, but . . .

Chuck Fee, Cambridge, Mass.

Did you read that book on lists?
Yes, and the one on elves, and the one on health foods, and the one . . .

Ed Boardman, Wayne, N.J.
sp. ment.: Maria Modungo, Harrison, N.Y.

Did you read that book on assertiveness?
1. If you say so.
2. No. Give me your copy.
3. Well, yes. And, please forgive me for asking, but do you think it's helped me? You don't have to answer if you don't want to.

1. Christine Ackerman, St. Louis, Mo.
2. Lou Grillo, West Hartford, Conn.
3. Mark Sherman, New Paltz, N.Y.
sp. mention: Susan Clark, Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Did you read that book on winning friends and influencing people?
I read it in *Reader's Digest*, bugle lips.

John Hofer, Southboro, Mass.

Did you read that book on what Henry Kissinger is doing now?
No. But I know what Vincent Kissinger is doing now.

Vincent Kissinger, Fresh Meadows, N.Y.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 307, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by January 20. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive a two-year subscription to *New York*, and runners-up will receive a one-year subscription. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of February 20. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, please.**

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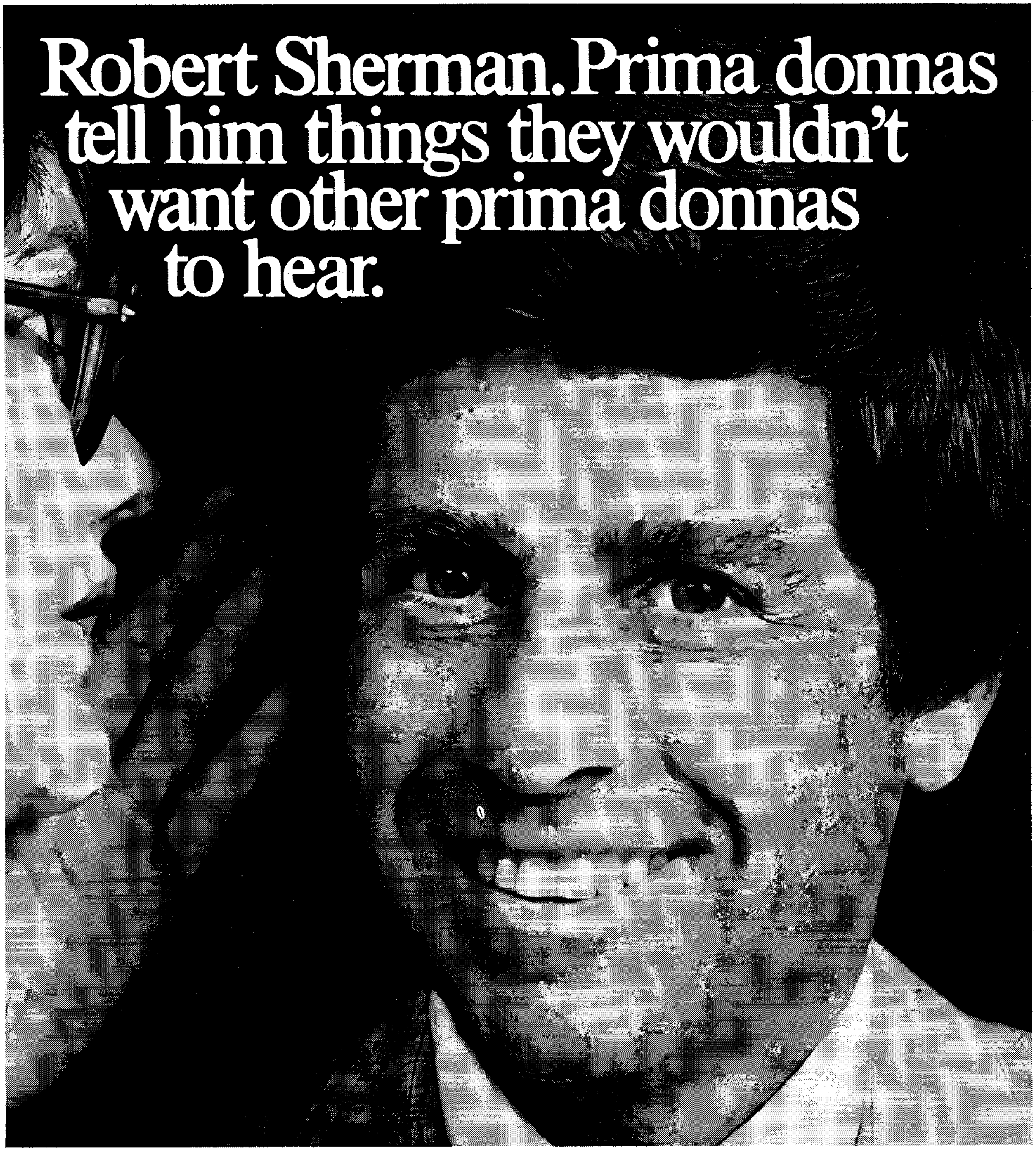

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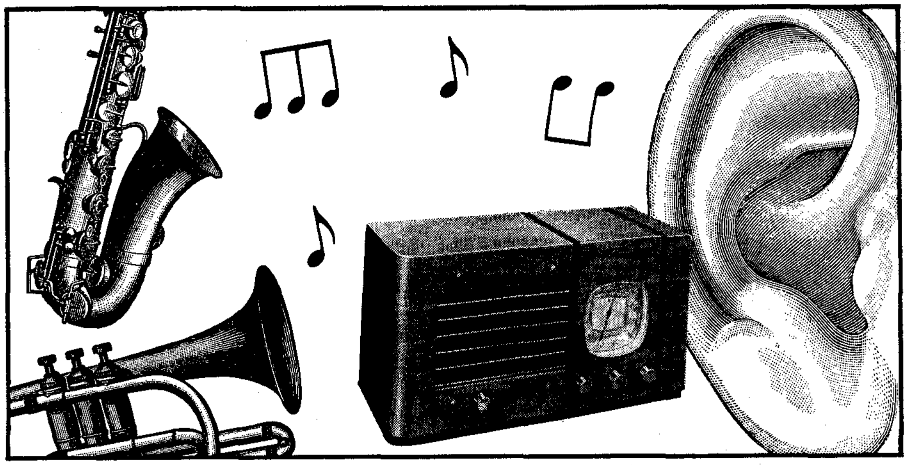
Jazz / Gary Giddins

HIT OR MISS

"...Radio and the recording industry are less concerned nowadays with jazz per se than with a momentarily lucrative trend..."



Jazz has not had an easy time of it on New York radio. For all the "jazz is back" propaganda, there was more commercial radio coverage in the bleak sixties than there is today. I dimly remember live broadcasts on WABC, while WLIB (with Billy Taylor and Ed Williams) had a healthy all-jazz policy until it was swallowed by a soul conglomerate. WRVR endures, of course, and persists in identifying itself as "jazz radio"—which it is in the sense that it gives jazz the jive.

You will remember that WRVR (106.7 FM), which began life under the auspices of the Riverside Church in 1961, fell into the empire of Egmont Sonderling a year ago, amid vociferous protest from a listener's group. The Sonderling syndicate operates eleven stations nationally, including the local WWRL (1600 AM), all of them dedicated to soul and country music; its proposal for WRVR was more soul. The station had gone commercial in 1971 and was doing quite well with its jazz policy (or so management insisted), but the Riverside Board of Directors wanted a buyer. The seamy business took an ironic turn when Starr Broadcasting tried to interfere.

In 1974 Starr took over WNCN (104.3 FM), a 24-hour classical station and, despite earlier promises to the contrary, promptly converted it to progressive rock. In order to save face and placate the WNCN listener's group, Starr set up a committee to find another station willing to accept WNCN's classical library in return for assuming WNCN's previous format. WRVR refused their overtures, but that did not deter Starr from hinting otherwise in press statements. The listener's group accused Starr of malfeasance and forced the company to vacate the station, which was bought by the GAF company. Thus WNCN returned to its classical format, while WRVR, unable to escape the Sonderling yoke, went the way of hit lists, telling us something about the priorities of the FCC.

WRVR's listener's group supposedly effected a compromise with Sonderling, preventing the station from becoming an outlet for soul music. But by capitulating to top-40 jazz, WRVR simply became an outlet for the major record companies. Radio and the recording industry are less concerned with jazz per se than with a momentarily lucrative trend. WRVR will play a jazz or quasi-jazz record if it is on Columbia or RCA, but not if it is on one of the many modernist independents, like India Navigation or Sackville. To avoid internal friction, WRVR has replaced its authoritative jockeys (notably Ed Beach) with a staff of very cool snake-oil hustlers; in their hands, jazz, bereft of experimentation, innovation, and originality, becomes upper-middle-class party music. They will take a Bob James rehash over a Revolutionary Ensemble risk every time—which is one of the reasons the Ensemble has disbanded after six frustrating years.

During the past year, I've been approached by half a dozen WRVR staff members, whom I invariably put on the defensive. Their line is always the same: "Sure the station is awful, but that's why I'm there—to make it better; let's be positive and not negative." What is there to be positive about? In all fairness, the blend of music it plays has become somewhat less *Billboard*-oriented in the last few weeks—reportedly the influence of the new music director, Doug Harris. But this means only that some mainstream acoustic music is inserted between Chuck Mangione and Return to Forever. Every few weeks WRVR sends me a play list. Some of the albums are unrelated to jazz by any criteria, and all of them are on major labels. Jazz is desperate for a radio station—as an outlet for the best experimental *and* commerical music, for decent programming of the classics, and as a community bulletin board. WRVR demonstrates, if nothing else, how far underground the music continues to subsist.

There is jazz on New York radio, though, however exiled. WKCR (89.9 FM), the Columbia University station, adventurously programs jazz from 6 to 9 P.M. and 2 to 6 A.M. daily, as well as from 1 to 3:30 P.M. every day but Saturday. Pacifica's listener-sponsored WBAI (99.5 FM), with which I'm sometimes associated, broadcasts jazz from 4 to 6 P.M. on Mondays and from 10 P.M. to midnight, Tuesdays through Fridays. The styles and the eras investigated vary with each of the five jockey/producers, i.e., Richard Sudhalter's "Bix and Beyond" and Bill Farrar's mainstream-modern "Jazz Sampler." Both stations have aired marathon programs devoted to the works of a single artist, with WKCR setting particularly high standards.

The most recent and ambitious addition to jazz radio comes through the offices of National Public Radio (NPR). Under the direction of Steven Rathe, a WBAI alumnus, a remarkable series called "Jazz Alive" premiered in October on most of NPR's 200-odd stations. It's a far cry from the national radio hookups of 40 years ago, but

Illustrated by Jim Harter

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A similar Trendex Survey after the 1965 power failure turned up the same results.

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*Trendex Survey—July 15, 1977.
Audience figures shown are estimates subject to the limitations of the techniques and procedures used by the survey noted.

as the member stations are obliged to play the NPR tapes within two weeks of receipt, a kind of national jazz consciousness is simulated. This city's NPR station is WNYC (93.9 FM), which broadcasts "Jazz Alive" on Sunday evenings from 9:30 to 11. The programs consist entirely of newly recorded music, either from a concert or studio setting, along with commentary and interviews with the artists. Most of the latter are handled by the redoubtable Billy Taylor, one of the very few jazz jockeys who is slick without being patronizing—a result, no doubt, of his being genuinely in the know.

The series alternates famous names with those less well known (including some local players), mainstreamers with avant-gardists—among them, Ella Fitzgerald, Herbie Hancock, Joe Venuti, Sonny Rollins, Dexter Gordon, Oliver Lake, Roy Eldridge, Tommy Flanagan, Keith Jarrett, and the Thad Jones–Mel Lewis orchestra. The possibilities for NPR are considerable. With more than 200 affiliates and a recording van, it can provide a national audience for many gifted musicians who never left home and never got recorded; it can use the drawing power of big names to assure a hearing for young and experimental artists. Rathe assures me that commercial considerations play no part in the selection of musicians, and the schedule bears him out. An instance of his mobility was in evidence here during New Year's Eve, when WNYC (and the NPR network) broadcasted six hours of music from the Cookery and the Village Gate. This Sunday (January 15), the show will feaure traditionalists from New Orleans; in coming weeks, "Jazz Alive" presentations will include Cecil Taylor (January 29), the Heath Brothers (February 5), Oliver Lake, Charles Tyler, and Air (February 19), and Billy Taylor, both with his trio and with the U.S. Air Force Band (February 26). It's only 90 minutes a week, but a most welcome addition to a blighted medium.

The death of Rahsaan Roland Kirk at 41, on December 5, robbed jazz of one of its most magnanimous and well-liked musicians, so it is particulary distressing to learn that some morbid cur stole the volume of mourners' signatures from his funeral. Aside from its sentimental value, the book is necessary for Mrs. Kirk to acknowledge those present at the services. WRVR, acting as an intermediary, promises complete confidentiality if the culprit will return the book to the station's manager, Robert Ohrenbach. ▬

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

French dressing—A new East Side boutique features children's shoes and clothing from France (shoe sizes: baby's first pair to 3-junior—ages about one to eight; clothing sizes: 1–8). As an introductory sale, it is offering everything at 25 percent off. A pair of cowboy boots, was $25, now $18.75; black patent-leather Mary Janes, were $31, now $23.75; penny Loafers, were $31, now $23.75; high boots like Kickers, were $28 and up (depending on size), now $21 and up; warm, lined leather winter boots, now $26.25. Winter jackets are now on sale at $32–$45, and there are also wool and corduroy pants, skirts, party dresses, baby's jumpsuits, and sweaters, all one fourth off. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible on items in stock. *Au Chat Botté, Inc., 142 East 73rd St. (988-3482); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 1/31.*

Peddling clothes—This Upper East Side shop is closing down in mid-February for a couple of weeks to repaint and redecorate. From now until then, there will be a storewide clearance of casual clothing for young women, with reductions of 20–25 percent on the shop's usual discount prices. Examples: tailored wool jacket and skirt plus satin blouse, retail $185, usual price here $125, now $100; tailored cotton shirts, now $10.50–$14; all-silk shirts, now $15–$19; imported wool slacks, pleated front, now $25. Good values in blazers and sweaters as well, but not every garment in every size. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Yankee Pedlar, Ltd., 215 East 76th St. (988-9910); Tues.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m., closed Mon; through 2/18.*

Ladies in waiting—The chain of Lady Madonna maternity boutiques is having its winter clearance, with reductions of 30–50 percent on well-designed clothing. Pantsuits, were $48–$62, now $28–$34; shirts and assorted tops, were $20–$32, now $14–$16; and dresses, were $40–$50, now $24–$34. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Lady Madonna, 793 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (988-7173); Mon.–Wed., Fri., and Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 8:30 p.m.; 5371 Kings Plaza, Brooklyn (253-6988); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–9:30 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; 107–12 71st Rd., Forest Hills (544-3432); Mon.–Wed. and Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Thurs. till 9 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; other shops in Cedarhurst, Woodbury, White Plains, Smithaven, Paramus; while stock lasts.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale.* **Do not phone.**

Pipelines—All-natural, unvarnished briar pipes are what this pipe store is known for, but for its annual winter sale this January, every pipe in the store is being offered at a reduced price. Unblemished first-quality briars in 24 shapes, were $15–$20, now $12–$16; seconds, in traditional and fancy shapes, were $10, now $8; the shop's most popular shapes, smooth or lightweight carved finish, including the Bent Dublin, Bent Apple, Oom-Paul, Bell, and Sherlock Holmes, were $22.50–$35, now $16.87–$26.25; oversize pipes (Straight Billiard, Oom-Paul, etc.), were $50, now $30; rare Algerian briars, including straight-grain Dublin, Apple, etc., were $40–$75, now $30–$56.25; selected-grain classic shapes, were $30–$75, now $22.50–$56.25; one-of-a-kind freehand shapes and custom-made pipes, were $125–$250, now $87.50–$175; handmade block meerschaum pipes: standards, were $60–$100, now 40 percent off; oversize, were $75–$150, now 30 percent off; calabash pipes with meerschaum caps, were $22.50–$50, now $20.25–$45. Also on sale are pouches, humidors, ashtrays, pipe racks, other accessories, and the shop's most popular aromatic tobaccos and burley blends, were $7–$7.50 a lb., now $5. During January, a 50 percent discount will be given on all meerschaum repairs. All pipes sold with lifetime burnout guarantees. Mail orders accepted. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; returns, exchanges possible. *Connoisseur Pipe Shop, Ltd., 51 West 46th St., NYC 10036 (247-6054); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 1/31.*

Bringing up baby—This West Side shop is clearing away fall and winter merchandise for kids, sizes infant to 16. All ski suits and jackets, including Geoffrey Beene all-wool pea coats, sizes 8–16, now 40 percent off, were $53–$65, now $31.80–$39; wool, acrylic, and handmade sweaters by Absorba, Izod, Franke, Hot Nitz, etc., sizes 6 months–16, were $9–$40, now $5.75–$20; velour tops, many colors and styles, by Billy the Kid, Absorba, Finnwear, etc., sizes 2–16, now 30–45 percent off, were $8–$19, now $5.60–$10.45; fleecy Kokomojo pant and knicker outfits with separate padded and reversible jackets, sizes 4–14, were $31–$45.50, now $16.75–$24.50; corduroy pants by Levi, Billy the Kid, Absorba, Oshkosh, Dynamite Stix, sizes 1–16, now 30–65 percent off, were $7.75–$33.50, now $5–$20. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Stone Free Kids, 124 West 72nd St. (362-8903); Mon.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m.; while stocks lasts.*

A season for all men—Men's jackets, trousers, and loungewear are on sale at this Park Avenue shop during its thirtieth anniversary sale. The lined sport jackets come in velvet, tweed, corduroy, etc., were $185–$300, now $125–$195. The unlined (or "unconstructed" as it's called these days) jackets come in linen, cotton, poly, and blends, were $100, now $65; trousers in velvet, tweed, corduroy, etc., were $75–$150, now $45–$85; kimonos and caftans, in assorted fabrics (cottons, polys, etc.), were $50–$95, now $30–$65. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Alexander Shields, Inc., 484 Park Ave., at 58th St. (832-1616); Mon.–Sat. 9:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; through 1/31.*

You've got to have art—This gallery is moving to new and larger quarters and is having a moving sale on original Japanese art. The exquisitely beautiful Japanese wood-block prints date from 1680 to the 1950s and are reduced from 20 to 60 percent; the price range is $20–$450. There are some *shunga* (erotic wood blocks), but they sell very quickly. We saw, for example, a Hiroshige dating from the 1850s that was $450, now $200; a Kuniyoshi from the same period, was $150 now $55. Most prints are one of a kind. There are a few pieces of one-of-a-kind jewelry at 15 percent off; nineteenth-century Ikebana baskets that were $120 are now $75; and all books on Japanese art and culture (in English) are 15 percent off. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Ronin Gallery, 46 East 70th St. (Explorers Club Mansion) (535-2221); Mon. and Wed.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–2 p.m., Tues. till 8 p.m.; through 2/15.* ■

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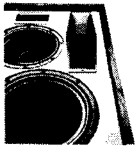

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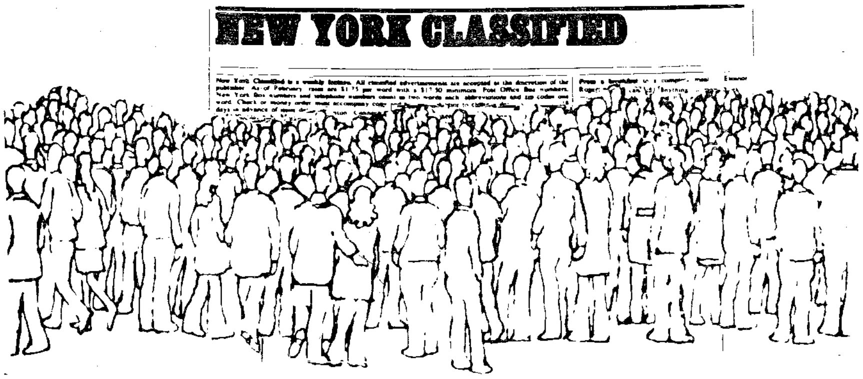

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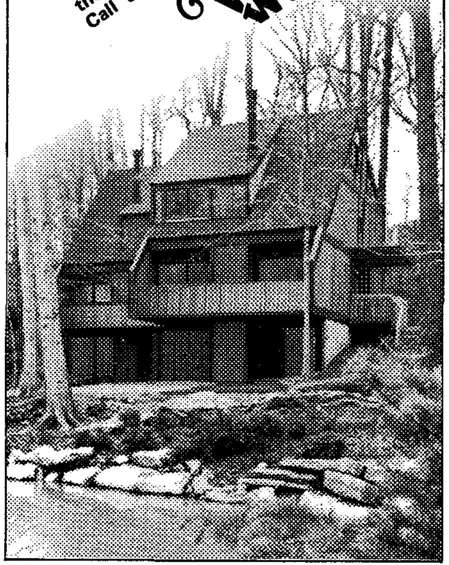

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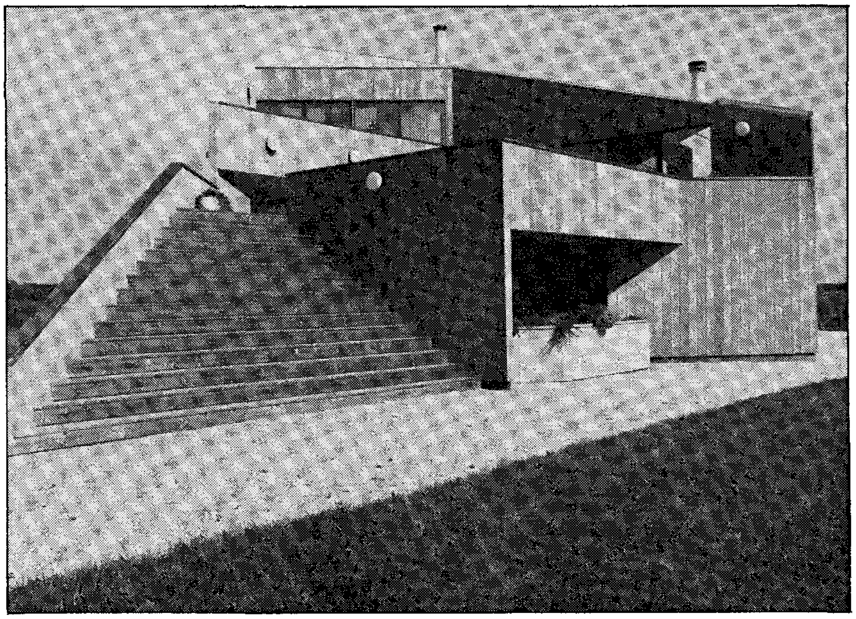

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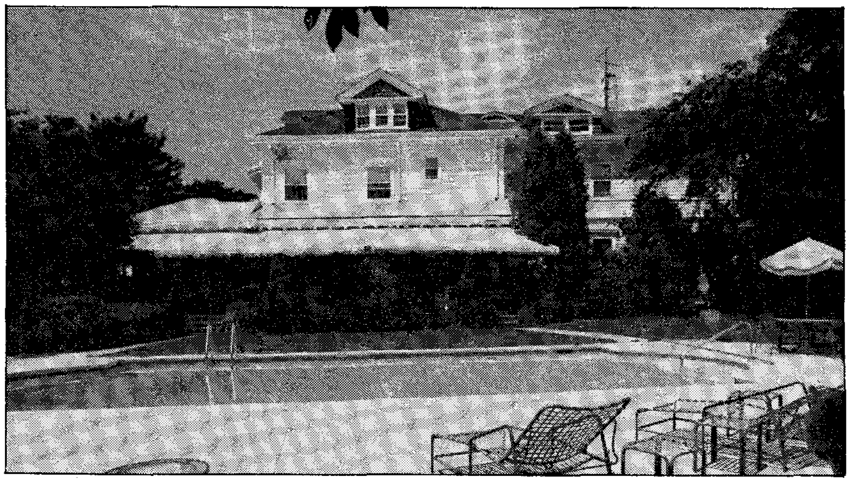

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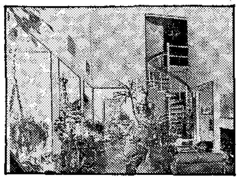

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FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON

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Solution to last issue's puzzle:

■	B	O	O	K	I	N	G	O	F	F	I	C	E	■
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■	T	R	A	F	F	I	C	L	I	G	H	T	S	■

Clues

ACROSS

4 Smirks to see such terrible cards. (8)

8 Two join up. (6)

9 Not in correct sequence, so remains unqualified. (8)

10 More than one drink for the road? (8)

11 Months abroad, that is, spent with the girl. (6)

12 Obstruction getting in the way of the game. (8)

13 No objects should be seen as trifles. (8)

16 He wants to evade his duty. (8)

19 New list here identifies island centre. (2, 6)

21 Gun covers me in Germany. (6)

23 Upset upon gaining a seat in the international organisation? (8)

24 Curse those four articles written about the musicians' leader! (8)

25 Implement returned to Edward, but has to be carried off by force. (6)

26 Clothing seen as sign of go-ahead connection? (5, 3)

DOWN

1 Courtesy title—take it on in Devon. (7)

2 The hopeful fielder may be making a soft ringing sound. (9)

3 From abroad, is unable to handle the port properly. (6)

4 Famous family name, traditional and orthodox in London. (9, 6)

5 Give a hint to a very good friend. (8)

6 Excuse for failure when I bail out. (5)

7 Resounding example of imitation? (7)

14 Today's big problem causes minion to lose head outside the apartment. (9)

15 Noisy machinery with information inside it. (8)

17 Bright-eyed in Coleridge, but worn and wan in Shelley. (7)

18 Small breakfasts, perhaps, of cereal? (7)

20 Frenzied activity to obtain money illicitly. (6)

22 Encountered the engineers in some measure. (5)

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Astro-Trimmer™

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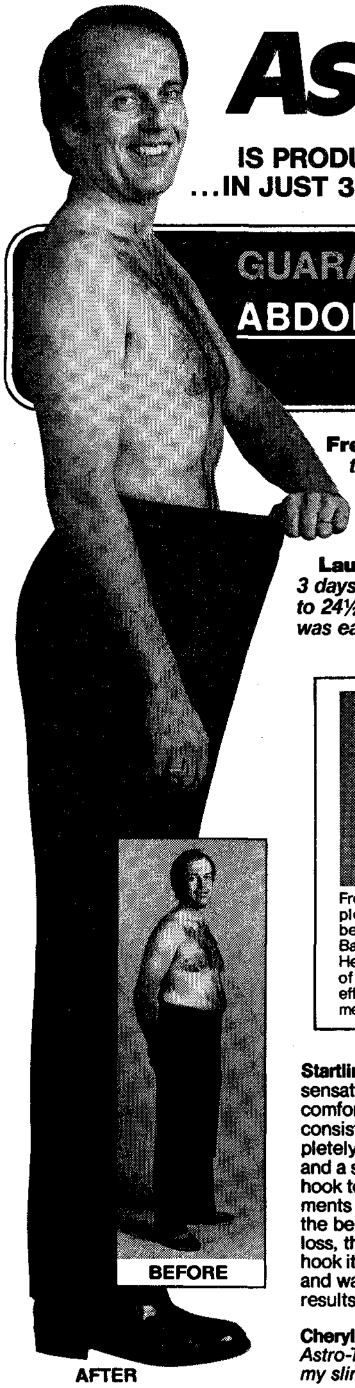
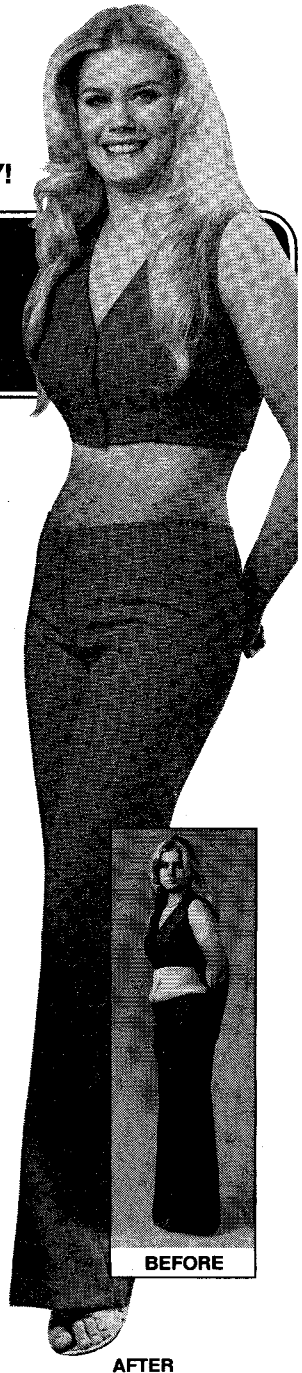


AFTER

Fred Masters ...6" off waistline in just 3 days.



AFTER

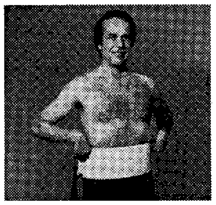
Laurie Jensen...her incredible results in just 3 days.

GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND ABDOMEN 4 TO 8 INCHES IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

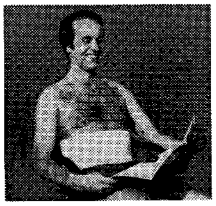
Fred Masters—*"No matter what I tried—dieting, exercise—I was never able to get rid of the roll of excess inches around my midsection. Then Astro-Trimmer came along and reduced my waistline 6 full inches—from 38½ to 32½ inches—in just 3 days without dieting. The inches have never come back! This has to be, without a doubt, the world's greatest inch reducer!"*

Laurie Jensen—*"The Astro-Trimmer totally solved my figure problem in just 3 days. That's all the time it took to reduce my waist over 3½ inches—from 28⅛ to 24½; my tummy 5 inches—from 33¼ to 28¼. I loved the program, it was fun, it was easy, I didn't have to diet—and the inches stayed off!"*

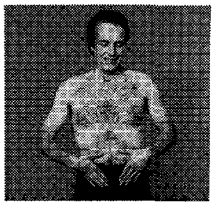
HERE IS HOW IT WORKS:



Fred wraps the Astro-Belt completely around his waistline, before hooking the Astro-Bands to a convenient doorway. He is then ready to perform one of the pleasant, marvelously effective Astro-Trimmer movements—just about 10 minutes.



Now Fred simply relaxes a few moments with his Astro-Belt in place. His Astro-Trimmer movements have triggered the Astro-Belt's incredible inch-reducing effect which goes on working even as he relaxes.



After his brief period of relaxation, Fred removes his Astro-Belt. His waistline is already tighter and trimmer. Fred lost over 3 inches on his waistline the very first day—and 6 full inches from his waistline in just 3 brief ten minute sessions.

Startling discovery—thousands of users are finding the Astro-Trimmer to be the most sensationally effective and the most fun to use slenderizer of all time. It is a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency—and a pure joy to use. The Astro-Trimmer's totally unique design consists of a double layered belt: a soft nonporous inner thermal liner which wraps completely around your mid-section producing a marvelous feeling of warmth and support—and a sturdy outer belt that attaches you to the super duo-stretch Astro-Bands which you hook to any convenient doorway. These duo-stretch bands enhance your slightest movements and transmit their effect—greatly magnified—directly to the inner thermal liner of the belt to produce an absolutely unequaled inch-reducing effect. In fact, for sheer inch loss, the Astro-Trimmer is supreme. Try it for yourself—at our risk—just slip on the belt, hook it up, stretch and perform one of the easy-to-do movements in the instruction booklet and watch the inches roll off. Men and women from 17 to 70 are achieving sensational results from this ultimate inch-reducer. Results like these:

Cheryl Long—*"Unbelievable! Totally fantastic, yet it really happened—in just 3 days the Astro-Trimmer trimmed 3½ inches from my waist and 6⅝ inches from my tummy. I just love my slim, new shape."*

Jim Morgan—*"With the Astro-Trimmer I actually reduced, firmed and tightened my waistline 5 inches—from 33¼ to 28¼—in just 3 days—without dieting. Remarkable results from a remarkable product."*

Debbi Brandon—*"This is truly instant reducing. What a thrill to see 3 inches disappear from my waist and 4 inches from my tummy in just 3 short days!"*

How many excess inches can I lose with the Astro-Trimmer? How many excess inches do you have? Look what Fred and Laurie did in just 3 days. Many users lose 2 or more inches from their waists and 2 or more inches from their abdomens the very first day. Not everyone will do this. The degree of inch loss will vary with individual body response. However, this matchless body shaper melts excess inches off the waist, abdomen, hips and thighs with such amazing speed that if your waist and abdomen aren't a total of 4 to 8 inches trimmer after using your Astro-Trimmer for just 3 days and if you don't lose these inches without dieting and in only 5 to 10 minutes a day, you may simply return your Astro-Trimmer and your money will be refunded.

No risk—no obligation—money back guarantee. So-called "waist trimmers" and reducers are now being nationally advertised for as much as $19.95 and more. Yet the sensational new Astro-Trimmer which trims and slims excess inches far faster, far more effectively than anything we have ever seen—is being offered for only $9.95 with a complete money back guarantee. If you are not satisfied that the Astro-Trimmer is the fastest, the most effective waist reducer you have ever used, it will not cost you a penny. So if you want a trimmer, more ideally proportioned body—right now—send for your Astro-Trimmer today.

...ORDER NOW FOR A SLIMMER, TRIMMER WAISTLINE THIS WEEK!

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lose a total of from 4 to 8 inches from my waist and abdomen in just 3 days I can return my Astro-Trimmer
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Charge Account No. ______ Exp. Date ______
Man: waist size ______ Woman: waist size ______
Name ______
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The Page of Lists/Andrew Hacker

FIFTEEN UNCOMMON STATISTICS ABOUT NEW YORK—PART II

"... 1,687,689 men say they have a wife in residence, but only 1,686,426 women say they are living with their husbands..."

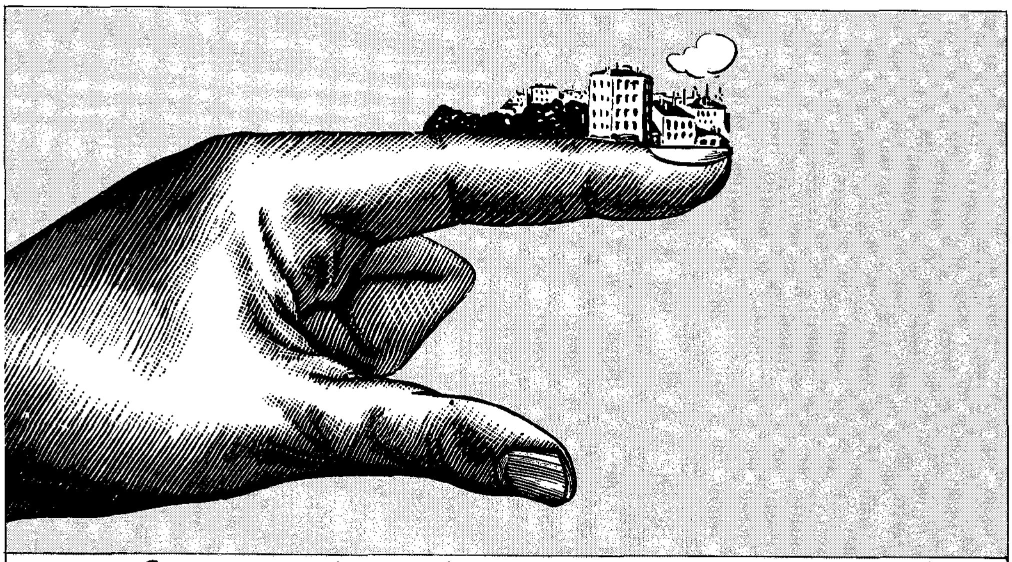
Some weeks ago, this page appeared with fifteen little-known facts—taken from the most recent census—about New York and New Yorkers. The response was incredible; here, by popular demand, are fifteen more. Study hard. You will be held responsible for them on the next exam.

1. Men serving as butlers or valets, or otherwise employed in "private household service," number 2,766. Of these, 97 are Chinese, 75 are Japanese, and 17 are Filipino.

2. Twelve of the city's black residents were born in Switzerland, 25 in Finland, and 18 in Rumania.

We have 436 lady farmworkers.

3. New York has 1,879 women truck and bus drivers; 1,598 women are employed in mining; and 436 women are farmworkers.



Census tract 9 in lower Manhattan is the city's smallest neighborhood.

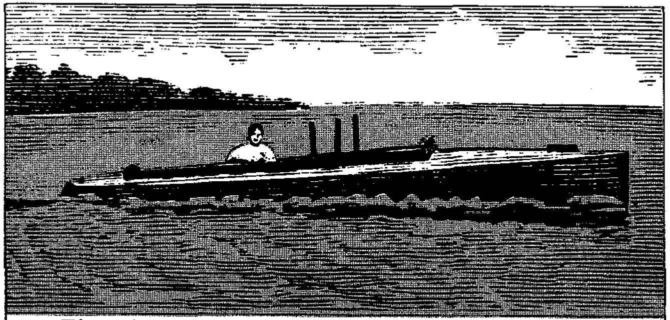
4. Girls of ages fourteen and fifteen employed in domestic service number 569.

5. There are 833,708 New York households which do not have a battery-powered radio.

6. Among the 431,987 New Yorkers who are separated or divorced, there are 297,895 women and 134,092 men.

7. The city has 545 residents who claim that Iceland is their country of origin, 569 who list Luxembourg, and 359 who list the Azores.

8. Seven hundred sixty of the city's 5,436 Japanese families have more than one bathroom, and 31 have three or more cars.



Three hundred two Bronxites work on Staten Island.

9. Twenty residents of Staten Island claim that they walk to work in Manhattan.

10. There are 11,339 black families who own second homes.

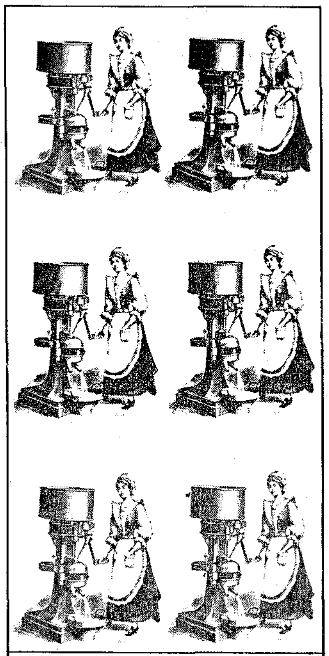
11. More New Yorkers were born in Norway (10,229) than in Denmark (2,760) and Sweden (6,140) combined.

12. The Census Bureau was told by 1,687,689 men that they have a wife currently in residence; however, only 1,686,426 women say they are currently living with their husbands. In other words, 1,263 men may be kidding themselves.

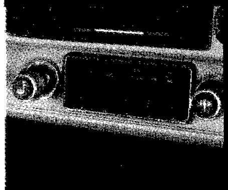
13. The city's smallest official neighborhood is census tract number 9 (in lower Manhattan—it is the area that is bounded by Broadway, Exchange Place, Old Slip, and South Street). It contains a total of sixteen people—twelve men and four women—of whom seven are married, two are divorced, and seven are single. Or so says the census.

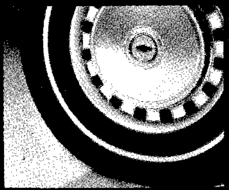
14. Three hundred two people live in the Bronx and work on Staten Island; 451 people live on Staten Island and work in the Bronx.

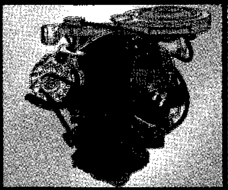
15. There are 1,288 city households—including 209 in Manhattan—which draw water from private wells.

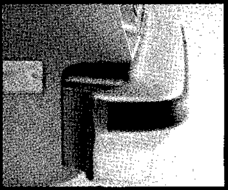


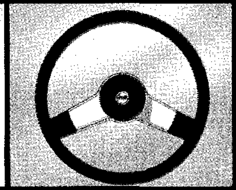
Private wells are still used.

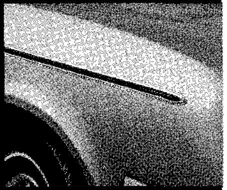

STANDARD:
AM radio.

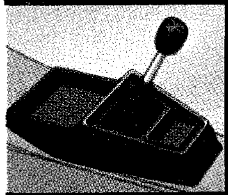

STANDARD:
Whitewall tires.

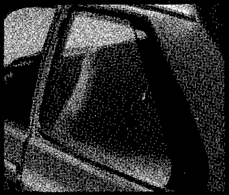

STANDARD:
1.6 Litre engine.

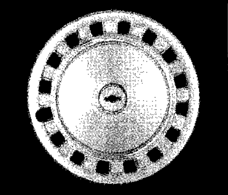

STANDARD:
Bumper rub strips.

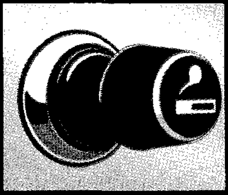

STANDARD:
Sport steering wheel.

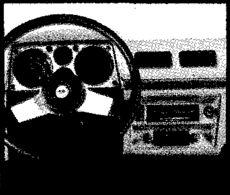

STANDARD:
Body side moldings.

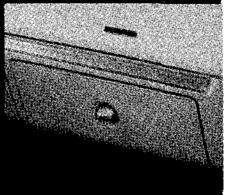

STANDARD:
Console.

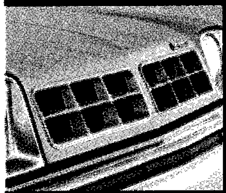

STANDARD:
Swing-out rear windows.

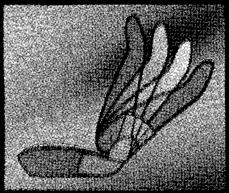

STANDARD:
Wheel trim rings.


STANDARD:
Cigarette lighter.

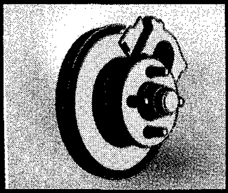

STANDARD:
Color-keyed instrument panel.

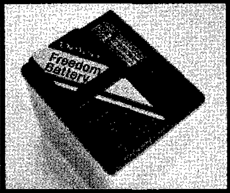

STANDARD:
Glove compartment lock.


STANDARD:
Deluxe grille.

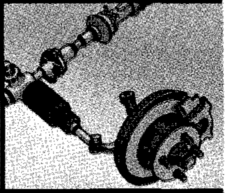

STANDARD:
Reclining bucket seats.

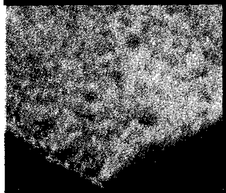
STANDARD:
Four-foot-wide hatch.

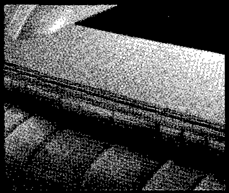

STANDARD:
Front disc brakes.

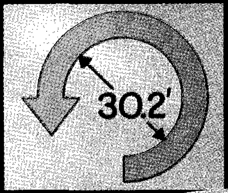


STANDARD:
Delco Freedom battery.


STANDARD:
Rack-and-pinion steering.

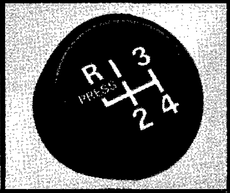

STANDARD:
Carpeting.


STANDARD:
Fold-down rear seat.

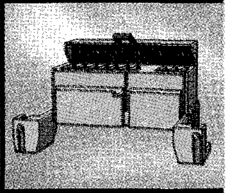


STANDARD:
Short 30.2-foot turning circle.

STANDARD:
Retractable seat belts.



STANDARD:
Fully synchronized 4-Speed transmission.


STANDARD:
Diagnostic connector.

WIPER
CHEVROLET
GM
STANDARD:
Strong unitized body.

STANDARD:
"Smart Switch."

Chevy dealers from coast to coast.

2-Door Chevette Hatchback

'78 Chevette. A lot more car for a lot less money.*

Amazing. More for less. For 1978, we now include eighteen standard features at no extra charge. Chevette's major standard features, many of them new for 1978, are shown above.

Chevette was already a nifty little car. Now we've added a Delco AM radio, a 1.6 Litre engine, reclining bucket seats and a lot more to make Chevette a more complete car.

All things considered, the new '78 2-Door Chevette Hatchback is considerably more car, at a very considerable value.

*Comparison of manufacturer's suggested retail prices for '78 2-Door Chevette Hatchback with what the '77 2-Door Hatchback would have cost with the same equipment (except Scooter).

SEE WHAT'S NEW TODAY IN A CHEVROLET.

Try one More.

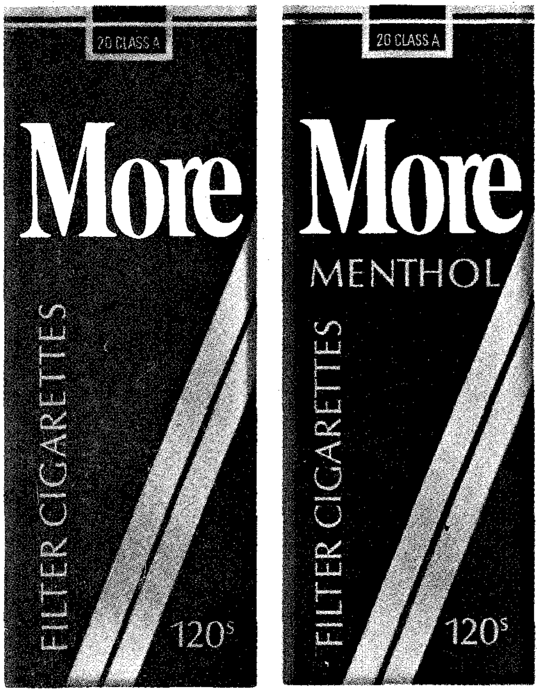
If you've already tried More, you know it's like any really good cigarette.

Only more.

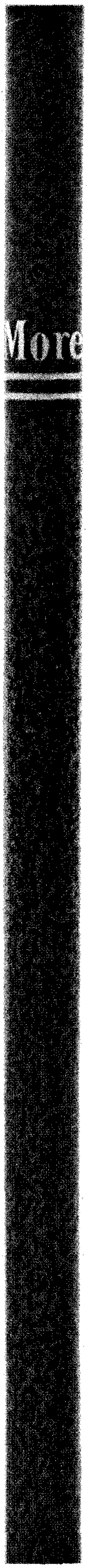
More is longer. And it burns slower. So, you get more time to enjoy those extra puffs of smooth, mild taste.

If you haven't tried More, what are you waiting for? It's got everything you've always wanted in a cigarette.

Only more.



20 CLASS A
More
FILTER CIGARETTES
120s
20 CLASS A
More
MENTHOL
FILTER CIGARETTES
120s



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'77.

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